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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 16 No. 6 75p

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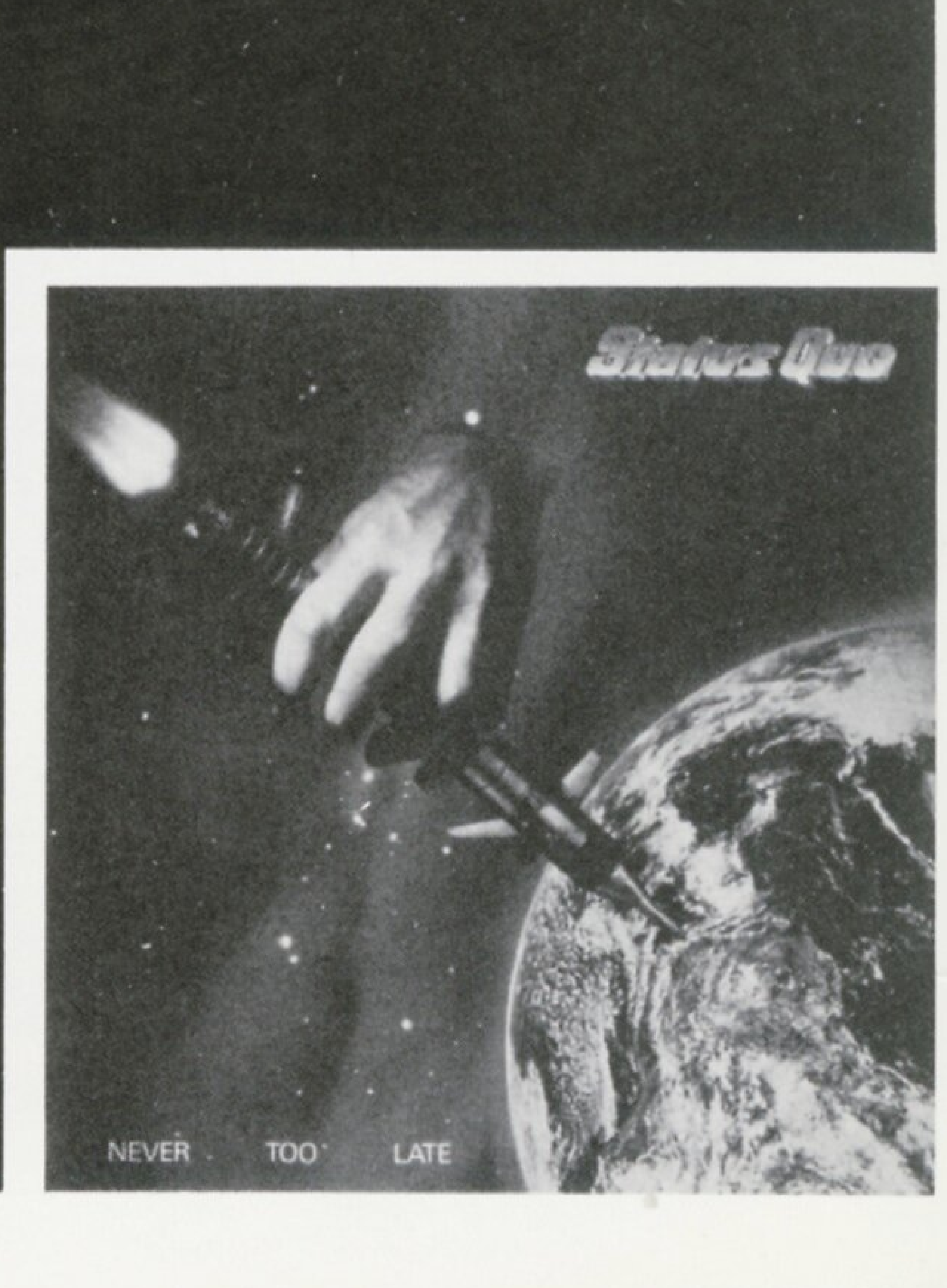
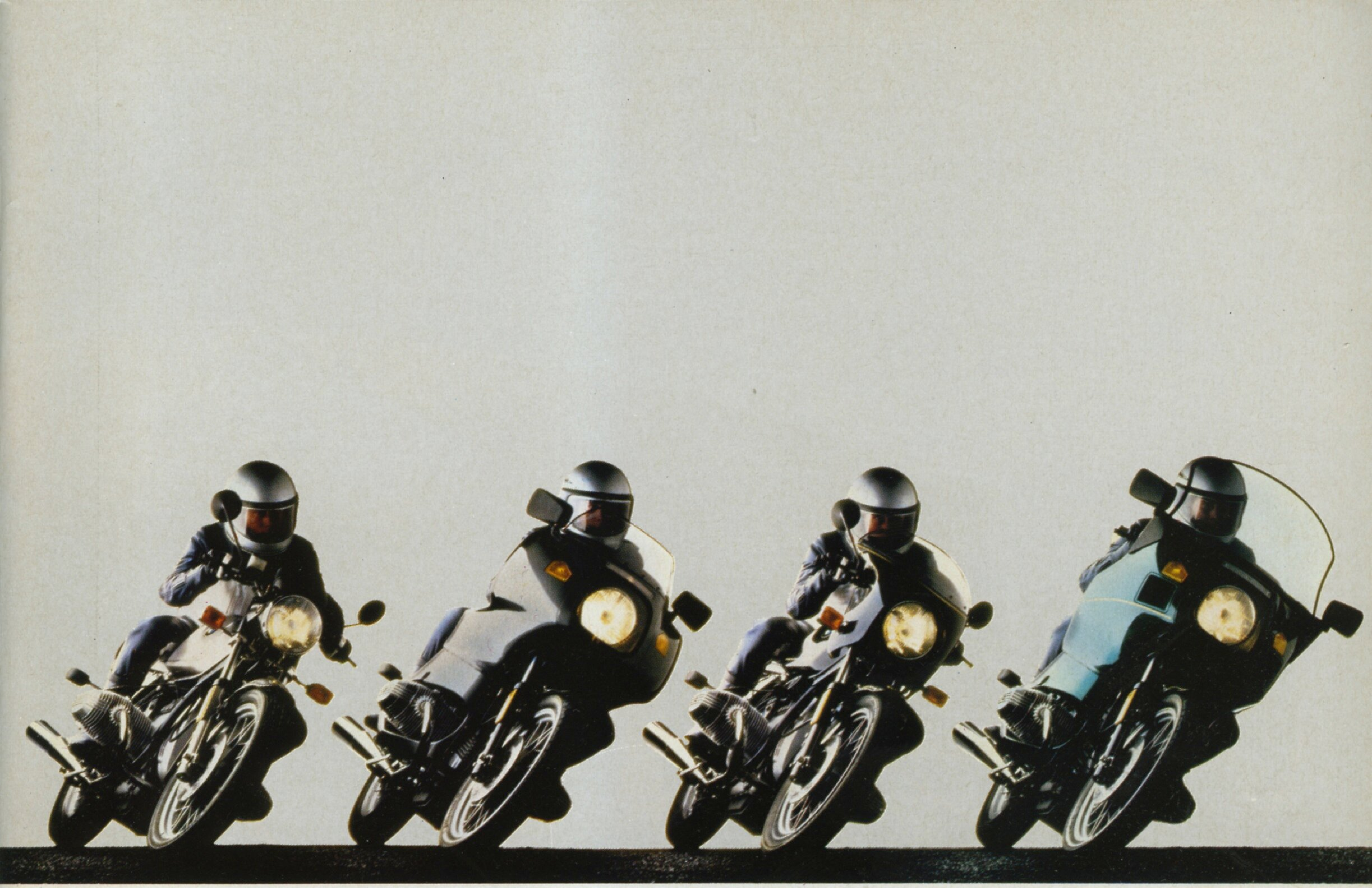


Status Quo

VERTIGO

Includes 'Take me away,' 'Never too late,' 'Carol,' and their hit single 'Something 'bout you baby I like.'



**LAST YEAR THEY WERE ALMOST PERFECT.
NOW THEY'RE EVEN BETTER.**

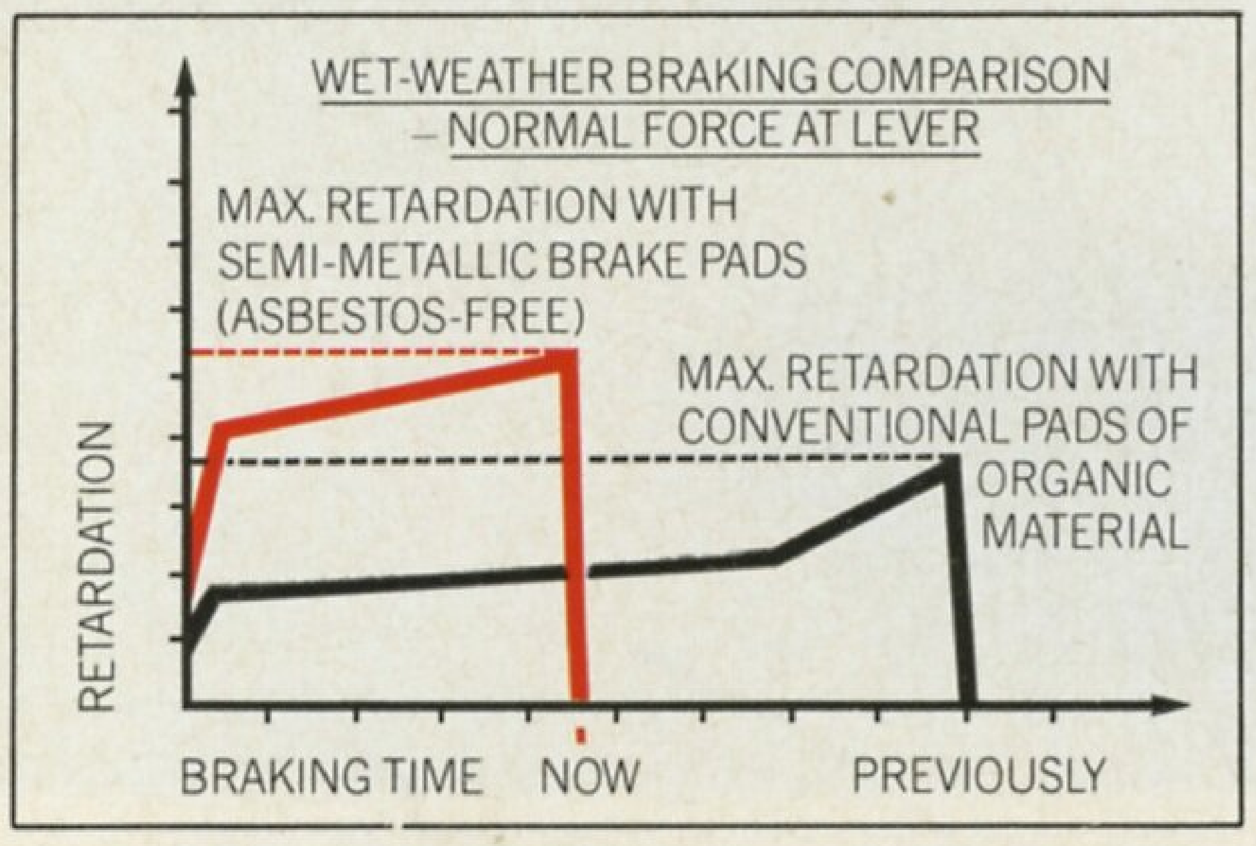
At BMW we've never seen the point of following the whims of fashion one year, only to be outdated the next.

Happily, of course, our motorcycles have always been based on the sound engineering principles of the horizontally opposed, flat twin engine.

Which means we can devote our time to making constructive improvements, rather than going back to the drawing board every year.

MORE THAN JUST COSMETIC CHANGE

First of all, we made our 1000cc machines easier to start, with breakerless ignition, and safer to stop thanks to semi-metallic pads which improve wet weather braking by up to 40%.



We also lightened the clutch, cutting lever effort by 30%, and the flywheel.

This, combined with new, linerless aluminium cylinder barrels with 'Galnickel' coated walls, serves to make the engine more free-revving and cooler running.

SAME RANGE, DIFFERENT MACHINES

Our lighter, freer-revving 1000cc engine is seen to best advantage on the R100. Its lack of pounds helps it to accelerate from 0-60 mph in just 4.4 seconds. And its low centre of gravity gives it handling to match its performance.

Which just goes to show you should never confuse a 'no-frills' machine with a dull one.

Another lightweight model is the 'Classic' R100CS.

Its sprint performance and sure handling are ample proof that the cockpit fairing and sleek looks aren't simply for show.

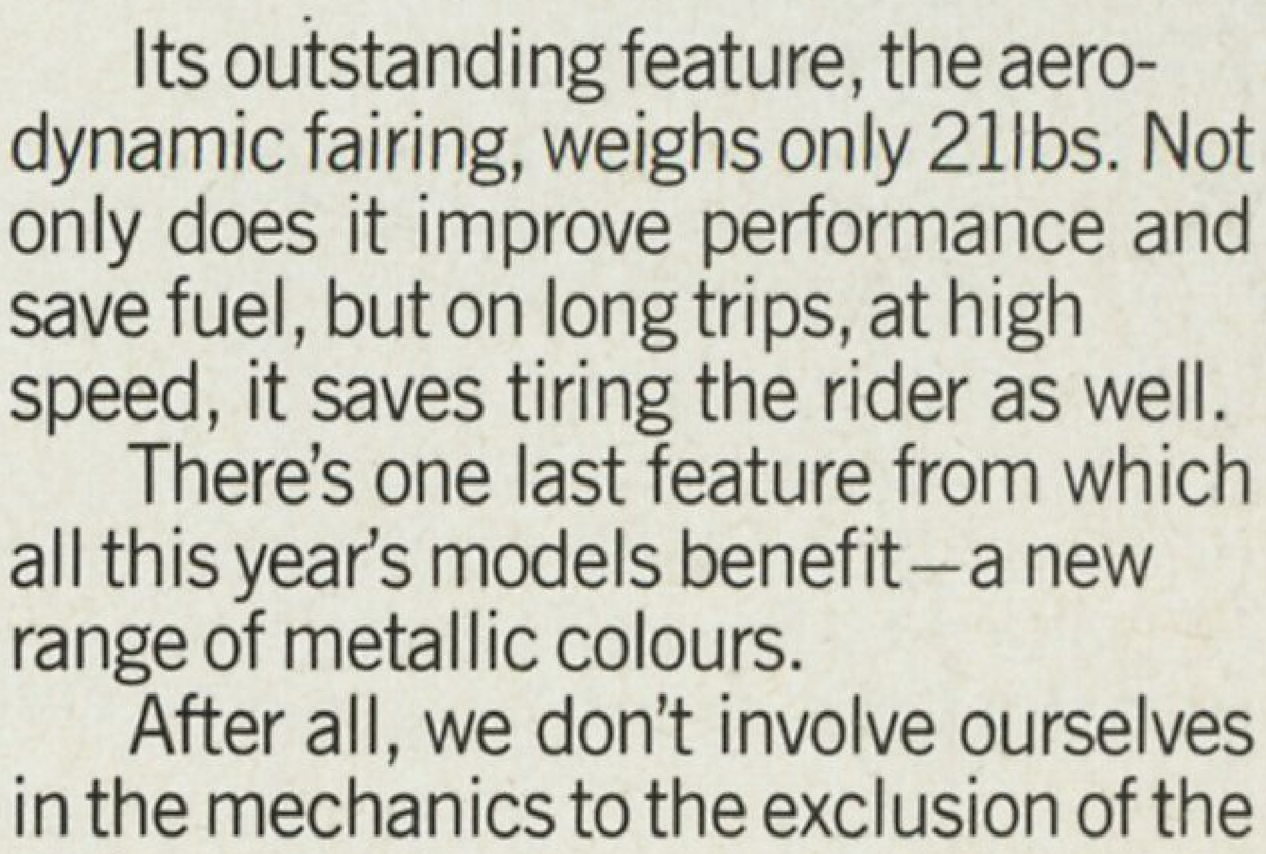
But there's no doubt that BMW are most famous for out and out touring machines, of which the R100RT is the undisputed King.

Everything from its riding position and adjustable windshield to its lockable storage boxes and pannier case holders testify to its long range capabilities.

And this year we've introduced a revolutionary self-levelling suspension called 'Nivomat'. However heavily you load the machine, the suspension will adjust to keep ride height constant and improve the ride over rougher surfaces.

Nivomat is standard on the R100RT and available as an extra on the other three machines.

To complete the line up is the ultimate Sports Tourer, the R100RS.



Its outstanding feature, the aerodynamic fairing, weighs only 21lbs. Not only does it improve performance and save fuel, but on long trips, at high speed, it saves tiring the rider as well.

There's one last feature from which all this year's models benefit – a new range of metallic colours.

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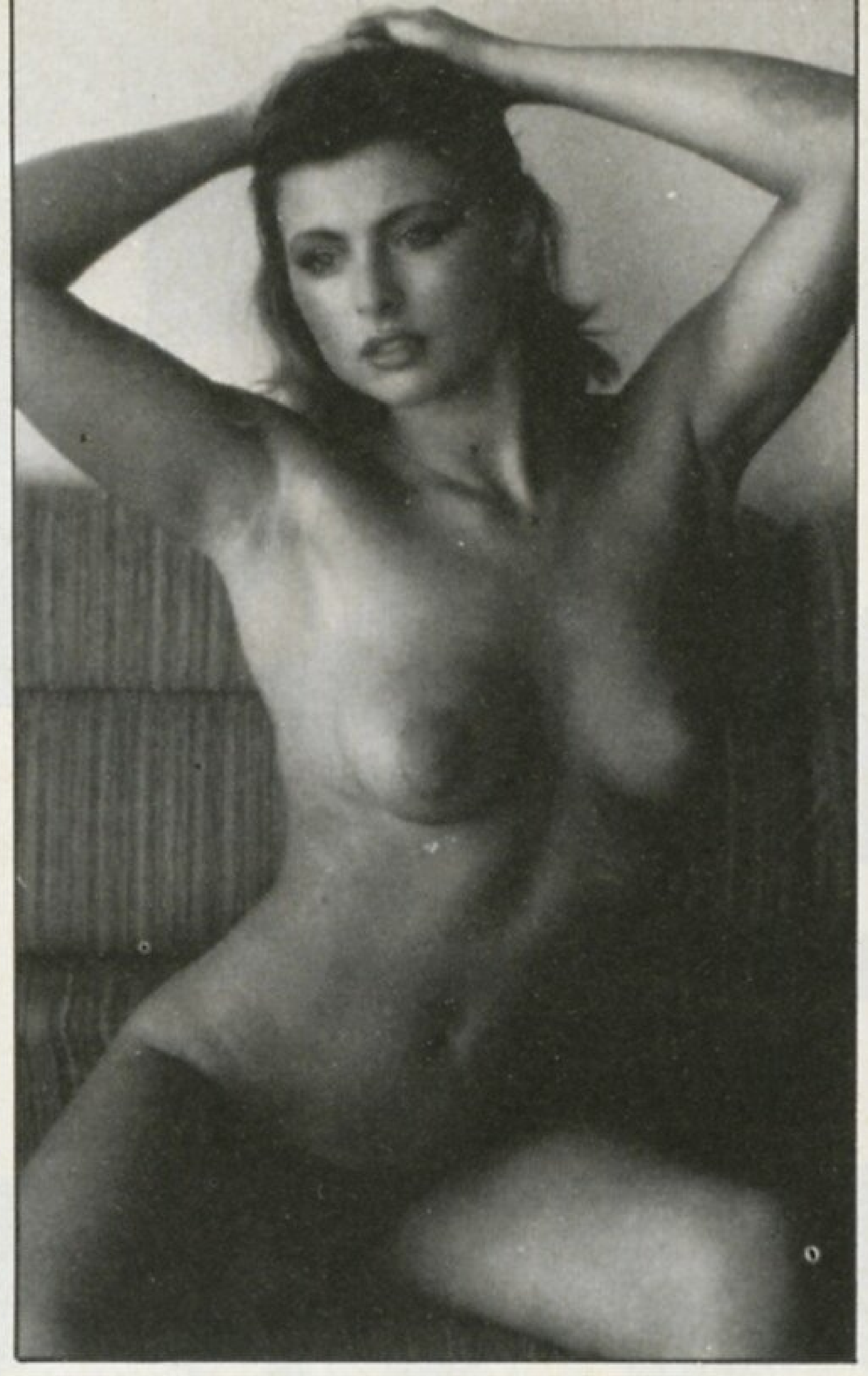

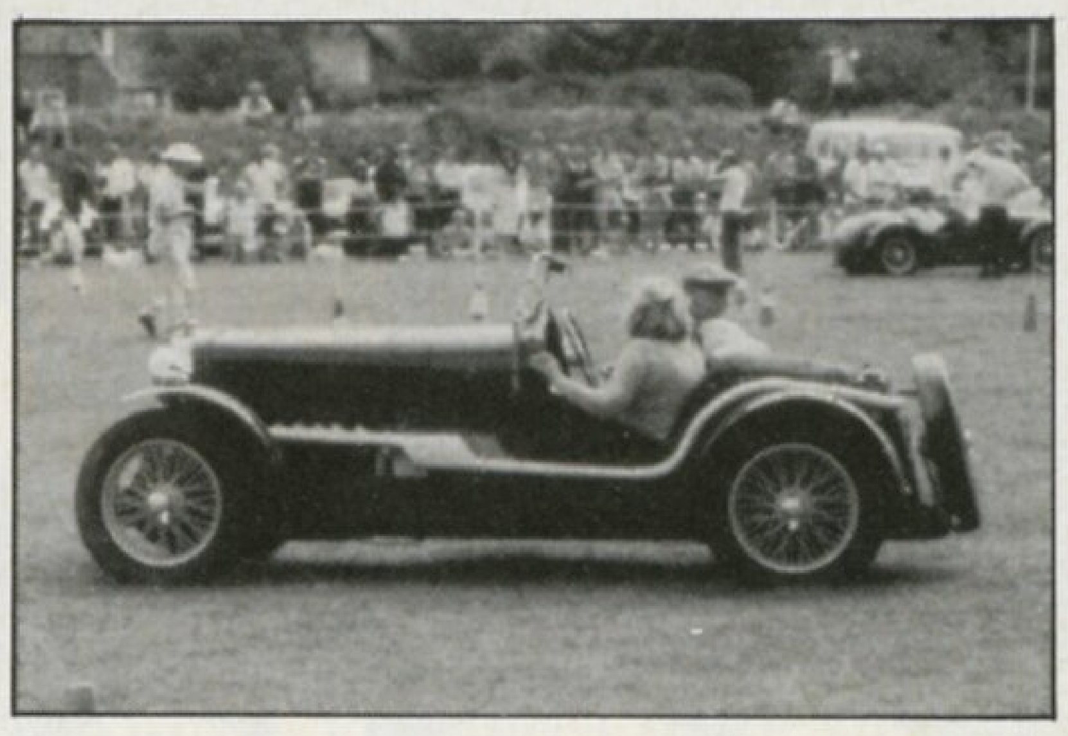

MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Production Editor **Peter Wilton** / Features Editor **Phil Cazaly** / Chief Sub-Editor **Martin Burr** / Motoring **William Boddy** Books **Arthur Pottersman** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Clubs **Kenneth Dowd** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printing and Binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Anstey, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

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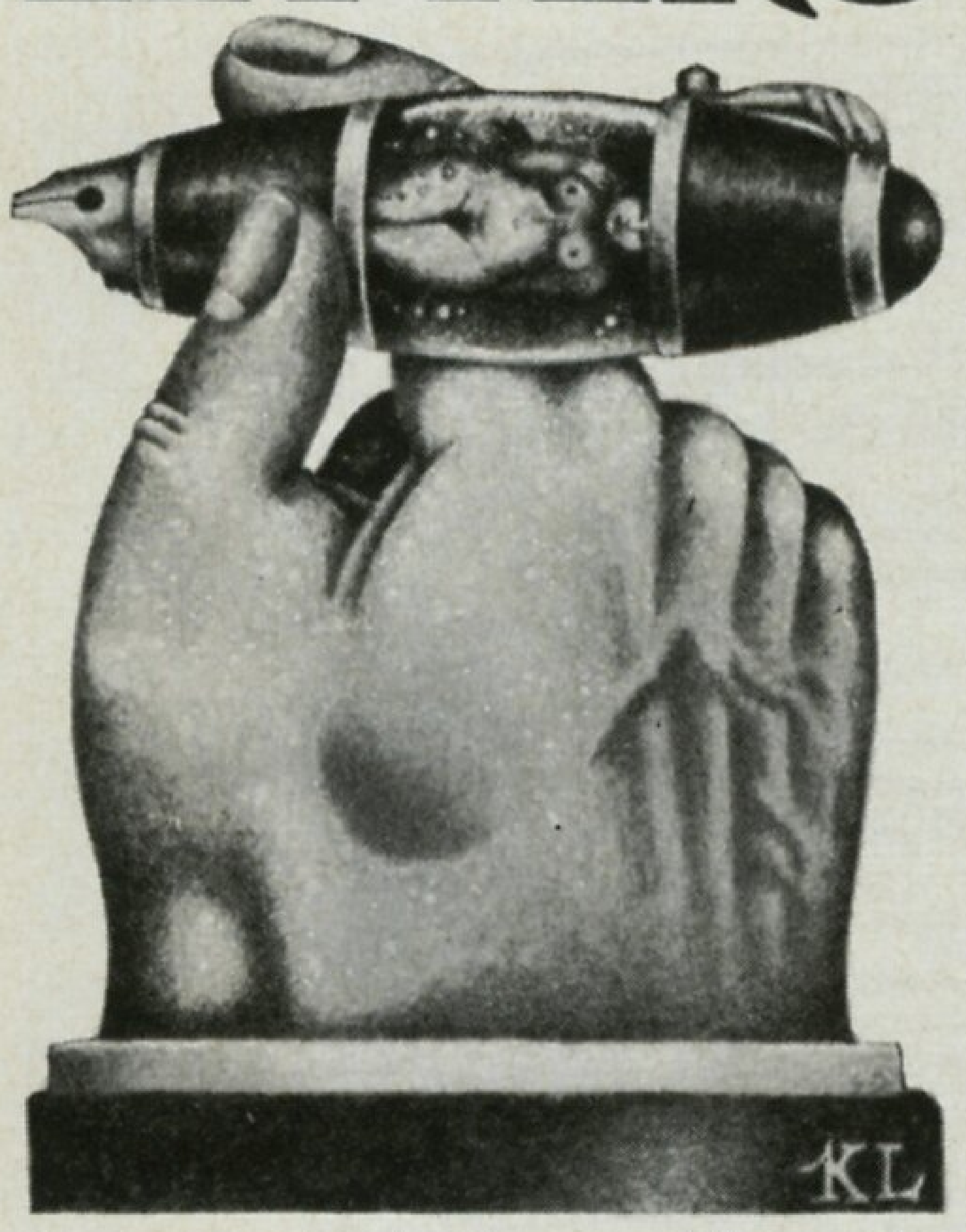
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

It was gratifying to see copies of *Mayfair* with my article, *Black Day in Sarajevo* (Vol 16 No 3), on sale at my local newsagents here in France, and even more gratifying to notice that they had sold out in two days. I suspect that had more copies been available they would have gone too. Not, I hasten to add, due to your correspondent's article, but because in my opinion your publication is far superior to French magazines in the genre.

I cannot resist adding, immodestly, that my good friend and upstairs neighbour here in Antibes, Graham Greene, read my article in *Mayfair* and congratulated me on making the assassinations in Sarajevo come alive.

R Hudson-Smith, Antibes, France

Having read the most interesting account of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Vol 16 No 3, readers may be interested in a small addenda to Mr Hudson-Smith's feature.

The unnamed Austrian dungeon where the assassins Princip, Grabez, and Carbinovic died was, in fact, the fortress prison of Terezin, situated at the town of the same name in Bohemia, about 60 miles North-West of Prague, Czechoslovakia.

Princip and his fellow assassins, who died there during the Great War, were taken from the fortress and buried in the cemetery on the Bohusovice valley. Later, in 1920, their remains were disinterred and removed elsewhere.

Today the fortress stands empty. Visitors can wander through the dungeons and passages. And outside one of the cells there is a small plaque commemorating Gavailo Princip. The inside of the cell is small and dark and still secured to the wall are the shackles which restrained him. The chain is about two feet long, and he must have been able only to stand up or sit on the floor.

Frederick Stephens, Milton Keynes

Occasionally in *Mayfair* a girl is seen fully dressed at the start of her set, but usually three or four articles of clothing have been removed in the next shot, and the model is topless, just wearing panties and stockings. The striptease idea, however, must include shots of the girl removing her clothes if it is to be effective. A string of shots, each showing the model posing and wearing one less garment, is much less exciting.

Could you also show more shots of your girls wearing sexy bras? I'm sure a lot of men agree with me and think the bra is a very exciting and intriguing piece of a woman's underwear. *Mayfair*, however, does not seem to agree, as very rarely do we see such a stunning shot as the one of Eileen (Vol 15 No 8) where her large breasts stand out proudly from within an open white blouse, supported only by a delicate, laced deep-plunge bra. To find another shot as good as the one of Eileen you have to refer back to Vol 13 No 8 in which a lovely girl called Katrina was shown in three great shots wearing a similar type of bra.

Please, *Mayfair*, let's have more variation. Striptease sets and the occasional busty girl wearing such a bra would be a great start.

P G, Wiltshire

I have been intrigued by some of the recent letters in your columns about readers' adolescent experiences with older women.

When I was a boy it was always a treat when Auntie Val came to stay. She brought a breath of the great world to our small-town existence. She always wore makeup and much smarter clothes than my mother could ever afford, and I remember the strange, sweet smell of her perfume.

She hadn't been for four or five years when she came to stay one summer. I was about 15, very shy, gauche, wholly without experience, and with a correspondingly ravenous curiosity about women.

One wet Sunday afternoon my mother was watching TV and Auntie Val and I were sharing the table. She was writing letters and I was doing my homework, or pretending to. I'd already dropped my pencil and picked it up, to have a sly look at her legs. Then, chin on fist, I glanced from time to time under lowered lids as she bent over her letter. Her blouse opened a good deal further down than anything my mother ever wore, and the inner swell of both breasts was clearly detectable.

She started a new page on her letter pad, but wrote only one sentence, then silently turned it round for me to read: 'What are you looking at, naughty boy?' I blushed scarlet, and looked involuntarily across at my mother. She was absorbed

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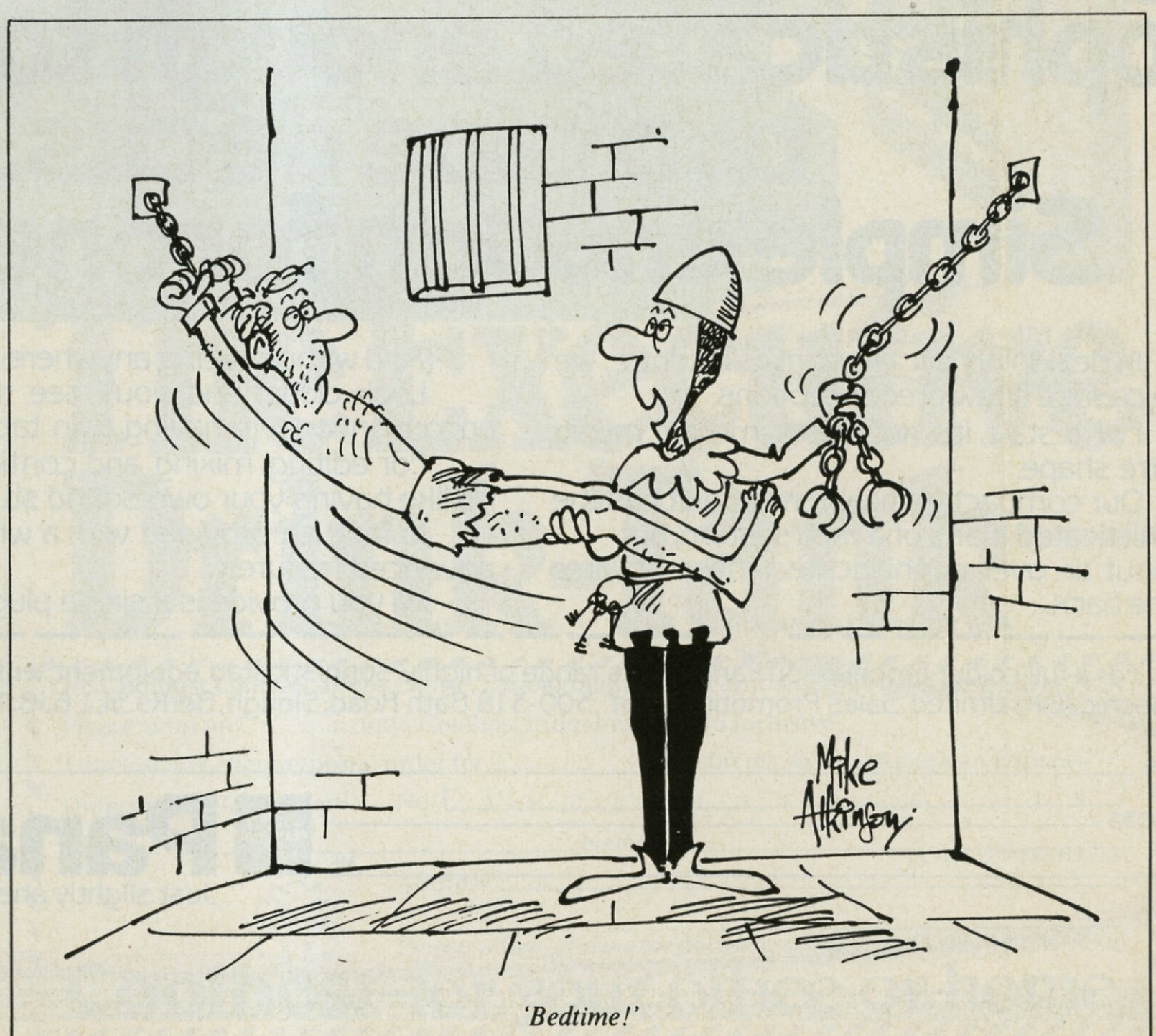
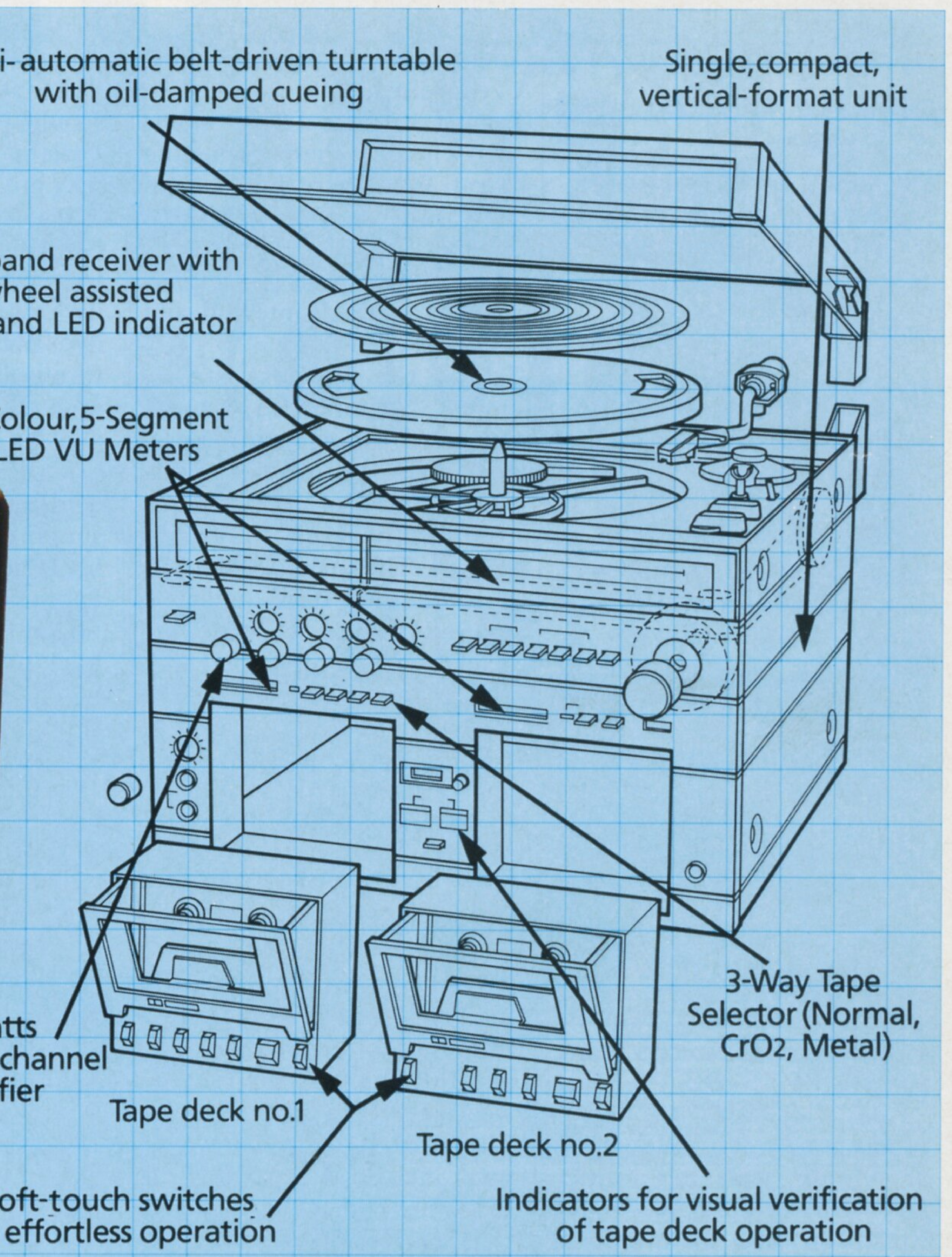


'Bedtime!'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LETTERS

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by the film. Auntie Val was writing again: 'Would you like a proper look, and nothing said to your mother?' I couldn't believe my eyes. She looked up casually and I nodded and licked my lips. She told me, via the pad, to go and wait in her room.

I went upstairs and sat on her bed in a state of high excitement. Twenty minutes passed and my excitement waned. I decided it was a joke and she was having me on. I was just about to go when I heard her.

'Well, well, what a bold young man you are. Do you always spend your time looking down ladies' cleavages? What would your mother say?' I started to stammer out a reply, but she said, 'Never mind. I was going to change anyway, and if you want to watch you're welcome. But bold young men have roving hands, so I think I'll be on the safe side.'

Then she brought out a red ribbon, tied my hands behind my back, and then calmly unfastened the top of my trousers. I asked what she was doing, and she told me, 'I'm taking your trousers down, young man, and your underpants too. There's no need to be coy – you want to look at me, so I'm going to look at you. Besides you'll be less mobile with this little lot round your ankles.' My penis stirred and swelled.

Looking demurely down she began to unfasten her blouse buttons, one by one and very deliberately. When she'd undone the last one she opened the blouse wide and looked up at me. She wore a white bra of some silky material, with flowers embroidered here and there and lace edging. The lace ran in a deep wide V from the shoulder-straps down to a front fastening, leaving each breast half-uncovered. She slipped the blouse off her shoulders and said, 'Look at the little birdies in their nests,' as she momentarily pulled back the lace on each cup to let me catch a glimpse of the nipples. Only a glimpse, then she turned to the wardrobe and took out a green dress which she threw onto the bed.

Then, asking if I was ready for scene two, she unzipped her skirt at the back and dropped it to her feet. I stared, fascinated, at her stocking tops. The colour contrast between her white thighs and the dark grey band at the top of each stocking hypnotised me. My eyes followed the taut white ribbons of her suspenders until they disappeared under the lace trimming of her knickers, which were white and embroidered to match her bra.

'They're called French knickers because they're cut high and wide at the leg,' she said as she dropped me a little curtsey. I saw why they were cut wide when she sat at the dressing-table and leaned forward to examine her makeup in the mirror. The lace seemed to slide up and back until the whole beautiful extent of her haunch, from stocking top to buttock, lay bare before my avid eyes. The suspender belt had lifted the hem of her knickers in a way that had me breathing faster and pulling at my fastened hands.

Satisfied with her face, she stood up, smoothed her stockings and slowly tightened each suspender, then stretched each leg, sensuously like a cat. She looked at me and said, thoughtfully, 'If you're a very good boy and ask me nicely I may take my knickers off for you. Would you like that?' I croaked a feeble yes, but she made me say, 'Please, Auntie Val, will you take your knickers down?' I was crimson with shame and lust.

Briskly she dropped her knickers and stepped out of them, catching the high heel of her shoe as she did so. She nearly lost her balance and at the sudden movement I saw the long suspenders tense and tighten over the swell of her haunch and down between belly and thighs. I tensed and tightened too, staring dry-mouthed at the bush of blonde hair framed in the white gothic arch of her suspender belt.

She made no attempt to cover up, but stood for a moment holding the knickers up to her face like a veil, her eyes peeping slyly at me. Then she stepped forward with an exaggerated swing of the hips and came so close that her belly almost touched my taut and swollen member. Delicately she hooked the knickers over it and left them hanging

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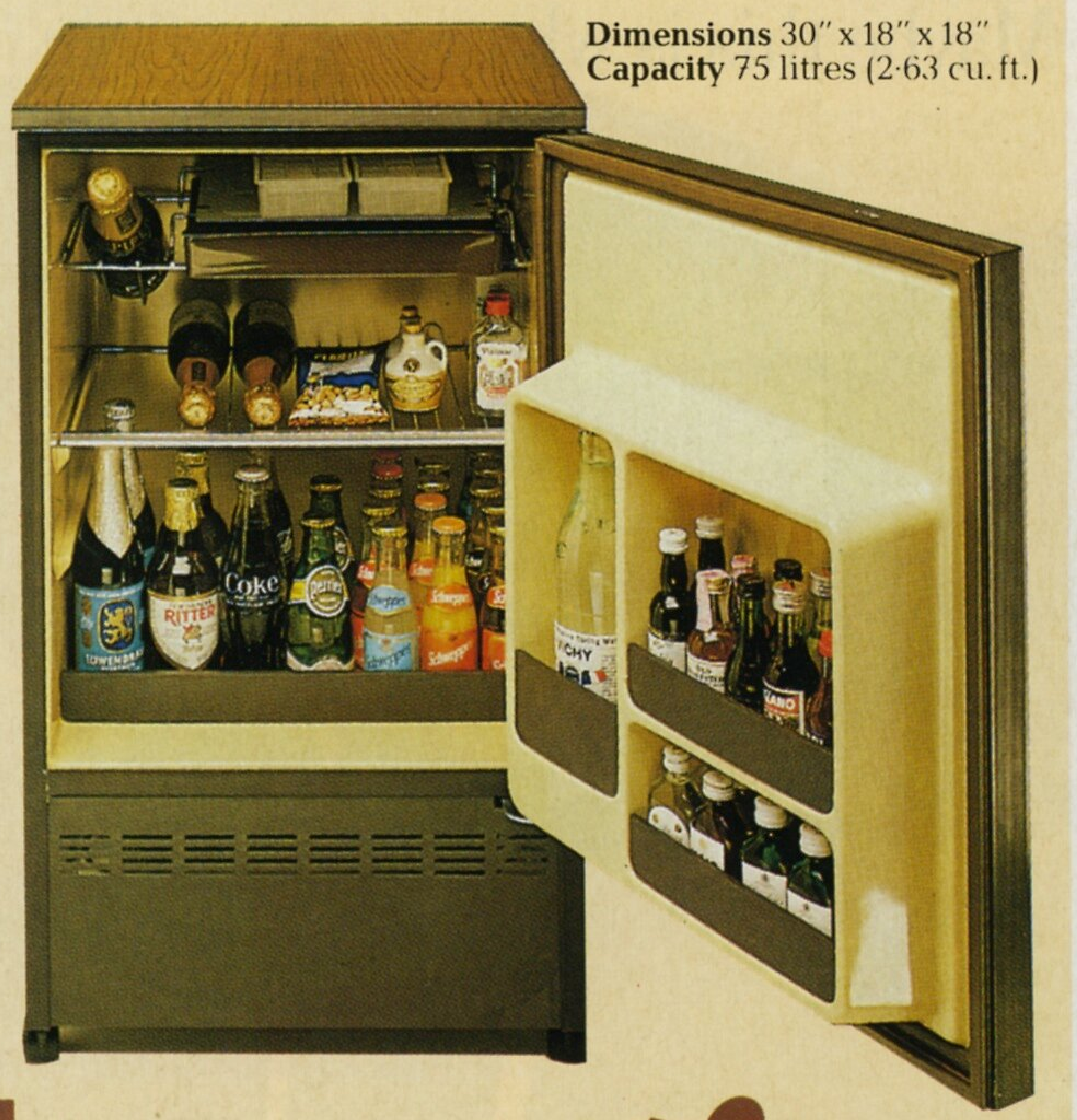

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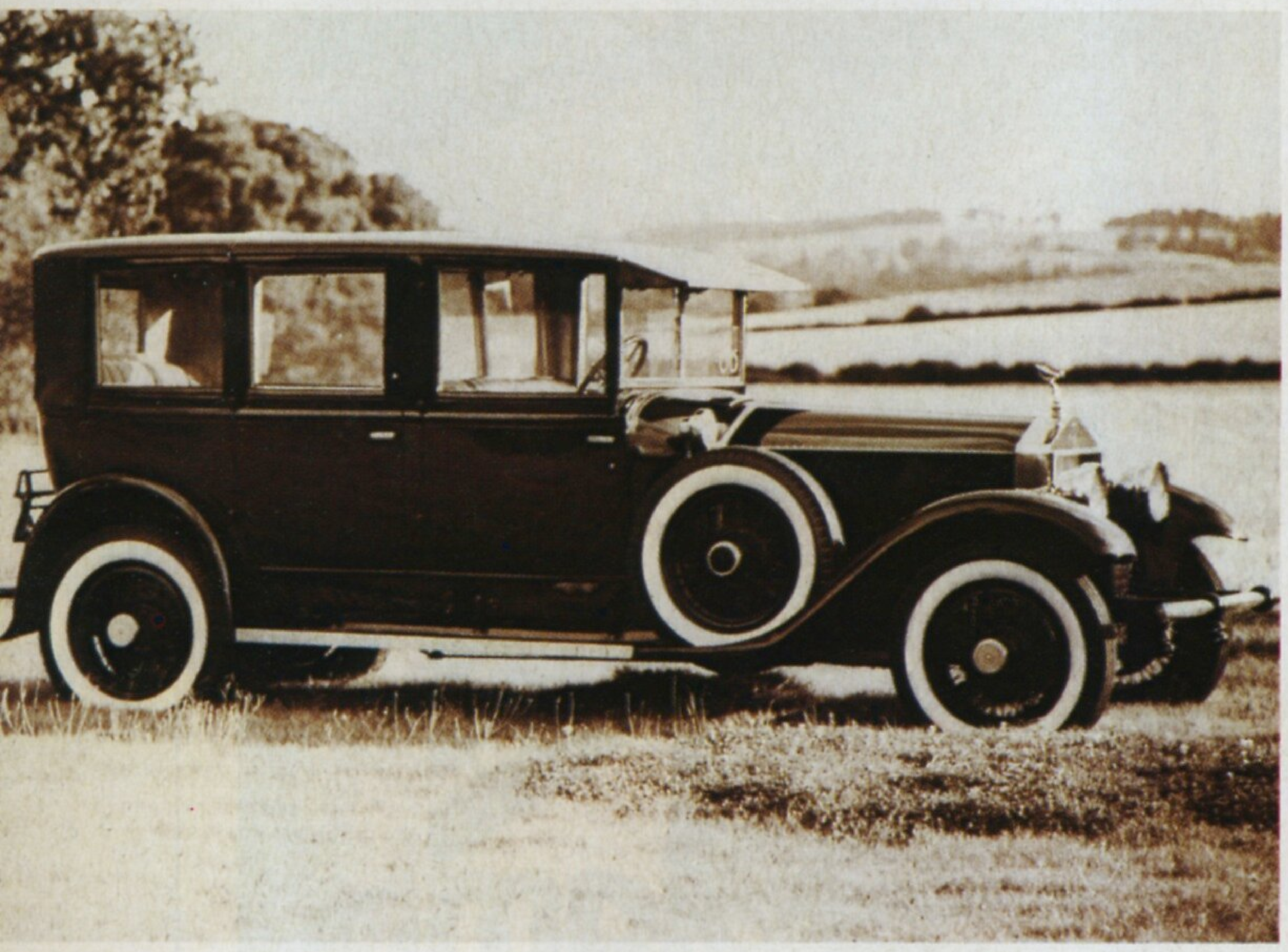
1920 brought a particularly sad time for nearly everyone who was old enough to drink alcohol.

Prohibition.

And sadly enough it came at a time when Southern Comfort was becoming more popular than ever.



1926 ROLLS–ROYCE PHANTON 1. BODYWORK IN THE STYLE "WARWICK" BY THE BREWSTER BODY COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Maybe this is why many people went to such extraordinary lengths to obtain and conceal just a few bottles of this precious amber liquid.

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It had a rich amber glow, and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety.

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SOUTHERN COMFORT

LETTERS

continued from page 11

there. She said, 'There's a little present for you. And now the show's over.'

She turned and picked up the green dress from the bed. Stretching up her arms she put it over her head, with an extra little wiggle of her bare bottom for my benefit, and smoothed it over her hips with both hands. 'Aren't I naughty going downstairs with no pants on? You won't tell your mother, will you?' I couldn't speak. Nothing existed except my desperate, pulsating erection.

'Time to let you go, but oh dear, aren't you straining at the leash! What a state you're in,' she said. She squatted down to get a good eye-level view of my frustrated penis as the dangling knickers twitched in sympathy. 'Shall I? she mused, fingering the material, 'Yes, why not?' And she triggered me off with a sharp tug.

For one agonising moment she waited, grinning as I gasped and writhed. Then she pulled the knot of the ribbon undone. My hands flew to my crotch. Knees bent, eyes closed, buttocks thrusting helplessly, I pumped and pumped in my new-found manhood.

Through the hoarseness of my own panting I heard Auntie Val say sweetly, 'Don't be late for tea, dear,' as she closed the door behind her.

(Name and address withheld)

What a lucky young chap you were. All we ever got from our aunties was a pair of socks at Christmas and an occasional bar of chocolate.

I have been reading *Mayfair* since Miss Ann Sparks (Vol 16 No 3) was probably a babe in arms, but I must admit she was worth waiting for. She is an outstanding young lady and perhaps the best to grace your pages in a decade.

How about another set featuring her, or better still a film? It is a long time since you have added a new choice to your Film Society. Here, surely, is the girl to feature.

J Tarrat, Bournemouth

You've recently published correspondence about wives who have sex with other men. I am 28, have been married for five years, and am quite attractive. My recent infidelity was with a man of 55.

This man, whom I shall call John, had become a good friend of my mother over the past five or six years. His wife died some five years ago but he has adapted to single life very well; he sold his house in favour of a modern flat and, being a professional man, leads a pretty full, sound life. That is how he got me into bed with him.

He is a very sociable man and attends a lot of functions. At a fairly late stage one of his lady friends dropped out of one of these dinners. My mother was also engaged but she suggested that he ask me. As it happened my husband was away on business, so I agreed.

After the dinner John, myself and two other couples went back to his flat for a nightcap. The other couples left about 12.30 and I was just tidying up prior to John running me home. He persuaded me to have another brandy, and said he'd got a present for me for stepping in at short notice.

Now John is an attractive man with very good taste, and the box he produced contained a black nightdress and negligée, very expensive but very beautiful. I was taken aback by his generosity and so too easily agreed when he suggested I try them on.

I went into his bedroom, stripped to my black knickers and put on the nightdress and negligée. I immediately felt very sexy. After a quick twirl in front of him I sat down again on the settee and grabbed my brandy. As I put down my glass John leaned across and kissed me on the lips, and I found no difficulty in responding quite passionately. The material of the nightdress and negligée had made my nipples stiff, and I felt damp down below. John's hands strayed to my breasts and as I moved my hands I brushed and lingered on a very hard erection.

Our passion soon led to John removing the negligée and moving his hands up my thighs until he found the damp spot of my knickers. With expert fingers he increased that dampness and my desire.

If he had gone on I would have climaxed, but sensing this he picked me up and took me to

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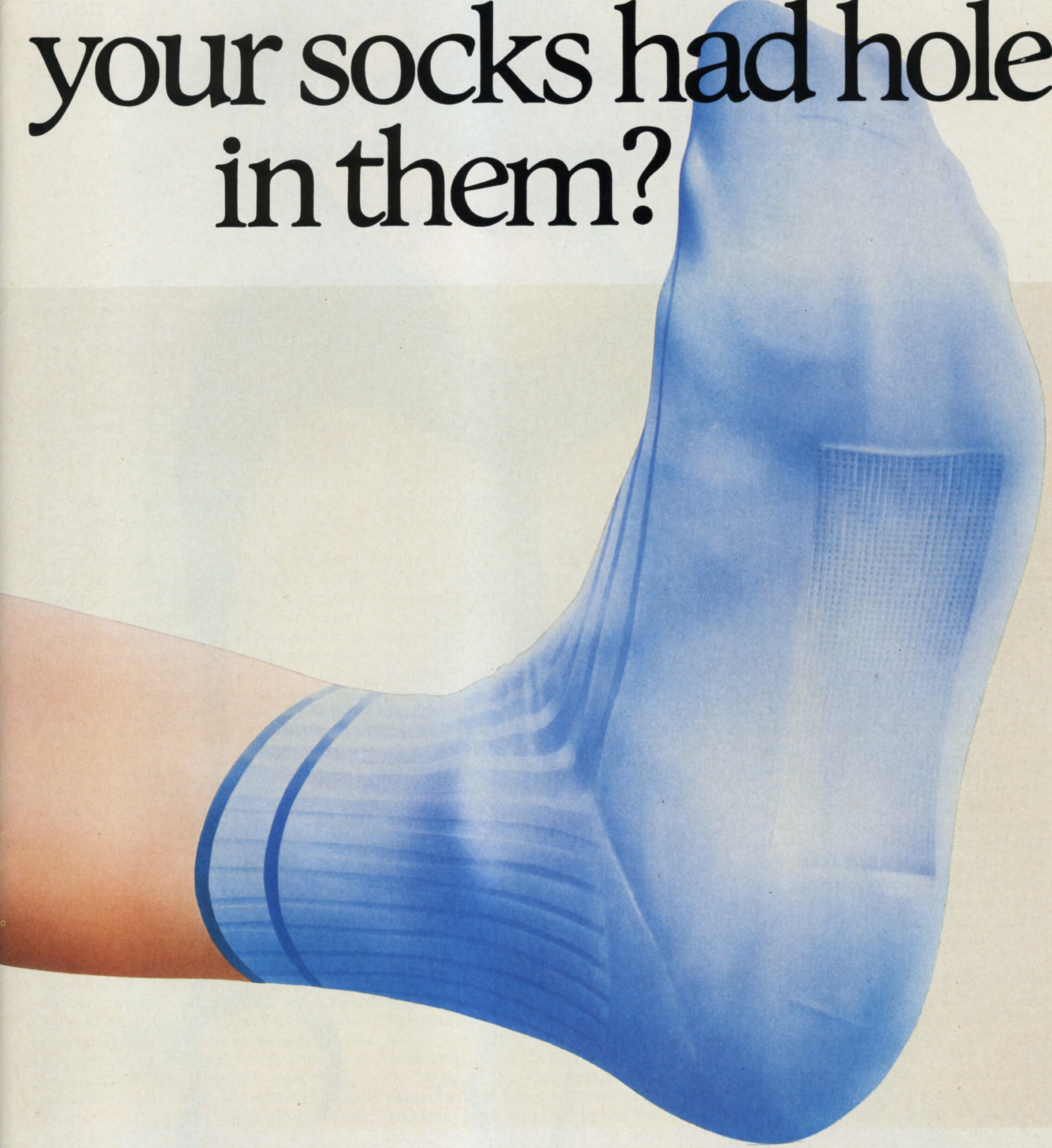
3/3

Isn't it time your socks had holes in them?



Not the sort of holes you have to darn of course. The sort you'll find in new Wolsey Comfort Socks.

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Air conditioning for feet.

Trapped in a lift with an ugly girl! I cursed my luck. But when I noticed her body my throat went dry and my knees buckled. And as she hooked her thumbs into the top of her knickers I hit on a pleasant way to pass the time

AN UPLIFTING EXPERIENCE

Fiction by Mark Salisbury

My office is on the fifth floor of one of those pale impersonal giants that have grown like a Twentieth Century fungus. It's a comfortable, functional room with about as much soul as a three-day-old corpse. So I arrive late, leave early, and enjoy a long lunch break.

I'm waiting for the lift on a nondescript Wednesday morning. It's 9.45 and already I'm looking forward to lunch. The lift and a woman arrive simultaneously. I glance at her face and step aside for her to get in first. She's not pretty. She's not even plain. She's ugly.

I press five and move into the corner. I don't ask her what floor. I can't bring myself to speak to her. I know it's chauvinistic and horrible and unfair, but I can't stomach ugly women. If you hate me for it, at least give me a couple of marks for honesty and read on.

Somewhere between three and four the lift stops with an unpleasant grinding judder. She lets out a little scream and I say 'Bloody Hell!' We look at each other in sympathetic panic.

'That didn't sound very healthy,' I say, trying to be nonchalant.

'My God! I hope it doesn't just plummet to the basement,' she says in genuine terror, clutching a large manilla envelope.

If her face were any less repulsive I'd rush across and take her in my arms. Just to comfort her, you understand. Instead I reach across and press the red button. It sounds like Central Fire Station but I keep my hand there until I'm sure the whole building knows we're in trouble. Five minutes of distant noisy confusion follow during which time we exchange horror stories about friends of friends who have been stuck in lifts for hours, days, weeks. At last a voice from somewhere below shouts up. There is a touch of authority about it.

'Hey, you up there in the lift. We've found the problem. It needs an engineer. I'm afraid you're going to be there for some time. But there's no danger. You've got nothing to worry about. Are you all right?'

Nothing to worry about! He hasn't seen my companion. She'll probably cast a spell on me and turn me into a frog.

'We're all right.'

'Do you want anyone contacted?'

I've always been lucky. If I missed a plane it would crash. As I survey the thick glasses, the hawkish nose, the receding chin I just can't believe this twist of fortune. I bet there's been a slip-up at the top. I should have Cinderella and I've been landed with one of the sisters.

'Room 507,' I shout. 'Just tell Miss Protheroe Mr Salisbury will be in when he's been rescued.'

Miss Protheroe. Ah the thought of her. Why couldn't I have been stuck in the lift with her for an hour. I'd been trying unsuccessfully to get inside those knickers for months. This situation would have been perfect. As I dwelt on the thought my languid expression must have been interpreted as friendly.

'Can you ask him to tell Mr Carruthers of Carruthers and Fanshaw that Miss Peck is here too?'

I notice for the first time that the voice is pure velvet. It doesn't belong to the face at all.

'And tell Mr Carruthers on floor seven that Miss Peck is stuck too.'

'Wilco. And don't worry. There's no danger. Just behave yourselves.'

No danger of me not behaving myself either. Poor old Carruthers. Fancy having to look at that face all day. Still, at least he'll be concentrating on his clients' problems. I'll remember to go to him if ever I'm in trouble with the law.

She drops the envelope she's been clutching and slides her back down the corner of the lift until she's sitting on it.

'Might as well get comfy,' she says with a smile, 'we might be here for some time.'

I'm speechless. Mesmerised and speechless. It's that slide down the wall. It's the most erotic thing I've ever seen. To take the strain of the spectacular descent she places her feet about eighteen inches apart and leans back into the corner. She keeps her knees firmly together but once she's beyond half way down the effect is breathtaking. Gradually the cheeks of her bottom come into view, prettily edged in white lace, and then, framed by her diverging calves, her thighs and the bulging strip of nylon which separates the two loops of lace edging. By the time the rounded cheeks flatten against the manilla envelope I'm dry in the throat and wobbly at the knees.

'I should get comfy yourself,' she says.

I can't take my eyes off that exquisite sight but I manage a 'Yes, you're right,' as I struggle to sit on my briefcase in the opposite corner. The lower position slightly improves my view and I begin to register just how good those legs are. And she's wearing stockings too.

I've always been a leg man. But like most blokes who profess a preference for some part of the female body I look at the face first. If I can't respond to that I go no further. The funny thing is that because she's ugly I don't feel embarrassed about blatantly ogling her exposed charms. I don't even wonder why, in view of my obvious fascination, she isn't attempting to make her position less revealing.

'You still don't look very comfy,' she says, and when I at last look up I realise that she is referring to an obvious and agonising bulge in my trousers.

She giggles as I try to ease my discomfort.

'It seems a pity to waste an erection like that, don't you think? And putting it out of its misery would help to pass the time wouldn't it?'

I manage a disbelieving nod, my eyes still fixed on that aphrodisian feast. She picks herself up as gracefully as her position will allow, deliberately exciting me beyond endurance in the process. Standing boldly before me she slowly raises her skirt, drawing my eyes up the slender legs, over the dark tops of the tan stockings, to follow the taught suspenders until they vanish beneath the white lace and frivolous nylon of her pants.

I'm still crouched on the floor in compressed genital agony, but unable to stir myself because of the entrancing effect of the display. As I etch the vision into my mind for future reference, she slips her thumbs into the top of her knickers and pushes them down her legs until gravity takes over the job. They float on and settle delicately round her ankles. She bends neatly at the knees and picks them up, struggling for a moment to release a leg from the end of a high heel. When it is free she stands again, turns coolly away from me and bends from the waist with her head resting on her arms along the handrail. As if to provoke me into action she wriggles her neat white arse like a bitch on heat.

The position is shockingly magnificent. Those long lithe legs are invitingly spread with a springy bend at each knee; those

ILLUSTRATION BY SUE LINNEY

two delicious cheeks, framing a shaded promise of delight, are quivering with anticipation, and her face is buried in the crook of her elbow as though she is eager not to offend with her lack of beauty.

The face. I'd forgotten about the face. Since all else has been revealed its effect has vanished. I feel almost ashamed of my earlier thoughts. I stand slowly, never taking my eyes from the offering before me. With one hand I caress the white globes of her cheeks, with the other I release my genital agony. When I slip my hand between her thighs I find a dripping welcome. It takes but a dip of the knees to place my weapon in the right spot and press forward and slide in right up to the hilt. It's as beautiful an entry as I've ever experienced, and her moan of appreciation is music to my ears. I rest there for a moment contemplating the scene both visually and intellectually. As I study my black pubic hair pressed against the contrasting creamy cheeks I muse on the fact that I have never fucked in this position before. I marvel at its versatility, its unexpected potential.

As I slowly withdraw I am moved by the freedom of vision. I can watch the lengthening penis and delight in the movement of her moist labia as they tremble, seemingly loath to part with their visitor. The satisfied sigh from her real mouth seems to be speaking for the busy mouth I am studying.

But the freedom of this position is not only visual. Here I stand with both hands free to explore and enjoy this beautiful and sexy body which has been offered to me so unexpectedly.

Arranging the skirt neatly about her waist I knead the soft cheeks as I withdraw a second time. I lean back a little and guide my tool in a delicate exploration of the complex folds of her sex. Her whimpers are erotic encouragement. The third entry is clearly a relief to us both as our sighing breaths tangle in the now balmy air of our temporary prison.

Pressing forward against that fleshy cushion I exercise this unexpected freedom further, reaching out to take a swinging breast in each hand. There is no bra beneath the nylon blouse and the nipples harden in my palms as they slide over the material. The weight and texture evoke a delicious sensation that reaches my very root. I feel her vagina squeezing me in a rhythm that matches the movement of my hands. This woman really is a witch and I am under her spell.

I slip my hands beneath the blouse and savour the flesh of those relaxed breasts. She squeaks and squirms as I gently tweak the rough nipples. At the same time I begin a soft rocking against her buttocks. But her internal milking joins the rhythm and the whole sensation is too much. I can feel myself on the verge of coming and want the intensity of this pleasure to last for much longer. An extended backward rock allows a third escape, movingly accompanied by touching moans of complaint until I guide myself to furrow the length of her vulva. This appears to satisfy both our

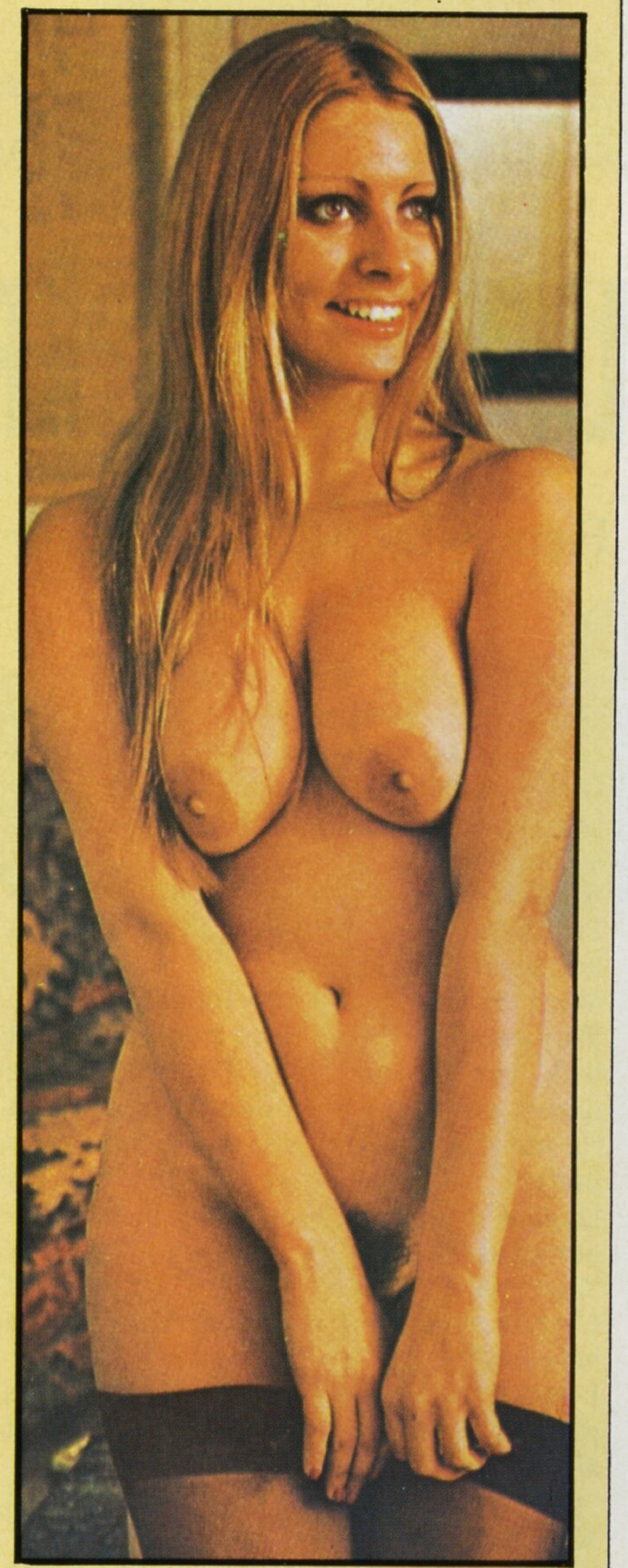
turn to page 35

The Mayfair Film Society

Presenting six of the most sensational maids ever to appear in *Mayfair* starring in our very own full colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (that's her, right) is just one of the sexy six superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full colour 8 mm home movies. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy plays the part of a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work – or his hands off her tight white knickers which scarcely conceal Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her misadventures leave her bare. And if you find uniforms a turn-on, then you'll fall for air-hostess Sophie, a long-legged brunette whose crisp starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking. And, of course, there's Victoria Jane, enjoying an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless and bare. Remember Penny Mallet? These days she's better known as top model Nina Carter. Now you can see her naked and in motion because we've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing. Perhaps you like swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with the sex appeal of a young Monroe. Last, is our sultry black temptress, Sylvia Bayo, whose huge stubby-nippled breasts will arouse all your darkest fantasies.



Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia – six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp detail on full colour 8 mm films that you can enjoy again and again. The price is just £10.15 per film, including (P&P). Fill in the coupon below, and send it with your remittance and soon you'll be savouring the finest, freshest and most arousing films ever to feature *Mayfair's* magical maids.

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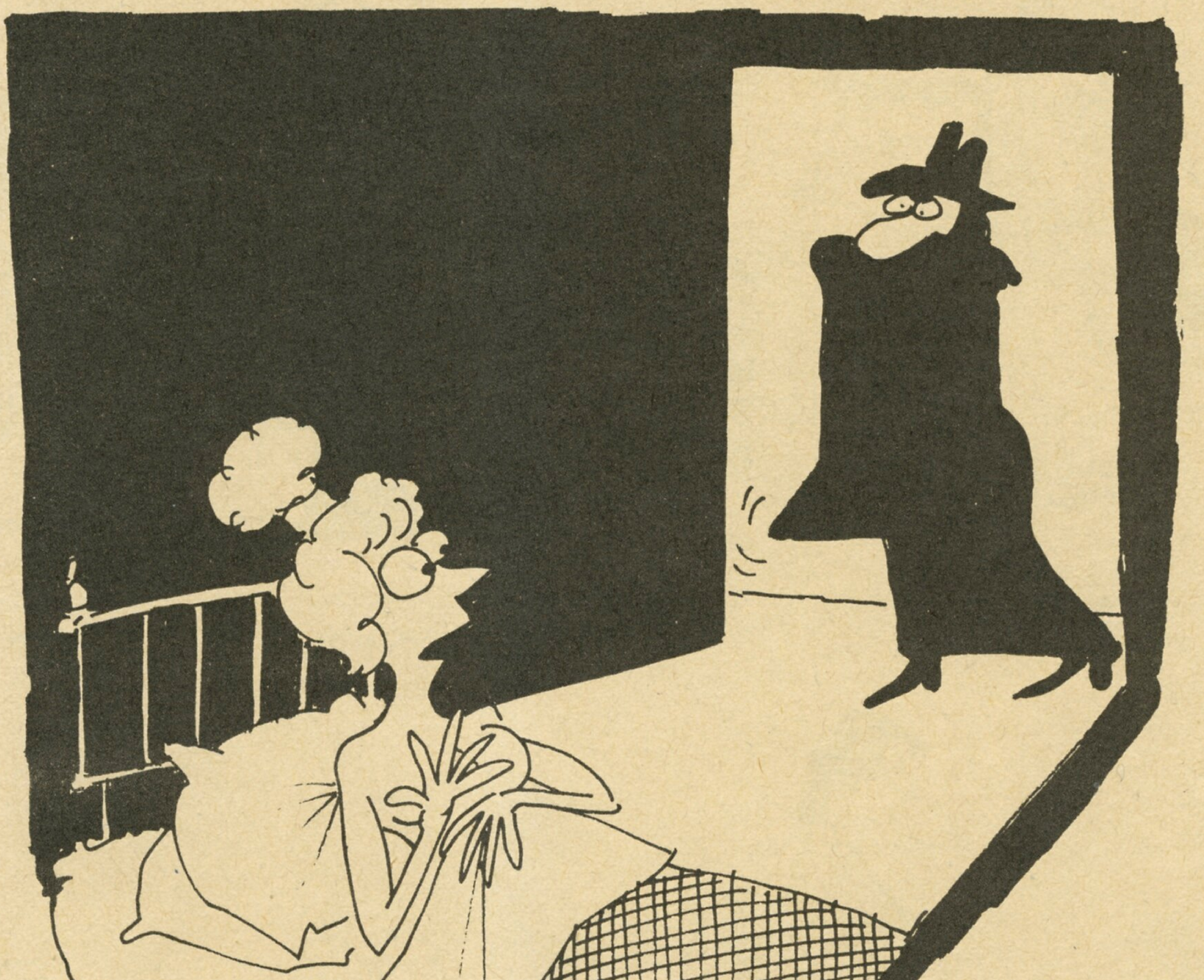
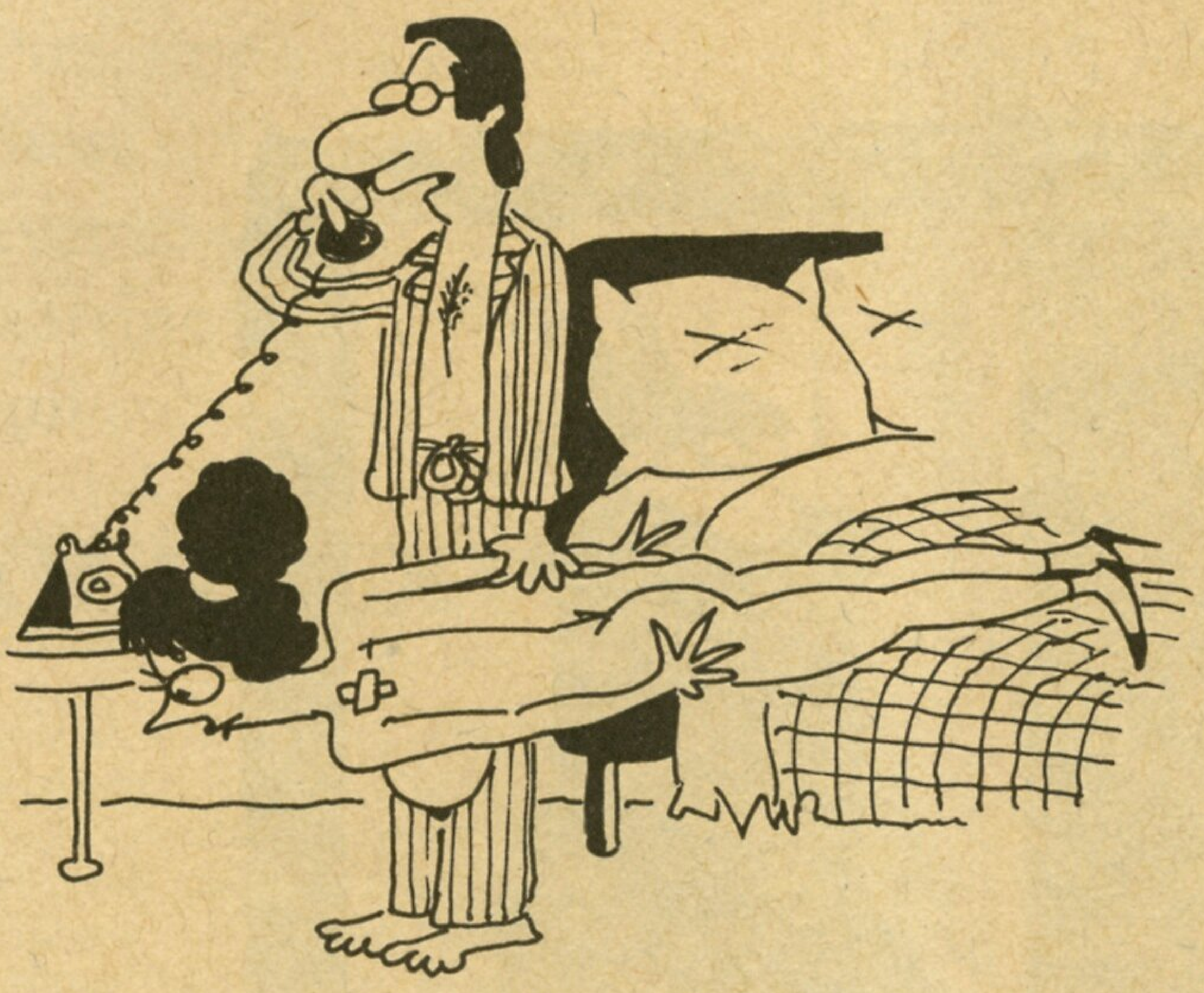


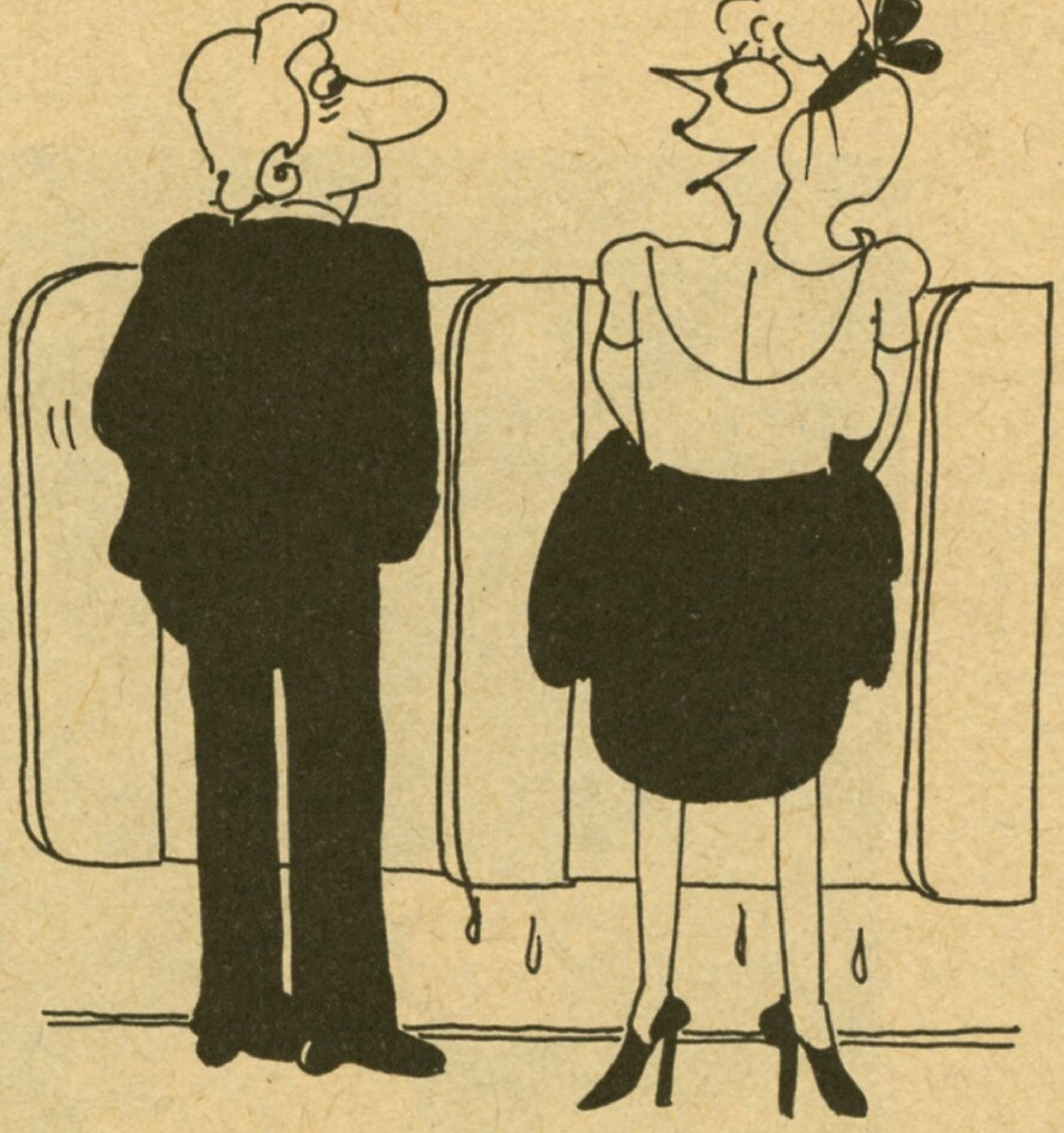
'What's all this cloak and dagger stuff? That is a dagger, isn't it?'

POKE AND DAGGER

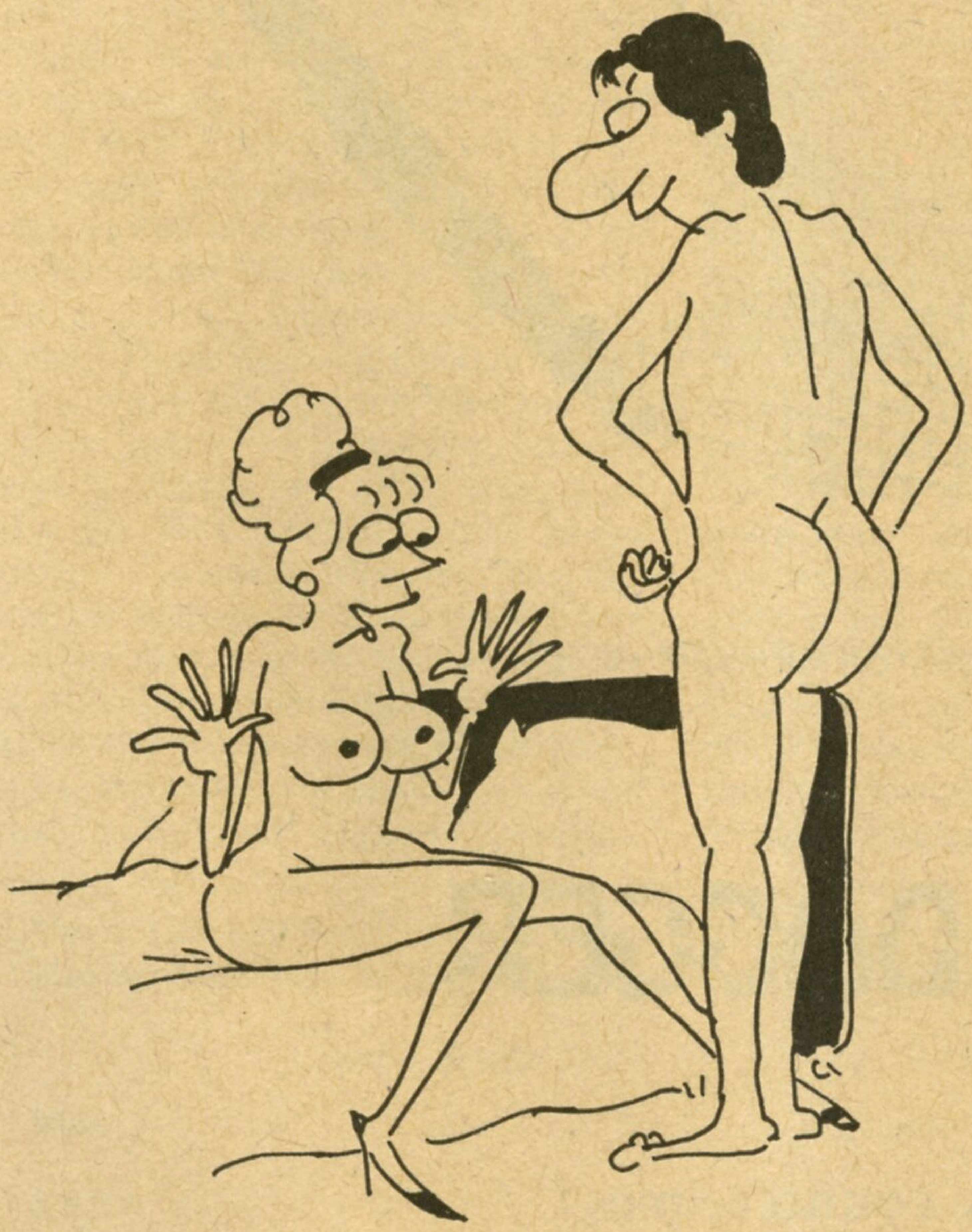
In these days of spies, counter-spies
and moles, our own under-the-covers man, Peter Maddocks,
draws his own conclusions on how they operate



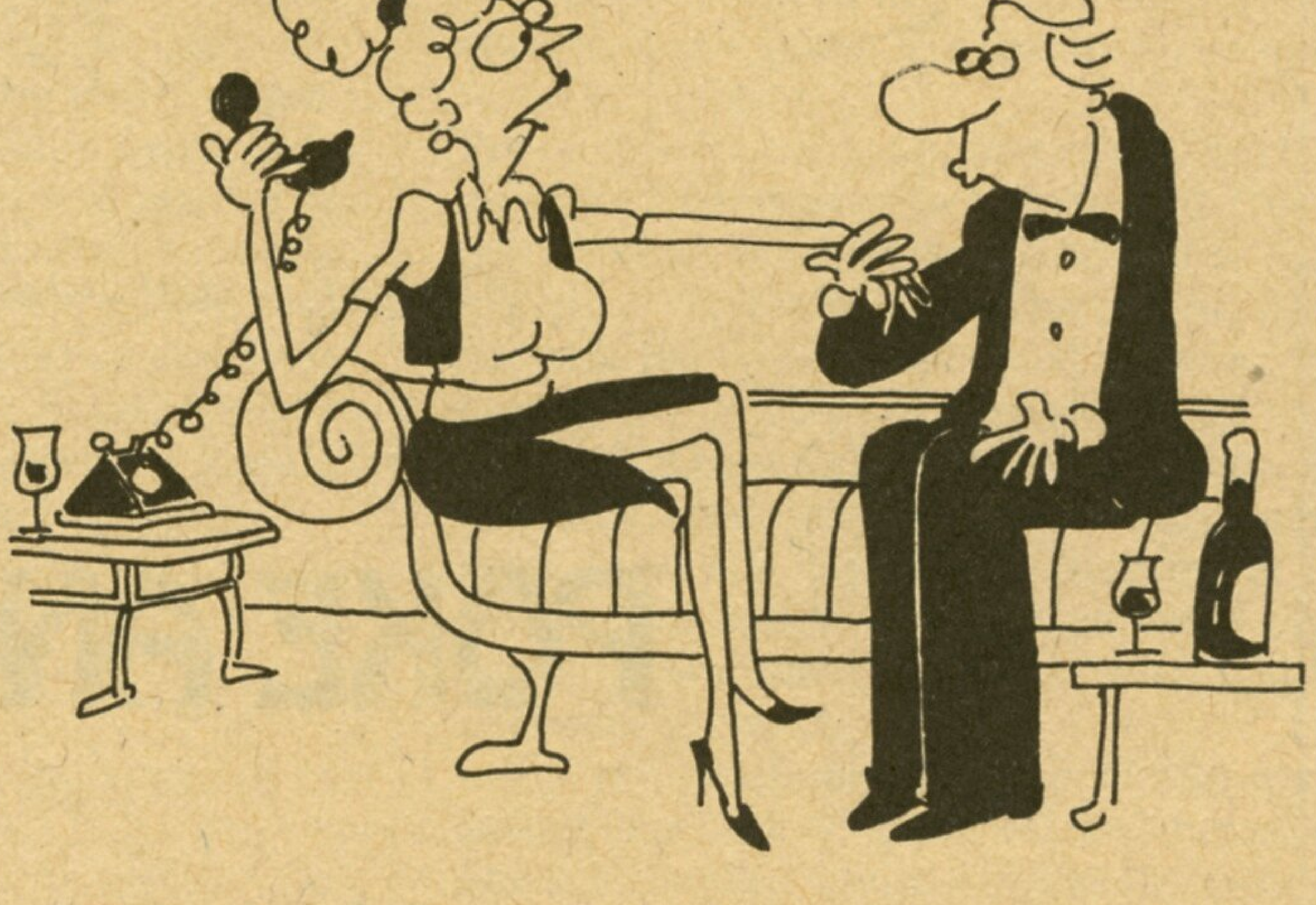
'Yes, chief, I'm alone . . .'



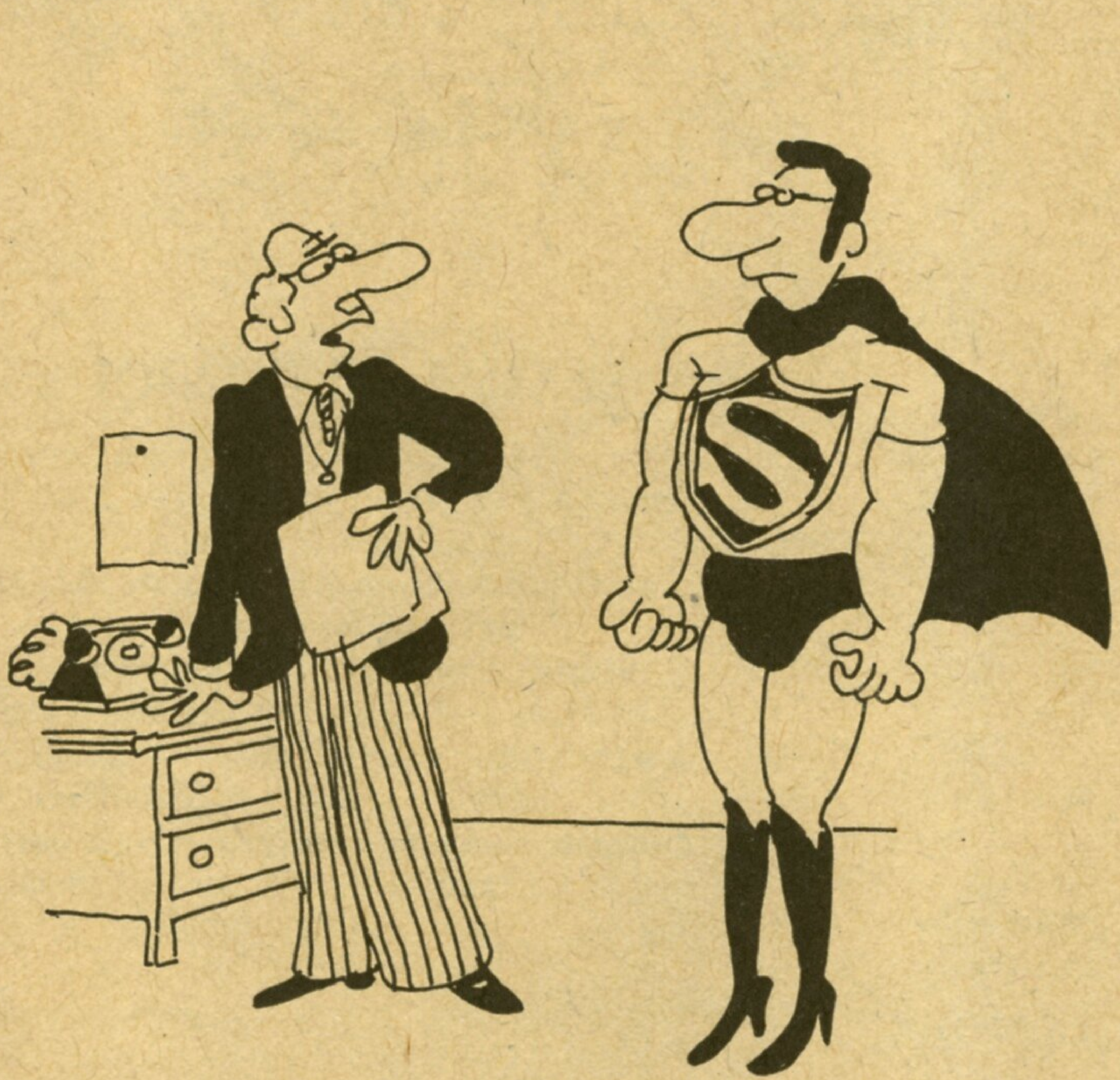
'Don't worry – I'm Jameson, Special Branch.'



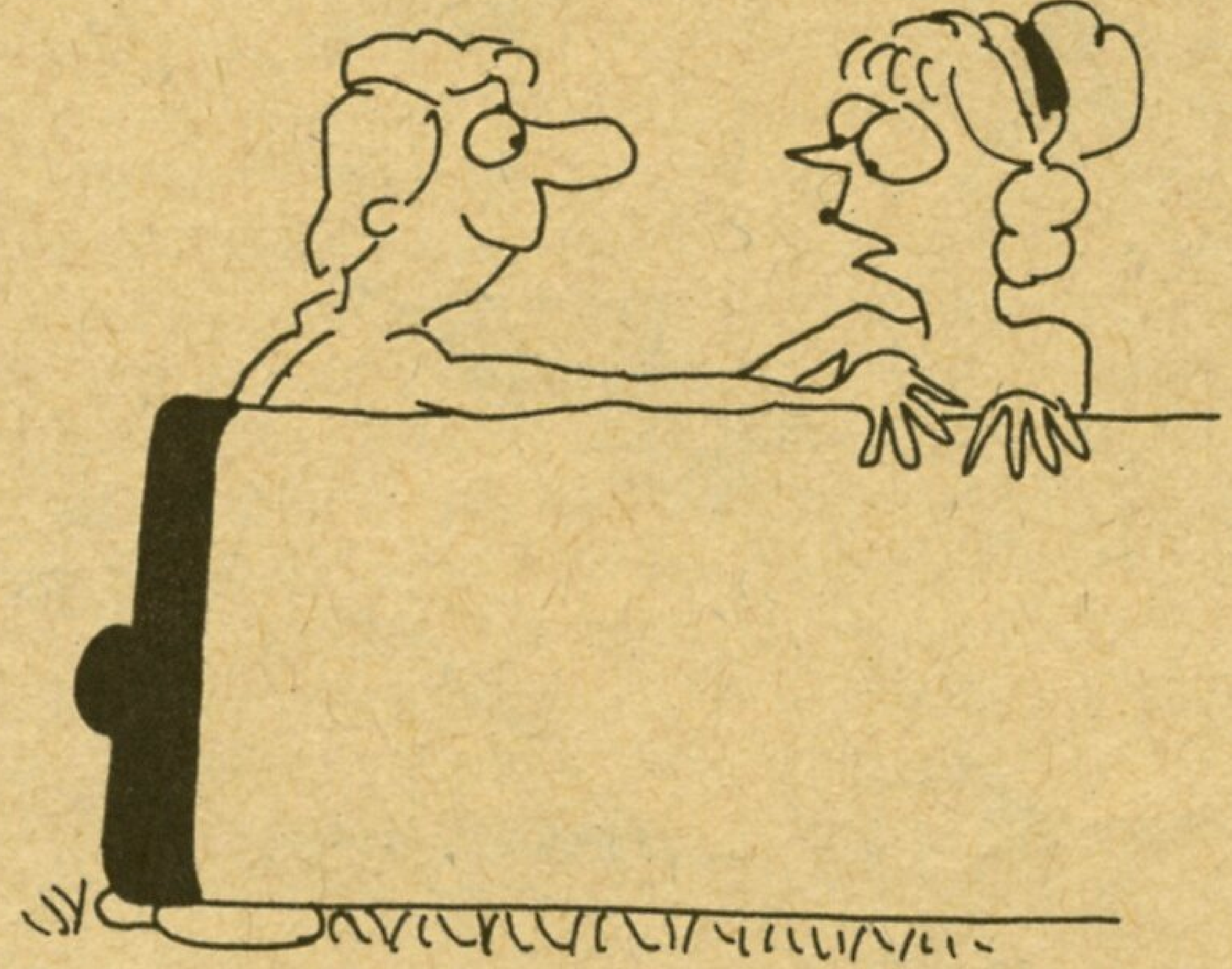
'It does! It does! From this angle it really does look like 007.'



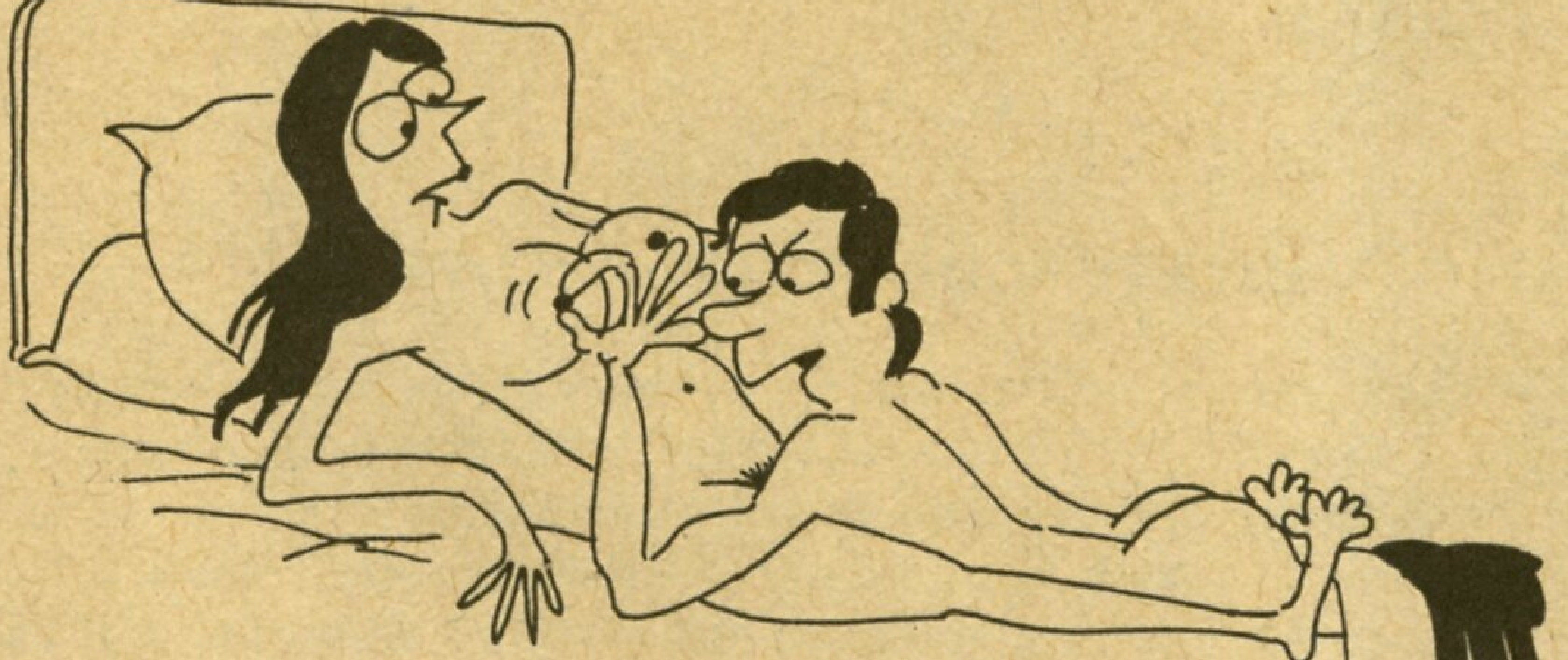
'I wish you'd get a better code name other than Wee Willie Winkie . . .'



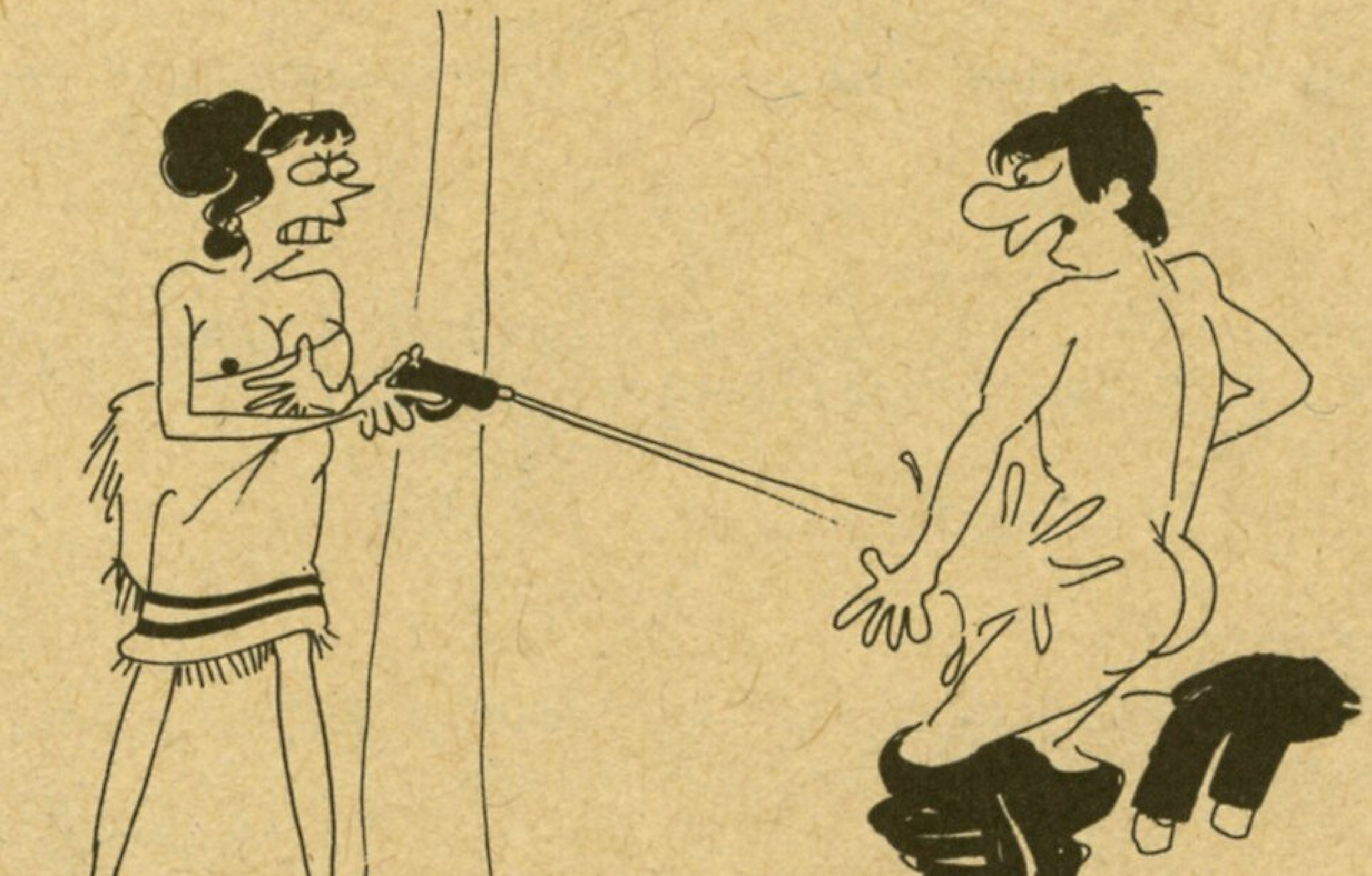
'That outfit is a security risk – you look far too camp.'



'Are you sure this is a hand mike?'



'Hello, Tinkerbell, are you receiving me? Over . . .'



'You bitch, Mata Hari – that's cold water!'

The Mayfair Book Society

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Our best-selling title of all time. Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will readily testify to the impact that this book has made on their lives. In 42 full-page photographs, a man and a woman demonstrate love-making techniques that range from the traditional to the adventurous, while the accompanying text explains how differing movements can increase orgasmic pleasure and heighten sexual fulfilment.

Price £5.75

EXOTIC LOVE GAMES

Exotic Love Games, we believe, will become one of our best-sellers of all time. This limpback edition contains more than 100 full-colour photographs of a couple who obviously enjoy their intimate union, and will prove a positive boon to anyone wishing to learn more about the intimacies of sexual contact. Each explicit photo is accompanied by text which helps the connoisseur understand the intricacies of balance and movement necessary to get full enjoyment from sex. In many ways *Exotic Love Games* is a complementary edition to our other favourite manual, *Sexual Techniques*, though of a more explicit and erotic nature. You will marvel at some positions, disbelieve others, but chances are you'll wish to try them all. *Love Games*, we believe, will open up new sexual horizons among partners and those who appreciate the act of love.

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To Mayfair Book Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Please send me the books I have ticked.

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DEAR DOC

We have been fortunate enough to snap up most wholesale copies of Dr David Delvin's *Dear Doc* and can now pass on to you the considerable savings this entails. We can offer *Dear Doc* at the special price of £2.50 (which includes post and packing) – and that's lower than the actual cover price.

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡♡ **The Postman Always Rings Twice** (X), 2 hrs 1 min. When blonde leggy Cora (Jessica Lange) finds herself alone in her remote restaurant-cum-filling station – her middle-aged Greek husband having gone out for the day – it isn't long before the newly hired petrol pump attendant (Jack Nicholson) comes to her door. Shutting up the restaurant, he makes a lunge for shapely Cora whose spirited defence of her virtue quickly becomes just as active compliance in disposing of it. 'Come on,' she encourages, stretching out on the kitchen table and spreading her legs, 'Come on, then.' Which the attendant duly does, massaging Cora to a state of high excitement through thin silk knickers before launching himself upon her. From then on lust becomes the order of the day, driving Cora and her lover to murder her inconvenient husband, to survive their subsequent trial but to succumb finally to a twist of fate. Despite the explicitness, however – at one point Mr Nicholson settles an argument by burying his head between Miss Lange's naked thighs – it's sadly ironic that this version is finally *less* sexy than a 1946 version of the same tale. Starring John Garfield and Lana Turner, that had to show overhwleming lust by suggestion alone – and succeeded brilliantly. Casting seems to be the problem here. Miss Lange (her last screen lover was *King Kong*) is very pretty but she just doesn't have the slow-burning sensuality of a Lana Turner, the kind of bedworthy look that would melt most red-blooded males and persuade them that murder would be a small price to pay for her charms.

***♡♡ **The Funhouse** (X), 1 hr 36 mins. As brunette teenybopper Amy (Elizabeth Berridge) strips for a shower, revealing quite the lushest boobs on cinematic view this month, a masked figure stalks her with a wicked-looking dagger, rips aside the shower curtain and plunges the blade – now seen to be rubber – into her naked flesh. The assailant is a practical joking kid brother, though music, mood and direction have prepared you for something far worse. This is the main fault of an otherwise worthy effort from Tobe (*Texas Chain Saw Massacre*) Hooper. Amy and three teenage friends decide to spend the night in a travelling fairground's house of horror, witness a murder by the owner's mutant son and are disposed of one by one in various nasty ways. But not until the final confrontation between Amy and mutant (he seems to have two overlapping faces and a severe dental problem) does the outcome match the build-up.

♡ **Inside Moves (AA), 1 hr 53 mins. Having your hero fling himself out of a tenth story window may be a dramatic, if unpromising way to open a movie, but it provides one of the most spectacular stunts ever filmed. Shot from above the stuntman is seen to fall away into a drop that is clear all the way to busy street level. Photographed from the side, he's seen alive and kicking, plunging a good third of the building's height before crashing through some convenient trees and draping himself across a car windscreen. No surprise, then, that this remarkable stunt is directed by Richard Donner, maker of *Superman*. More surprising, is the syrupy nature of the story that follows. Surviving, though crippled, hero Roary (John Savage) joins a group of similar no-hopers in a run-down bar, revives the bar's fortunes, contrives to cure a lame barman and turn him into a basketball star and finally weds a pretty blonde waitress who has to overcome her revulsion at his injuries before falling madly in love. Fine acting just about keeps the sentiment at bay – but you have now been warned.

♡ **The First Deadly Sin (X), 1 hr 52 mins. With wife Fay Dunaway struck down by a deadly disease, New York police sergeant Frank Sinatra, on the point of retirement tracks down an apparently motiveless murderer who attacks passersby with an ice pick. A gory, rather gloomy police tale but crisply and realistically told.

♡♡ **The First Nudie Musical (X), 1 hr 37 mins. A failing Hollywood porno movie producer decides to introduce music to his latest epic, but his financial backer insists that the director is his virginal and inept son, who will only direct sex scenes with his back to the set. Mild comedy is interspersed with mild, largely topless nudity – mainly involving the musical's redheaded leading actress in an extended bout with a stetson-wearing 'stunt cock.' Sadly the presence of Diana Canova (the busty Corinne in TV's popular *Soap* serial) does not result in similar revelations.

Lassalvy
ACTE III

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons were one of the most popular and talented vocal harmony groups of the Sixties. After they split up Frankie had a successful solo career with various hit singles and an appearance in the film *Grease.* Last summer they reunited for two sell-out concerts which have been released in a double album from Warner Records as **Reunited Live.** The record lives up to all expectations with dynamic versions of the group's hits as well as Frankie's solo songs. The harmonies are as good as ever, and the backing musicians superb. Tracks include *Rag Doll, Dawn, My Eyes Adored You* and *Walk Like A Man* along with all their most popular numbers. If you want the definitive Four Seasons album then this is the one.

Guitarist John Williams proved that classical music, jazz and rock can successfully be merged when he formed his band Sky. They have been going from strength to strength, and their latest album **Sky 3** (Ariola) can only increase their popularity. Whether they are performing an arrangement of a piece by Handel *(Sarabande)* or the Latin influenced *Meheeco,* this five-piece band play with style and talent. The music is subtle, often quiet, but exciting.

Sky's other guitarist Kevin Peek has also released a solo album, **Awakening** (Ariola), which teams him with three other musicians and vocalist David Reilly, who wrote the *Starship Suite* which takes up all of side two. This album gives Kevin an opportunity to showcase his undoubted talent on both the electric and acoustic guitars in a more relaxed musical setting.

Another master guitarist but in a completely different musical field is B B King. His new album on MCA, **There Must Be A Better World Somewhere,** provides more evidence that he is the greatest living Blues artist. His vocals are as soulful and packed with emotion as ever, and his guitar playing has a subtlety and excitement which others have unsuccessfully been trying to copy for decades. On this album he is joined by a classy horn section led by Hank Crawford on alto and David 'Fathead' Newman on tenor. Dr John adds his New Orleans style on keyboards and he also co-wrote five of the six tracks with Doc Pomus. For all Blues devotees this is a recording not to be missed.

Ellen Foley is a most attractive lady singer with a powerful, distinctive voice. On **Spirit of St Louis** (Epic) she has collaborated with Mick Jones and Joe Strummer of The Clash who have written six of the twelve numbers. Ellen's voice is very versatile and she is equally at home on the belting rock song *MPH* as she is on the moving torch ballad *My Legionnaire.* She also performs an exciting version of the old soul standard *How Glad I Am.* There is a shortage of good female rock singers, so there is always room for a vocalist of Ellen's range and ability.

Landscape are a five-piece synthesiser-orientated band who recently made the singles charts with the disco sound of *Einstein a go-go.* Their RCA album, **From the Tea-rooms of Mars . . . to the Hell-Holes of Uranus** contains much more interesting material. *Norman Bates* tells the chilling tale of the psychopathic murderer from Alfred Hitchcock's film *Psycho,* complete with whispered lines from the movie. The title track is also excellent with electronic synthesiser versions of the beguine, mambo and tango, done tea-dance style. It is refreshing to hear the original ideas and musical imagination of these performers.

Apart from writing *Cocaine* which Eric Clapton made popular, J J Cale has made a series of relaxed country-style albums featuring his economical guitar style and gravelly vocals. **Shades** (Island) is the latest and arguably the best with nine new JJ songs and a rousing version of the classic *Mama Don't.* The support musicians are excellent and Dennis Solee's sax solo in the haunting *Cloudy Day* is worth the price of the album alone. This is a good introduction to J J's music if you've never heard him before.

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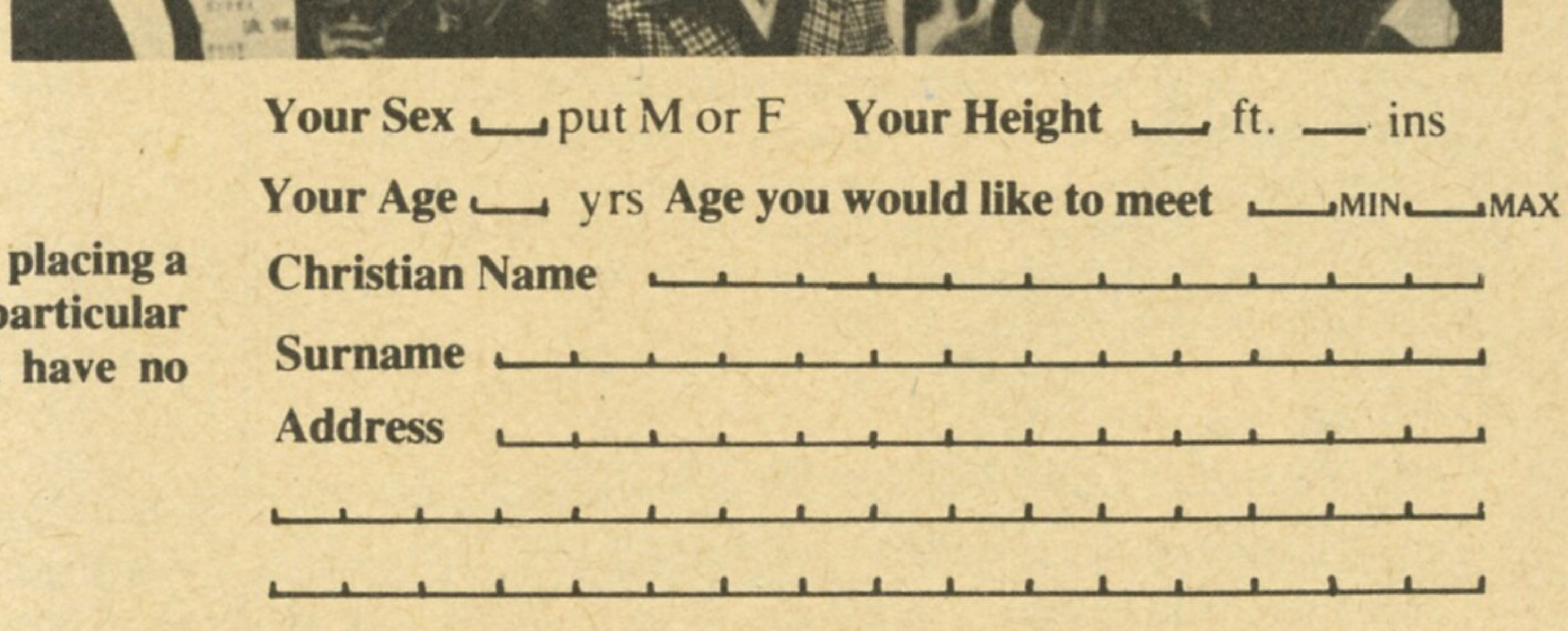

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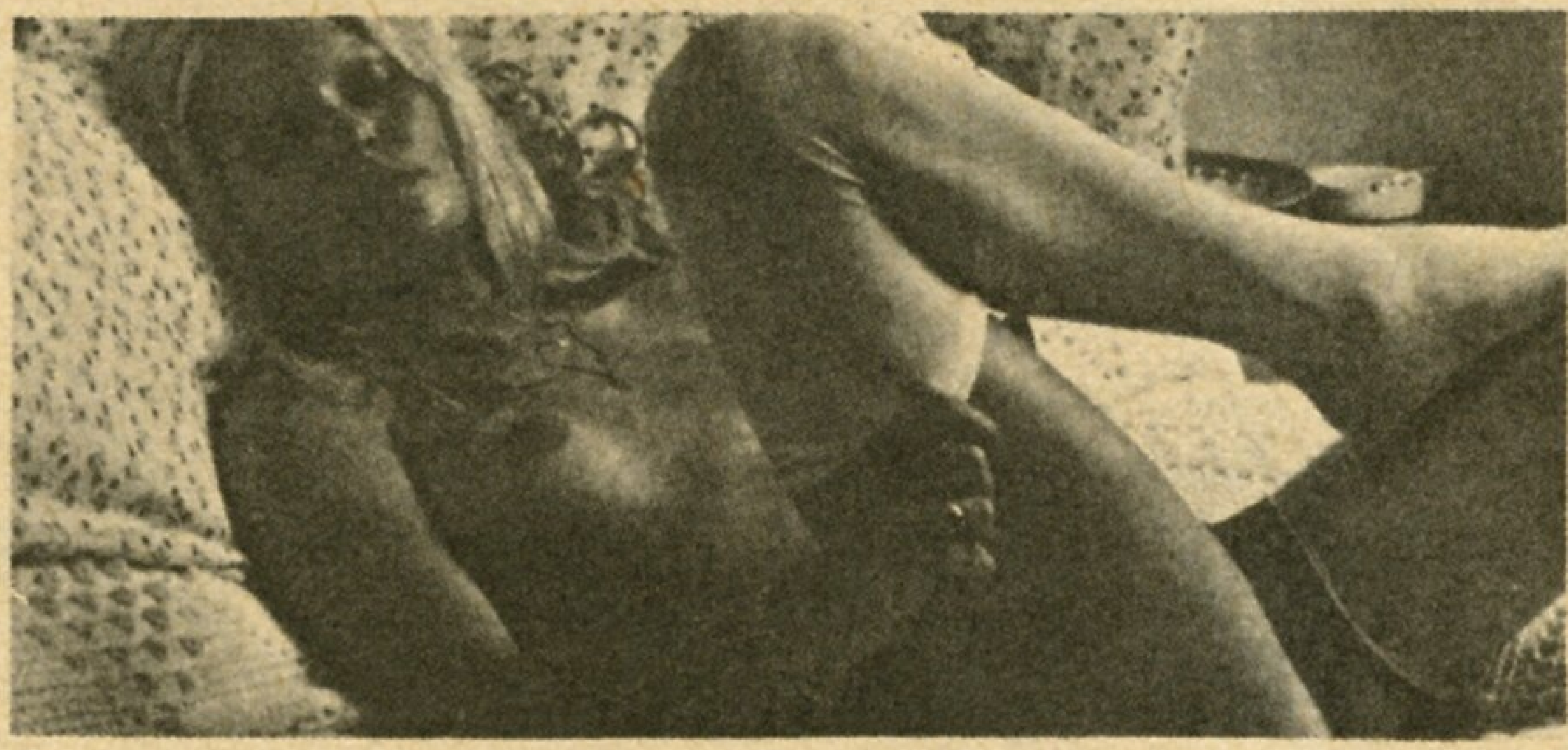

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DRINKS

Charles Fforde

Port – the Englishman's drink – is rather like the British motor car industry. Overall, it is losing ground in our domestic market to rivals, in this case brandy, liqueurs and Cognac. But at its Rolls-Royce end, the English shippers of Oporto can't send us enough of the Vintage, Late Bottled Vintage, and other vintage-style permutations. We drink more port than the Portuguese themselves, although not half as much as the French. The Portuguese Government control port wine through the Junta Nacional dos Vinhos, and fix the amount which may be produced in any given year to maintain the quality.

Over in France they drink port as an aperitif. Mostly the white port, which is ideal for people whose tastes incline towards something lighter than the traditional rubies and tawnies.

Britain has long cornered the market in the best port, and the first time visitor to northern Portugal will be amazed to find that Vintage is unobtainable in the normal retail outlets there. The natives prefer their ten, 20 and 30 years old tawnies. A delicious habit, very quickly acquired.

Now that the word 'vintage' is bandied about on various bottles it is worth taking a look at what the various labels actually mean. Genuine Vintage ports are a selection from the best wines of a superlatively good year, and are not blended with the wine of any other year. Vintage port is matured in casks in Oporto for two years before being bottled there. All other port shipped in bulk and bottled in the country of destination does not qualify for the Instituto do Vinho do Porto's Seal of Guarantee. There is still some confusion about the length of time that a vintage wine should be kept in the bottle. A very full-bodied, deep-coloured, wine, such as port, obviously takes longer than a lighter or riper one. Vintages of recent years are not as full-bodied as those of bygone days. They generally reach maturity between seven and ten years, but they will continue to develop and improve for many years afterwards. Richard Barham's jingle in the *Ingoldsby Legends* comes to mind here:

Though Port should have age
Yet I don't think it sage
To entomb it as some of your connoisseurs do
Till it's losing its flavour and body and hue
I question if keeping it does much good
After ten years in bottle and three in the wood.

Eighteen months is necessary before a vintage is declared. Thus 1977 was declared in 1979. Other recent vintage years were 1958, 60, 62, 63, 66, 70 and 75.

With a large glass of Vintage costing an average £2.40 in a West End restaurant these days, it is worth considering the sub-vintages which have the characteristics of the real thing and are very much easier on one's pocket. Late Bottled Vintage, or LBV, must be bottled from the wood between July 1st of its fourth year and the end of its sixth. It is sold only in bottles carrying the seal of guarantee, which must state the brand name, year or production and bottling together with the indication LBV or Late Bottled Vintage, spelt out in full.

Vintage Reserve is a blend of wines of vintage quality but of different years. Like LBV it is bottled for immediate drinking after decasking.

Vintage Character is, in a sense, LBV without the date in that it is a wine with some of the characteristics of a Vintage port but which is not entitled to bear a vintage date. The long established English port shippers of Oporto – Taylor's, Sandeman and Croft's – are all comprehensively represented in all these categories. Sandeman have enjoyed much success with their Partner's Port, particularly.

Port may be served *au chambre* (room temperature) or slightly chilled, when drunk as an aperitif. 60°F is the ideal temperature at which to serve it, and 55°F that for storage. Nowadays smoking with one's port is no longer regarded as unforgiveable. 'Tulip' and 'Dock' glasses are ideal for serving port, because of their depth; the final point, as all portophiles know, being that whatever the glass it should only be two-thirds filled.

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KIMBERLEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

Kimberley Matthews loves sex. She also likes to dress up. So she combined the two in the stunning French maid's outfit she donned for our photoset. Our buxom 23-year-old also has a school uniform, and though her 34–24–34 figure may give her away, she loves to plait her hair and go out dressed that way.

One character Kimberley admires and would like to dress up as is the famous Lady Godiva who rode naked through the streets of Coventry covered only by her long hair. 'I'd love to go to a fancy dress party as her, if I'm asked.' Kimberley's own hair is 26 inches long, and she only has it cut to remove the split ends. She knows how to look after it because she qualified as a hairdresser at the London College of Fashion and twice worked at Buckingham Palace with the Queen's personal hairdresser, for which she had to sign the Official Secrets Act. She helped to perm the Queen's hair. 'She was very pleasant but you'd not speak to her unless she spoke.' Kimberley lives in Fulham, but grew up in Dulwich where she went to the Thomas Calton School. Unfortunately Kimberley was expelled for hitting a teacher with a chair. 'She was hitting my twin sister.'

Kimberley tells us she gets a great kick out of sex and enjoys it twice a day, morning and evening. And in the meantime she often lets her fingers stray as she loses herself in some fantasy. 'I love sex, often. It's nice to make love before I go off to work each day. In the afternoon I play with myself to relieve myself, and we make love again in the evening.' When it comes to men, Kimberley's preference is for the more mature type. She likes them to be in the 29–45 age bracket because, she explains, they tend to be more considerate and knowledgeable in the bedroom. Squash is another of Kimberley's energetic hobbies. 'I play regularly every week, twice if I can manage it, at the Cunard Hotel, Hammersmith.' She also enjoys sailing. But when it comes to entertainment in the evening, Kimberley prefers a quiet dinner to the noise of discos.

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An Uplifting Experience

continued from page 18

needs. Pleasurable though it is for me, it keeps things just below the boil and for her the irregular surface of a penis shuttling her sensitive cleft, by the evidence of her wriggling and groaning, is a satisfactory substitute for insertion. As my own passion subsides a little, away from the teasing of her skilful passage, I am able to concentrate on her flowing pleasure. With the left hand continuing to knead her breasts I press my prick deep into her furrow with my right so that the rim of my knob catches her clitoris at every stroke. I hardly feel the contact myself but it clearly does special things for her. The squirming becomes more and more frantic and she makes increasingly exciting animal noises ... deep grunts and moans.

One violent wriggle and cry sees my tool out in the open and, recognising the urgency of her need, I plunge eagerly into the flowing chasm of her cunt.

There are two heady gasps of relief and immediate unison of movement, my hands holding firm her thighs to control the pace. I hardly have time to register the thrill of the feel of nylon-clad legs before I feel myself coming . . . beginning low down in a place that does not exist, but rising rapidly to a spot just about a yard from the end of my penis.

Strokes are inevitably quickened. Her cries begin and she comes just before me in a noisy eruption that does nothing to lessen the intensity of my own shattering explosion. I leave my final thrust buried deep, and as the lift stops spinning I realise that our upright posture is a denial of mechanical principles. Her legs are limp. She is suspended on my ever-limpening tool, breathing heavily.

I relax but remain in her, spreading my legs a little to ease the strain and then gently massaging her trembling limbs. I watch my withdrawal with erotic fascination.

I help her upright, take her in my arms and, as gravity assists her skirt to assume its proper role, I kiss her for the first time. It is a brief kiss after which I look deeply into her face. Beneath those spectacles are two dark sensitive eyes. The nose I judged hawkish is full of character and strength. Her lack of jaw serves only to accentuate a very sensuous mouth which I kiss again with very real relish. As our tongues entwine I feel a quite unique response within me. This woman really is something. And but for a freak circumstance I would never have given her a second glance. And what's more, the luck of the Salisburys has held firm. I did have Cinderella after all. How could I have mistaken her for one of the sisters?

She pushes me away. Not unkindly, but with gentle firmness.

'The lift,' she says. 'The lift's moving.'

She steps awkwardly into her pants which she still has in her hand. Once more there is that glorious leg display produced without a trace of self-consciousness. I indulge myself in mental anticipation of the display she'll give me in my flat. I could watch those limbs being disported for hours. She quickly adjusts her skirt and blouse, shakes her hair which obediently jumps into place and then, with loving concern, straightens my tie and jacket. Finally she bends down and picks up her manilla envelope reminding me to reach for my own briefcase which lay forgotten in the corner.

'I'll see you for lunch Miss Peck.'

'I'm afraid not Mr Salisbury.'

'Dinner then?'

She smiles but shakes her head.

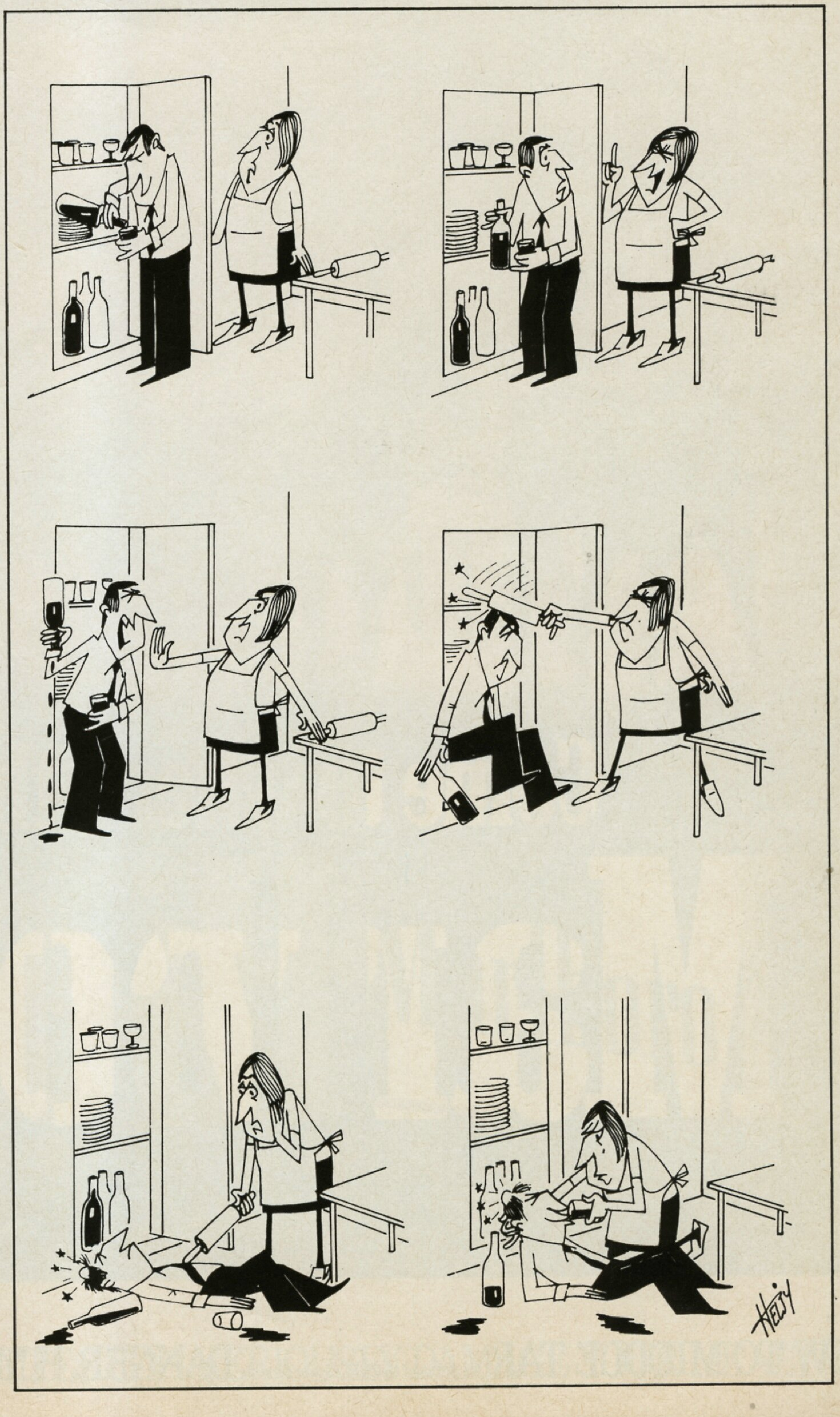
'That was a very memorable half hour. I shall treasure it. But one swallow doesn't make a summer. One day you would look at me again like you did when I first arrived at the lift. I couldn't bear that. I enjoyed showing you that ladies with unattractive faces can be attractive in other ways. I wouldn't enjoy your showing me that handsome men as well as being very skilful lovers can also be very fickle. It is better to leave it like this.'

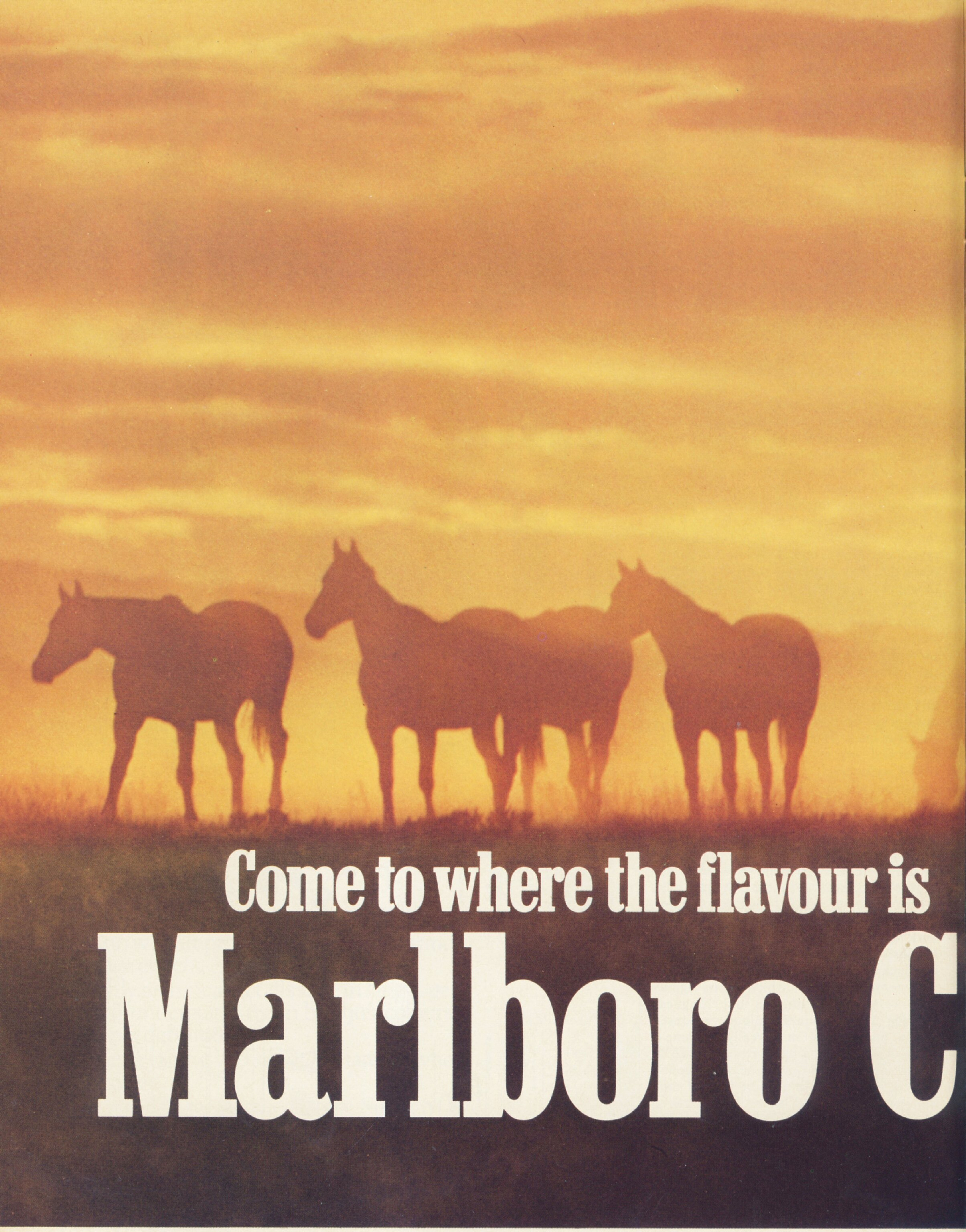
My reply is cut short by the lift doors opening.

'Are you two all right?'

'Fine thanks,' she says as she ushers me out. 'Bye Mr Salisbury. Very nice getting to know you.'

She presses the button. The doors close. She is gone. I don't think I shall ever be the same man again.

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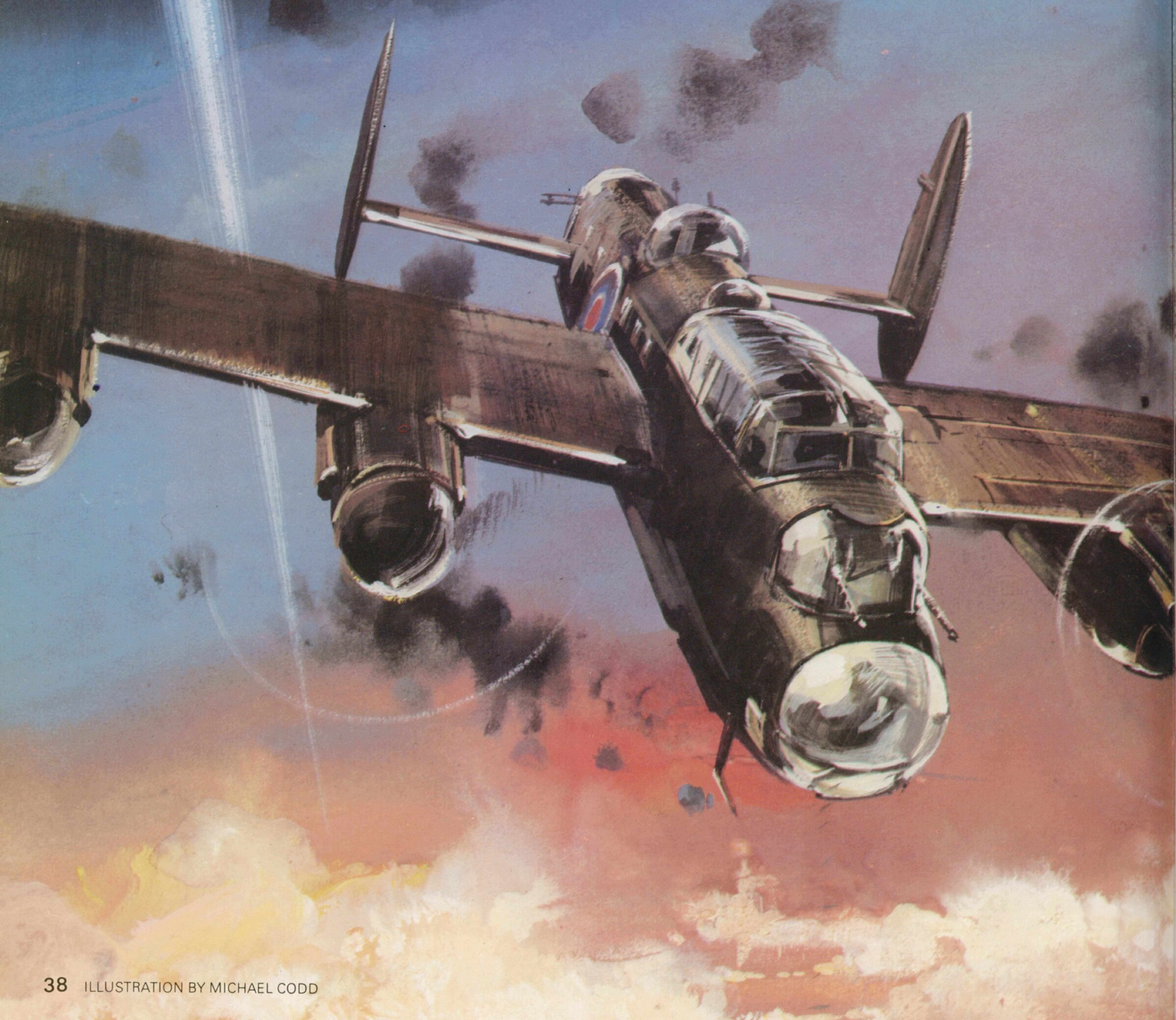
The Avro Lancaster was one of the great achievements of British military aviation. Beloved of its crews it had remarkable reserves of power and strength, yet it was a development of a relative failure/by Gerald Rawling

Lucky Lancs: legends of the sky.

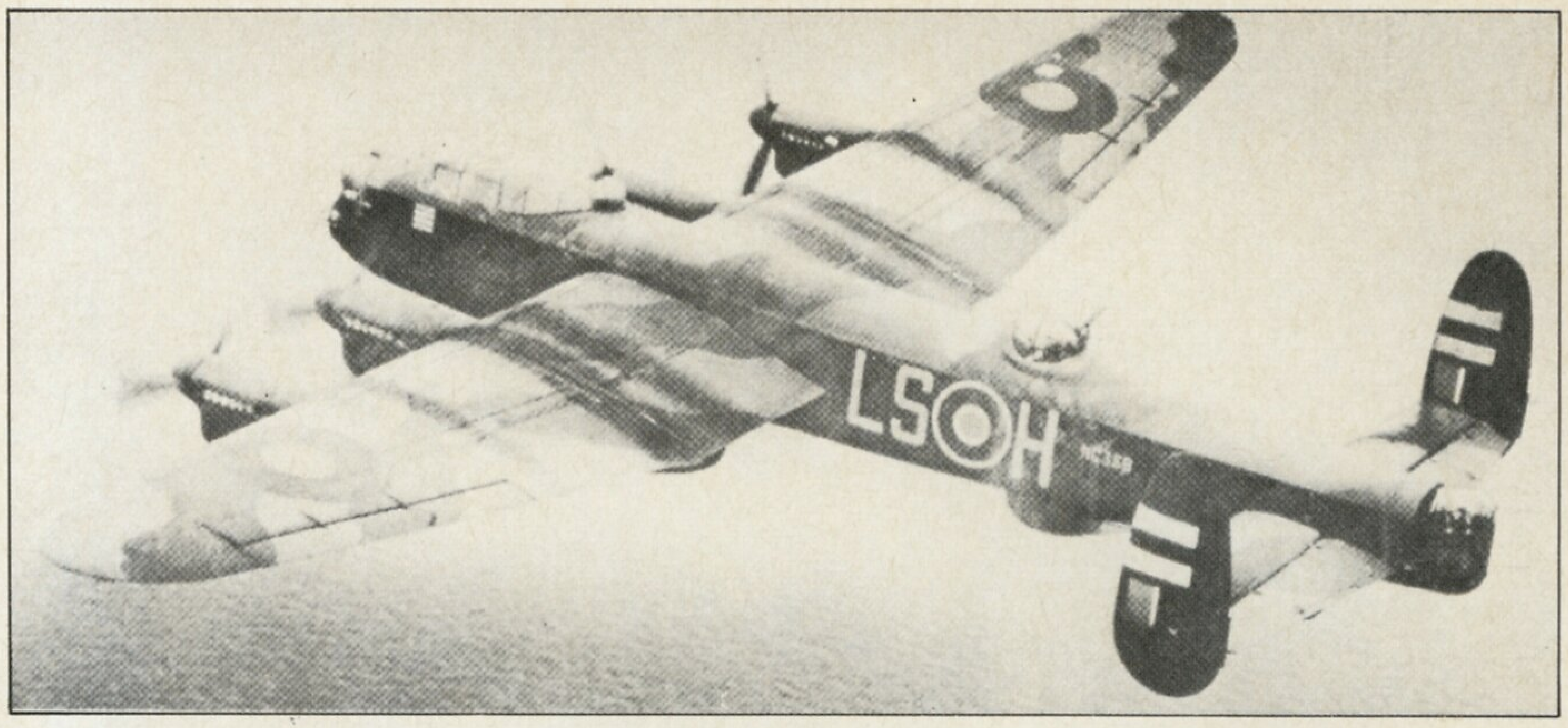
They came over in droves, the big four-engined bombers, cruising in towards the target area on the night of November 26/27, 1943. Target that night was Berlin. Just another target, one could suppose. The bomb bay doors were opened, the load dropped with precision and the aircraft started climbing and turning for the home run. At that point two aircraft on parallel courses just touched each other with nearly disastrous consequences. It was not all that much of a collision but one of the bombers, code-named S for Sugar, lost some of its port wing which was ripped off by the impact, leaving just the two port engines and nothing beyond. Hardly surprisingly, the aircraft became momentarily uncontrollable and went into a steep dive. The pilot, Flying Officer Jack Colpus, who might have been excused an immediate nervous breakdown in the circumstances, kept his cool and got the aircraft back to stable flight with 'judicious use of ailerons, rudder and engine adjustment'. Somehow or other he regained height and got the kite back to Tholthorpe in Yorkshire where he landed safely with



Despite a mid-air collision over Berlin in which part of his port wing was lost, FO Jack Colpus managed to land his Lancaster back at base.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

JL



From 1944 when the Allies had secured air supremacy, Lancasters reverted to daylight raids.

his entire crew. The other machine, probably less damaged, also returned successfully. Both the aircraft were Lancasters.

There were many celebrated four-engined heavy bombers in the Second World War. One need only mention the Handley Page Halifax, the Short Stirling, the Consolidated Liberator and the Boeing Flying Fortress. All of them had distinguished war records but the Avro 683 Lancaster outshone the lot of them. It was the last four-engined heavy bomber of the war to go into production and beyond question was the outstanding 'heavy' of the period. Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur 'Bomber' Harris, rather a fast man with a superlative, called it the greatest single factor in winning the Second World War and went on to say (writing in 1947), 'Its efficiency was incredible both in performance and in the way in which it could be saddled with ever-increasing loads without breaking the camel's back. It is astonishing that so small an aircraft as the Lancaster could so easily take the enormous Grand Slam bomb, a weapon which no other aircraft could, or yet can, carry. The Lancaster far surpassed all other types of heavy bombers. Not only were there fewer accidents with them; throughout the war the casualty rate of Lancasters was consistently below that of other types.'

More recently an ex-RAF pilot endorsed this opinion by going on record to the effect that 'The Lanc was fantastically strong. If there was one quarter of one left by the German defences, that quarter would fly home.'

The Lancaster story starts in 1936 with the issue of Air Ministry specification P 13/36 which called for a twin-engined, all metal mid-wing monoplane capable of carrying a bomb load of 12,000 lbs. Having only just discarded their long-standing distrust of monoplanes, the Air Ministry could hardly be expected to embrace the concept of a *four*-engined machine despite the fact that 12,000 lbs was a massive load to be carried by only two engines. After all there had not been a four-engined bomber in service since the Handley Page V 1500, and that particular machine dated from the closing months of the First World War. All that notwithstanding the Avro company started work on designing strictly according to specification. The company, founded by Alliott Verdon Roe, had had a long and distinguished history, its most famous design at that stage being the Avro 504K, a two seater biplane which saw war service in World War One and went on to become the standard RAF trainer between the wars until the mid 1930s. Designer of the 504K was one Roy Chadwick who now headed the design team for the new concept, and production was in the capable hands of Roy Dobson, later to become Sir Roy and managing director of the company.

The result of their deliberations was the Avro Manchester, powered by two Rolls Royce Vulture engines as stipulated in the

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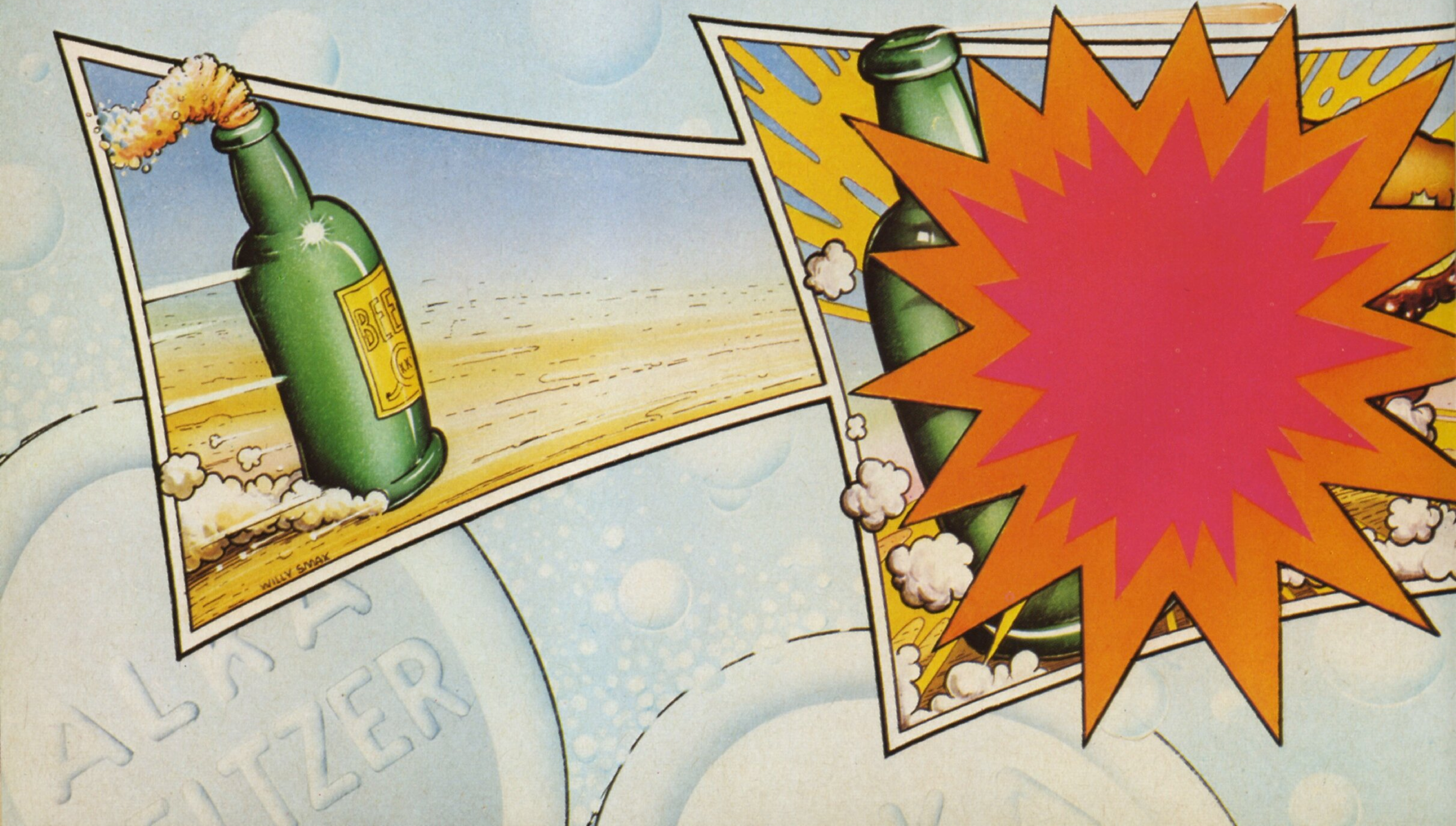

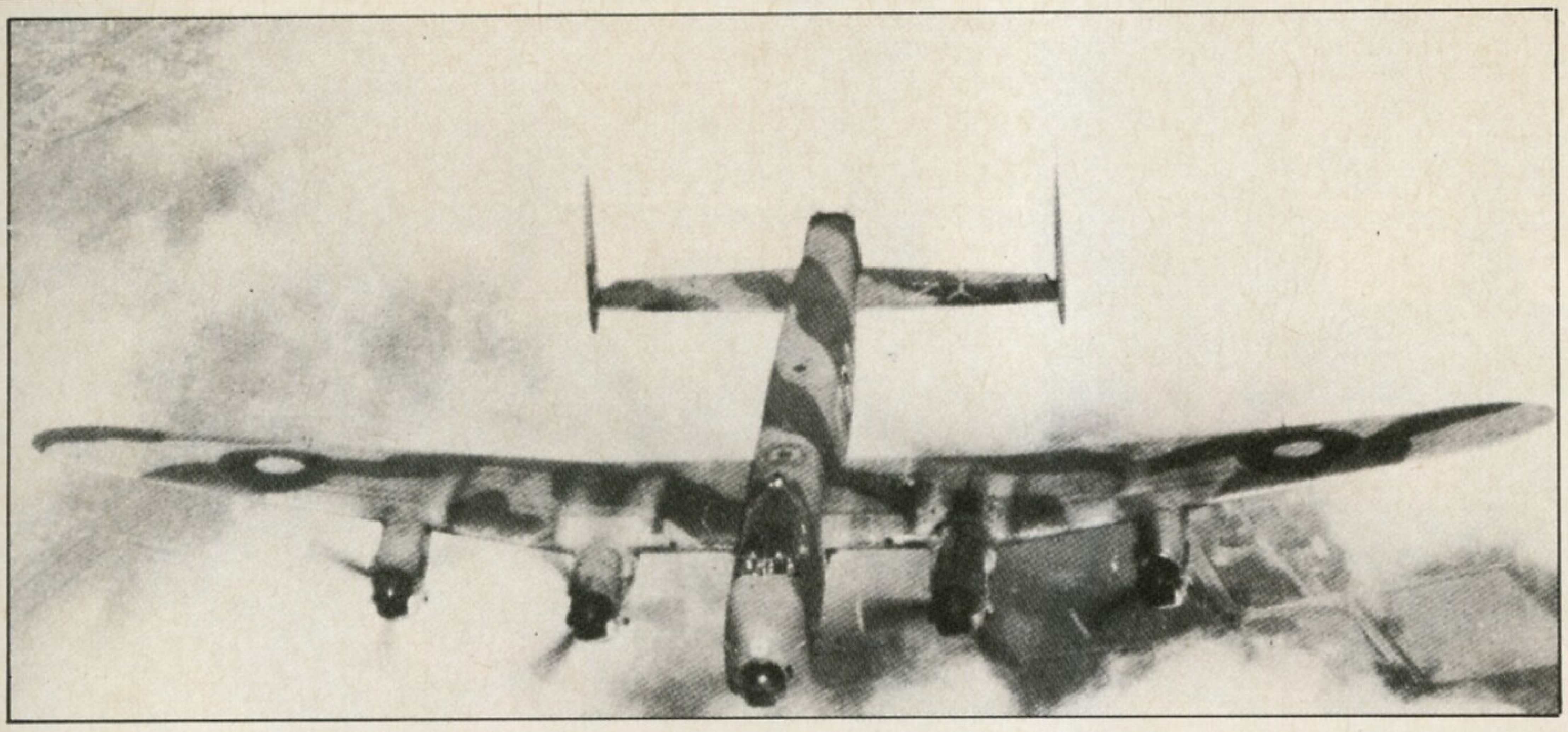

More than 7,300 Lancasters were built and approximately 3,400 were lost in action.

specification. It was a splendid airframe – clean, strong, durable, stable in flight and without unpleasant handling characteristics. The one drawback was the Vulture engines – the machine was clearly underpowered. Despite this obvious disadvantage the Manchester went into service, the first of the 200 ordered going to 207 Squadron in November 1940. Some months earlier than that, however, a far-reaching decision had been taken at the Avro factory: the Vultures were to be scrapped and the wing adapted to accommodate four of the Rolls Royce Merlin engines which had already proved their considerable worth in the Spitfire and the Hurricane. Conversion was a relatively simple process – it involved extending the wing span by about twelve feet to accommodate the four dependable Merlins which now replaced the rather unreliable Vultures which had proved to be the cause of nearly all the problems with the Manchester. The point about the Vultures is nicely underlined by Wing Commander Guy Gibson, VC, DSO, DFC who, on joining a Manchester squadron was told by a friend: 'These Manchesters, they're awful. The actual kite's alright but it's the engines. They're fine when they keep turning, but they don't often do so. We have had an awful lot of prangs ... If you're hit in one engine you've had it.'

Once the Vultures had departed, as one wit put it, the Royal Air Force had a heavy bomber of superb quality. Originally rather quaintly named as a Manchester 'variant', it subsequently became known as the Lancaster.

The tough, immensely strong fuselage remained the same, capable, it was soon to become clear, of accepting severe battle damage without falling to pieces in the air. There was normally a crew of eight. A pilot, usually but not necessarily always, the captain, and a co-pilot in early models, later replaced by a flight engineer due to the shortage of qualified pilots – the flight engineer being capable of all co-pilot's duties other than actually flying the aircraft. After these two key crew members came the navigator who sat behind the pilot's seat at a table with his charts and instruments while beyond and below all of them were the front gunner in a power operated turret and the bomb aimer who lay prone looking through the perspex nose of the aircraft and trying to ignore the front gunner's feet dangling just above his head. Working your uncomfortable way further aft you came to the wireless operator's position just before stumbling over the mainplane spars which reduced headroom by about half; and then continuing through a corridor crammed with essential equipment like oxygen bottles, ammunition boxes, spare parachutes and the like to the mid upper turret position where the gunner had heaved himself up into his station. After that it was a long slog down the fuselage length to the rear gunner's outpost. 'Tail end Charlie' was, apart from

turn to page 106

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Vicci

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

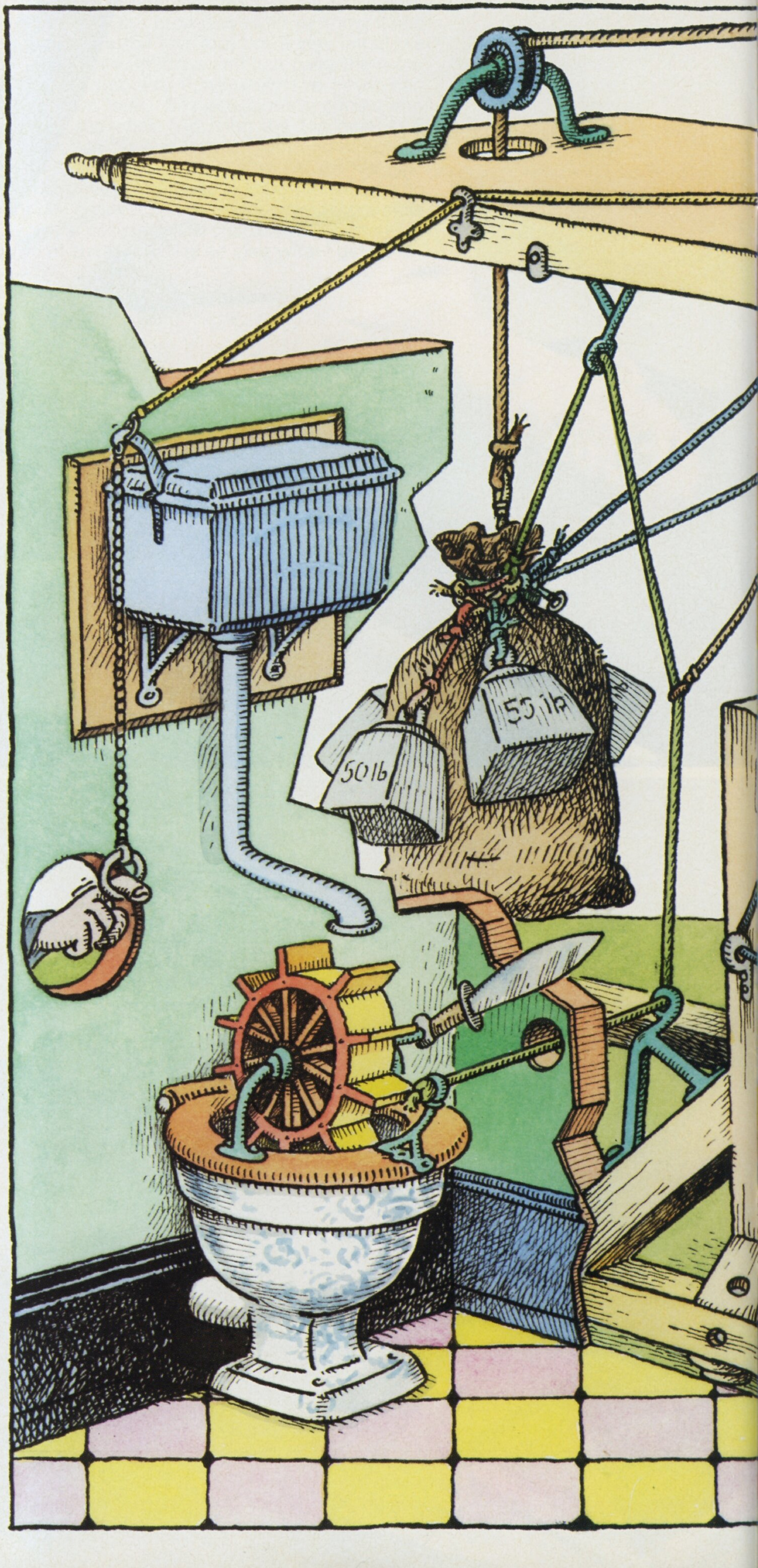
Any talk of the Wimbledon tennis championships will always bring an impish grin to the usually sultry face of 21-year-old Vicci Patrick. For this sexy brunette whose curvy 36–24–36 figure is enough to take any man's mind off tennis has an amusing tale to tell concerning those hallowed courts. 'My boyfriend and I had it off there last year, but it wasn't on the centre court, of course, though that would have been fun.' They went on one of the early days and towards the end of the afternoon were watching a game on one of the open courts at the back. 'My boyfriend asked if I fancied a bit, just to say we'd had it off at Wimbledon. It sounded like fun so we went behind a nearby hedge. I was wearing a short skirt so I just bent over, pulled my pants down, and we had a quickie before going back to watch the end of the game. 'I'd recommend it to anyone.'

Vicci doesn't have any plans for 'quickies' at other well-known sporting events, but promises to let us know if she does. 'It all stems from the fact that I'm a very impulsive type of girl. I often get wild ideas and just carry them out on the spur of the moment. Fortunately I've never had cause to regret them later.' Sex occasionally comes into these capers and she once had it on the top deck of a London Transport bus. 'It was late at night and of course we were the only ones up there. I just sat on his lap.' During her working week Vicci has to keep the wilder side of her nature in check for she holds the responsible position of personal assistant to a chartered accountant in her home town of Bath. 'He has no idea what I get up to.'

Many people have stuck their necks out and got the chop over the years, some in bizarre circumstances

HEADS YOU LOSE: the best of topping tales

By Frederick Stephens



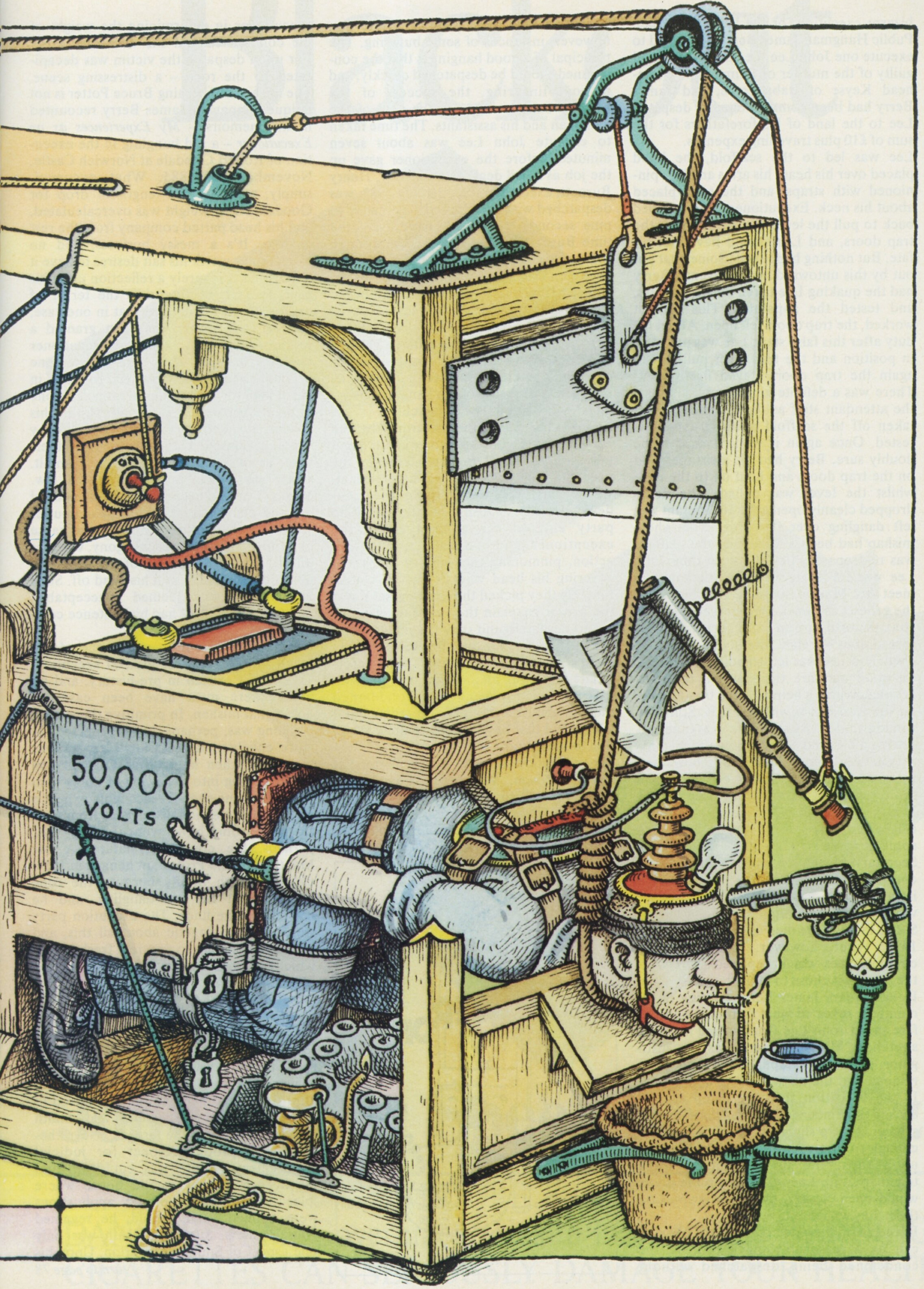
A small news item caught my attention early last year. It was the *Daily Mirror*, for January 7, 1980, and the story was about the following: Farideh Babaieh, an Iranian housewife, had been found guilty of adultery and in keeping with Islamic law was sentenced to death – by firing squad. The execution had taken place, and the bullet-riddled body was taken off to the mortuary, prior to burial. As the mortuary attendants were preparing the cadaver for funeral, Farideh Babaieh inexplicably awoke from her deathly sleep, opened her eyes, and began to talk to the attendants. Shocked and horrified at these events, the attendants dashed away for help. The resurrection of an executed criminal was an almost unparalleled event, short lived though it was. The workers from the mortuary returned shortly, bringing with them the firing squad who finished the job they had started earlier. Farideh Babaieh had the misfortune to suffer the indignity of being executed twice, only the second time she did not wake up.

Capital punishment is, at the best of times, a touchy subject. There is a growing fraternity in Great Britain who now believe that the time has come to reinstate the supreme penalty. The one factor upon which this collective thought is not agreed, however, is by what method such punishment should be enforced. There are a number of choices, but no-one is wholly sure as to what method is best and foolproof.

Firing squad executions are, perhaps, a little abhorrent to the English sense of fun and good taste. They smack somewhat of Revolutionary courts and field executions, and although they are generally foolproof there are the occasional mishaps. Hanging, as far as the British are concerned, is much more civilized. Unfortunately it is by no means foolproof, as we shall see:

Exeter Gaol in 1884 was the scene of a

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT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bizarre execution, or the lack of it, when Public Hangman James Berry attempted to execute one John Lee. Lee had been found guilty of the murder of Emma Ann Whitehead Keyse of Babacombe, and James Berry had been commissioned to despatch Lee to the land of his forefathers for the sum of £10 plus travelling expenses.

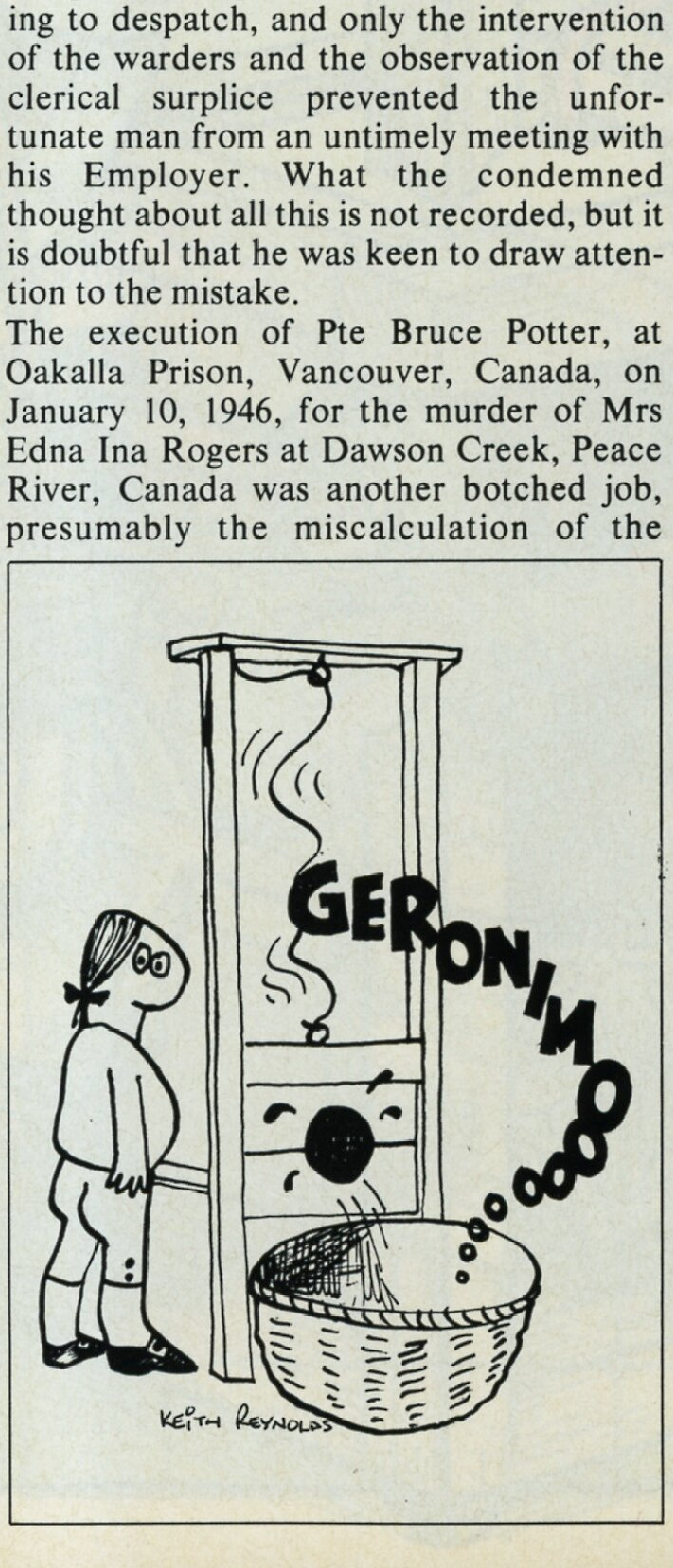
Lee was led to the scaffold, the hood placed over his head, his arms and legs pinnioned with straps, and the rope placed about his neck. Executioner Berry stepped back to pull the lever that would open the trap doors, and Lee should have met his fate. But nothing happened! Somewhat put out by this untoward turn of events, Berry had the quaking Lee taken off the gallows, and tested the apparatus. This time it worked, the trap doors fell open. All set for duty after this false start, Lee was put back in position and the trap lever pulled. Yet again the trap doors stayed firmly shut. There was a definite air of panic amongst the attendant staff as once again Lee was taken off the scaffold and the apparatus tested. Once again it worked. Just to be doubly sure, Berry had his assistant stand on the trap doors and hold on to the rope whilst the lever was pulled. The doors dropped cleanly open and the assistant was left dangling over the drop. The whole mishap had been a fluke, and the scaffold was re-prepared. For the third time John Lee was forced to undergo the route to meet his Maker, standing terrified upon the gallows as James Berry jerked the lever that would open the trap doors. Incredulous to relate, the doors refused to open, and Lee was left standing there. Just for good measure the assistant to Berry decided to give a helping hand by stamping on the trap doors with his feet. Still they wouldn't open. By this time everyone was getting a bit tired of the whole proceeding, so Lee was taken from the gallows and returned to his cell, having escaped death three times. In the annals of legal history Lee's non-execution is something of a celebrated case – well, Lee at least had something to celebrate. The Home Secretary of the time, Sir William Harcourt, commuted Lee's sentence to life imprisonment. After serving 20 years Lee was released, and emigrated to the United States in 1917. He died of natural causes in 1933. What, however, of the strange circumstances which deprived the law of the penalty it chose to inflict?

In later years James Berry, writing in his memoirs, revealed what fortunate quirk of fate saved John Lee from having his neck stretched. Mother Nature was the instigator of Lee's escape, for it had been raining, and the air was damp and humid. In the execution shed the damp air had caused the timbers of the trap door drop to swell and warp slightly, not much, but just enough so that with Lee's weight standing upon them the doors jammed stuck together. With Lee off the drop the doors would open cleanly, but whilst he was on them they would not.

In the normal course of events, a hanging can be a reasonably quick process, the condemned being despatched without hitch and with great alacrity. There are, however, instances of some bungling. The principal of a good hanging is that the condemned should be despatched quickly, and without lingering, the success of the venture being entirely in the skill of the hangman and his assistants. The time taken to execute John Lee was about seven minutes, before the executioner gave up the job as a bad deal. Alternatively, Henry Burnett, executed in Scotland in 1963, was despatched with great speed – estimated at nine seconds by one observer, from the time Burnett walked through the door to the point whereby his arms and legs had been pinioned, and hood and noose placed and the trapdoor lever pulled. Within the hour Burnett was buried in the prepared grave. On the other hand, one Antonio Sprecage, executed in Canada in 1919, is alleged to have dangled barely alive for one hour and eleven minutes before expiring – a frightful case of the hangman bungling the job with a slow despatch.

At the other end of the spectrum, the late Mr Ellis, hangman, used to enjoy telling a tale about a near bungling caused by the executioner (unnamed) and his assistant, whose haste in despatching the condemned was over-zestful. As the execution party entered the gallows room, the executioner and assistant sprang into action, pinnioning the victim's limbs and covering his head with the hood. Unfortunately they picked the wrong man; it was the prison chaplain they were endeavouring to despatch, and only the intervention of the warders and the observation of the clerical surplice prevented the unfortunate man from an untimely meeting with his Employer. What the condemned thought about all this is not recorded, but it is doubtful that he was keen to draw attention to the mistake.

The execution of Pte Bruce Potter, at Oakalla Prison, Vancouver, Canada, on January 10, 1946, for the murder of Mrs Edna Ina Rogers at Dawson Creek, Peace River, Canada was another botched job, presumably the miscalculation of the executioner in determining the weight of the condemned and the necessary drop. For upon despatch the victim was decapitated by the rope – a distressing scene. The mishap concerning Bruce Potter is not unique. Hangman James Berry recounted in his memoirs – *My Experiences as an Executioner* – a sad bungling in the execution of Robert Goodale at Norwich Castle, November 30, 1885. What occurred, simply, was that the length of drop for Goodale's 15st weight was overcalculated, and his head parted company from the rest of him. It's a messy business, and no executioner worth his salt desires to have it happen, as it is surely a reflection upon his skill. In fact, so fearful is the terror of creating such a bungling, that in one case, at least, a prisoner has been granted a reprieve from hanging lest the executioner makes a balls-up of it. The case of one William John Gray, sentenced to death in April 1948 for the murder of his wife, is one in point. Apparently, Gray, after killing his spouse, decided to take his own life by shooting himself. Unfortunately, or otherwise, he missed – well as near as damnit. Gray succeeded in fracturing his jaw. When Gray had been condemned, medical opinion claimed that his peculiar injuries were such that hanging was liable to cause extreme, lingering physical agony, whereas an increase in the length of the drop was considered liable to pull his head off. Such an outcome was deemed unacceptable, and Gray ultimately had his sentence commuted to imprisonment.



Hanging, as a punishment, is one of the oldest known forms of judicial execution. Certainly it existed in pre-history, and no doubt there must have been cases of occasional mishap. In primitive times such bungling was, perhaps, to be expected. In more enlightened years however, such as the 1700s when hanging in England was rather getting into the swing of things – so to speak – one should reasonably expect a degree of professionalism. That from time to time something went wrong was, perhaps, the course of nature. A Mr Mantle, notable Protestant hanged in 1554, cheated death briefly because the rope broke whilst he was dangling, and he crashed to the floor. The execution party were most apologetic about all this, and were kind enough to secure a fresh rope – which just goes to show what a great nation of sports we are.

On December 24, 1705, in a gesture of seasonal goodwill one John Smith was hanged at Tyburn. No doubt the seasonal festivities pricked someone's conscience, for a reprieve was granted. A messenger bringing the good tidings some 15 minutes after Smith had been strung up arrived to find the crowd dispersing, and Smith swaying gently in the breeze. Nevertheless, with proper respect for judicial requirements, Smith was cut down and taken to a nearby public house where 'bleeding and other proper applications were applied,' and behold, he regained consciousness. Surviving death was only one aspect of Smith's execution. Upon his

turn to page 78

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NINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

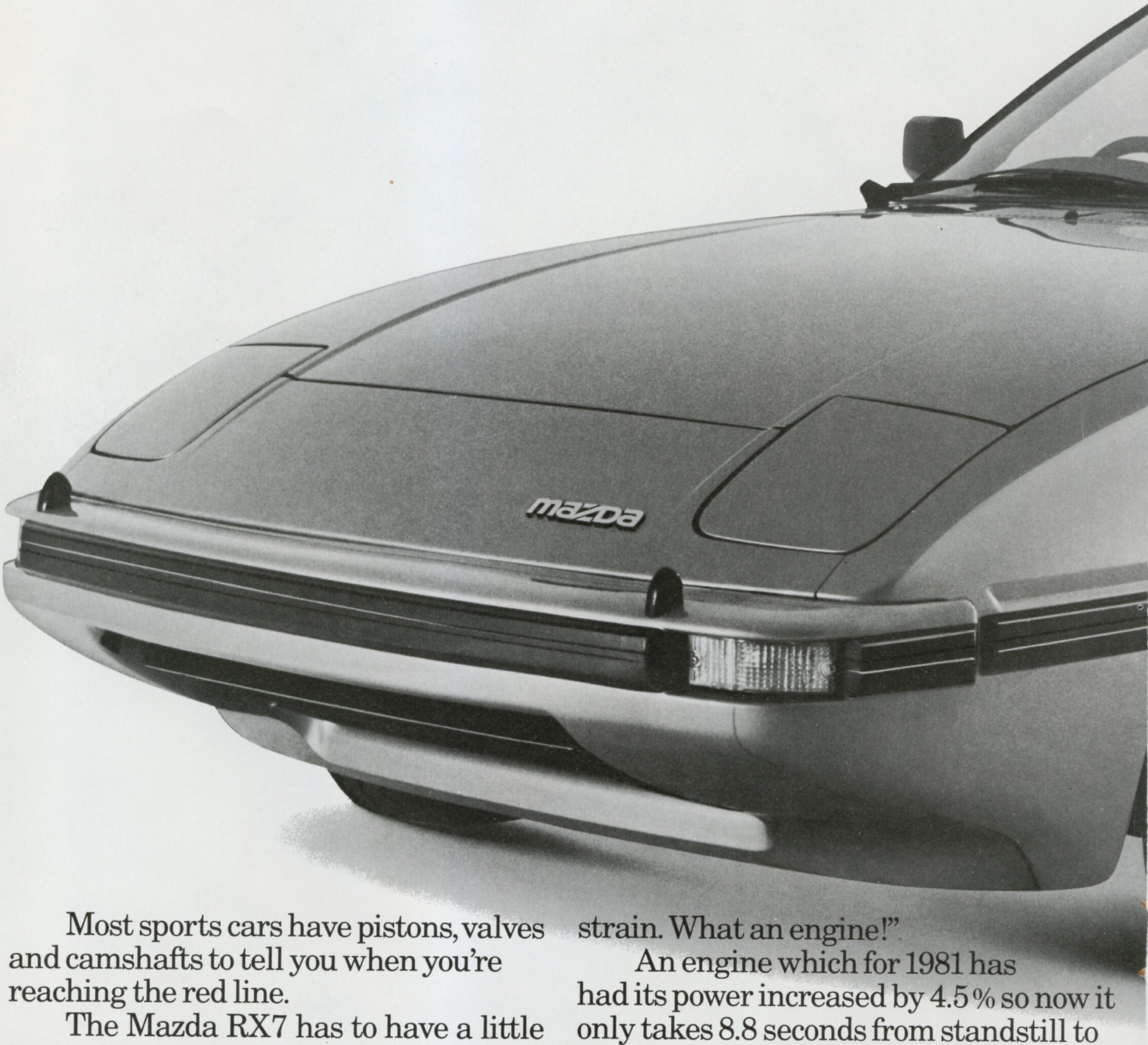
Looking at the sophisticated beauty of Nina Pickersgill, it is hard to imagine that this attractive 19-year-old began her modelling career outside the public conveniences in Beckenham High Street. She was asked by the *Beckenham Journal* to pose with an exotic cocktail in front of a palm tree which had been planted outside the conveniences. 'Someone had noticed me in a local beauty contest.'

Flushed with pride, so to speak, after her first assignment, Nina went on to pose her striking 36–24–36 figure for amateur photo clubs, where her charms tended to distract members from the job in hand. 'I didn't enjoy that much because they tended to ogle me, and I noticed that their cameras did shake rather a lot. I was a bit embarrassed. But it is different with a professional lensman like Siwer Ohlsson.' When Siwer was introduced to Nina he recognised her great potential and whisked her away to the Canary islands for a week – a far cry from Beckenham High Street. Nina would like to pursue a career in modelling, but she hopes one day to make a name for herself in show-business. 'I would enjoy doing acting and singing.'

Nina was born in Croydon, but now lives in Orpington. From the age of five until she was 13, Nina went to a boarding school which she disliked at first but grew to enjoy until she was eventually sad to leave. 'It was a lonely place and I felt cut off. When I left I had trouble with simple things like getting a train or catching a bus.' After the boarding school, Nina went to Hawes Down comprehensive in West Wickham, but left before her 16th birthday to train to be a hairdresser. She has now returned to hairdressing and works at Trimmers in Bromley, but before that she worked for a spell for racetrack catering companies with her mother. 'I met all sorts of people from the top hat and tails brigade at Ascot to the brown ale type. But both ends of the social scale would tip me.' In turn we'd tip Nina as one of those models who will succeed.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH
NINA PICKERSGILL

At 6,800 rpm th
complain, so a li



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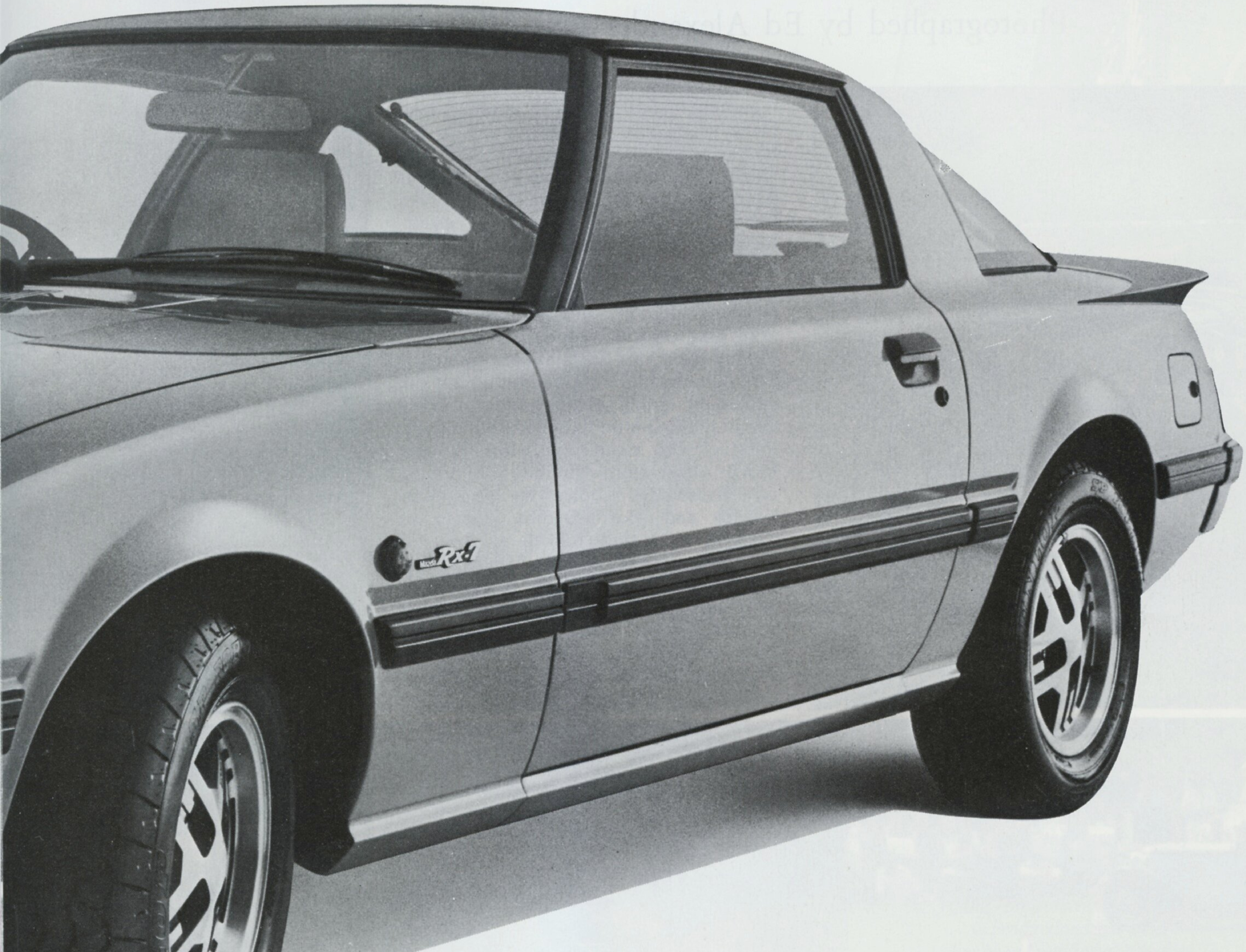

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A two-part feature in praise of the most popular initials in motoring history. This month: the innovatory early models

MG the initial glory

Motoring with William Boddy

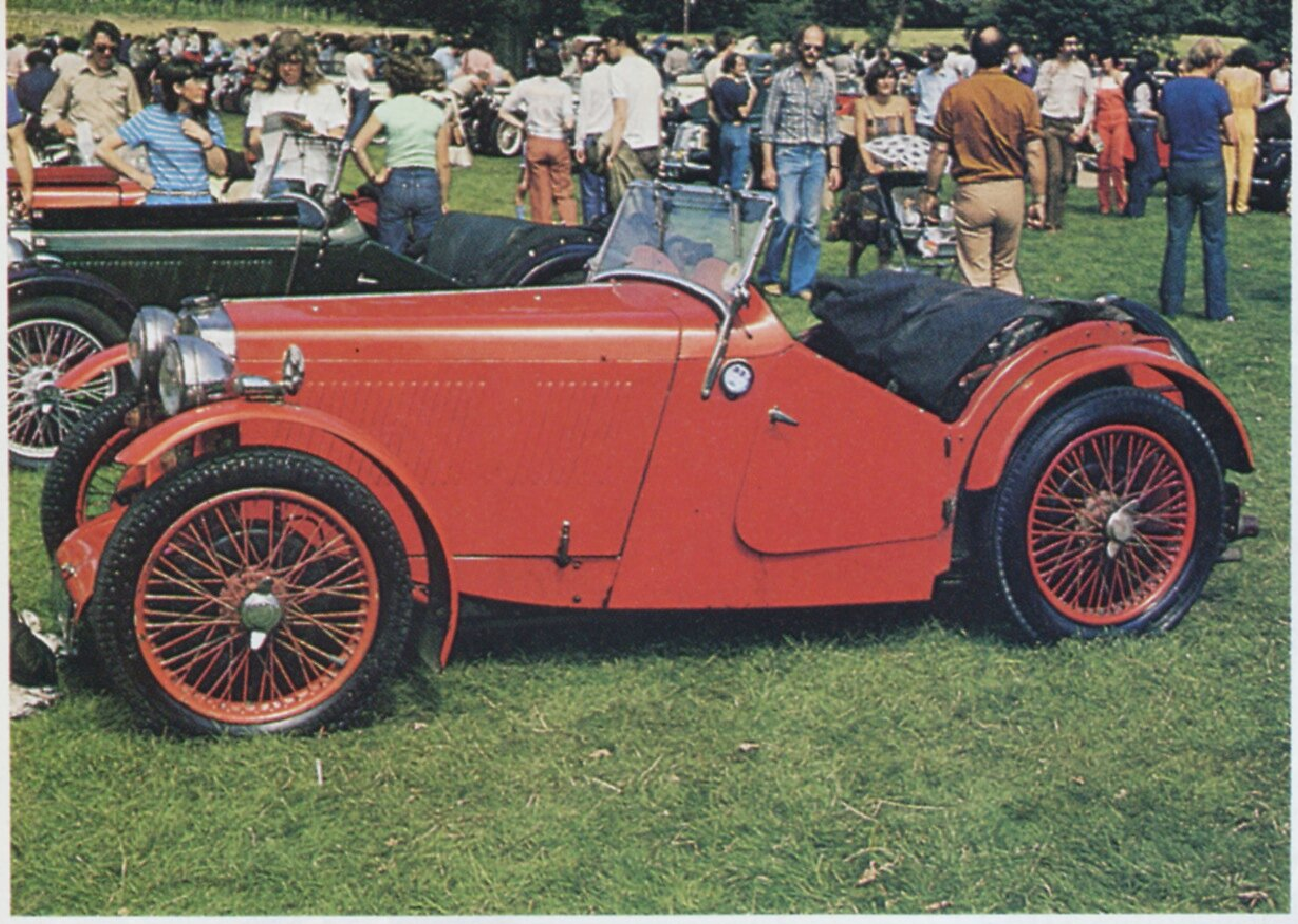
Photographed by Ed Alexander

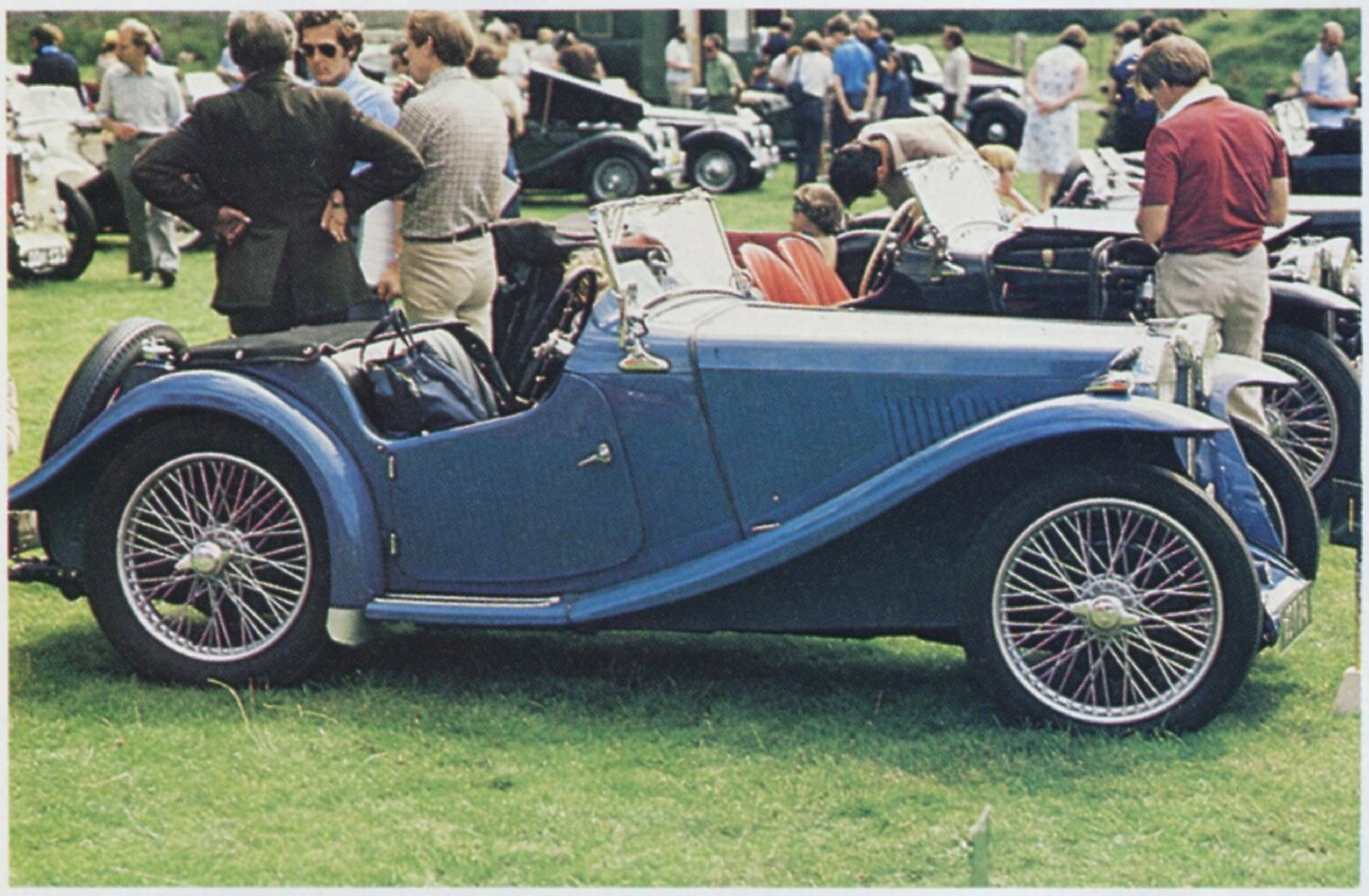
MG enthusiasts all over the world will be mourning the end of this great British make which has finally faded out to the fanfare of a few end-of-the-line MGBs and MGB GTs. Now the famous factory at Abingdon near Oxford has shut its doors forever as the MG sports car manufacturer.

It all started with Cecil Kimber seeing a way to make eyeable cars and some easy profits by adapting the early post World War One Morris models to his ends, turning these into sporting-looking motor cars by using different bodywork and the mildest of tuning. He commenced doing this in the bull-nose days and continued it in much the same way when William Morris (later Lord Nuffield) decided to have flat-fronted 'coolers' on his Morris-Cowley and Morris-Oxford models, in 1927. Kimber then looked at the new overhead-camshaft Morris Minor, which was William's answer to the new breed of baby cars like the Austin Seven and the Triumph Super Seven, and saw in it another MG.

Endowing the little thing with a fabric-clad, pointed-tail body and a neat sports

Clockwise from above: The two-tone colour of this KN Magnette shows the classic lines of this car to best advantage. The rear view, complete with spare wheel, is equally impressive; this J2 Midget, in production from 1932–1934, has been modified as a replica J4, complete with supercharger; this P type Midget is also blown, which means it has a supercharger. It was known affectionately as the 'Bongazoo'; a PB Midget. These models were in production from 1935–36. They did 35 miles to gallon, and could accelerate from nought to 50 mph in 16 seconds.

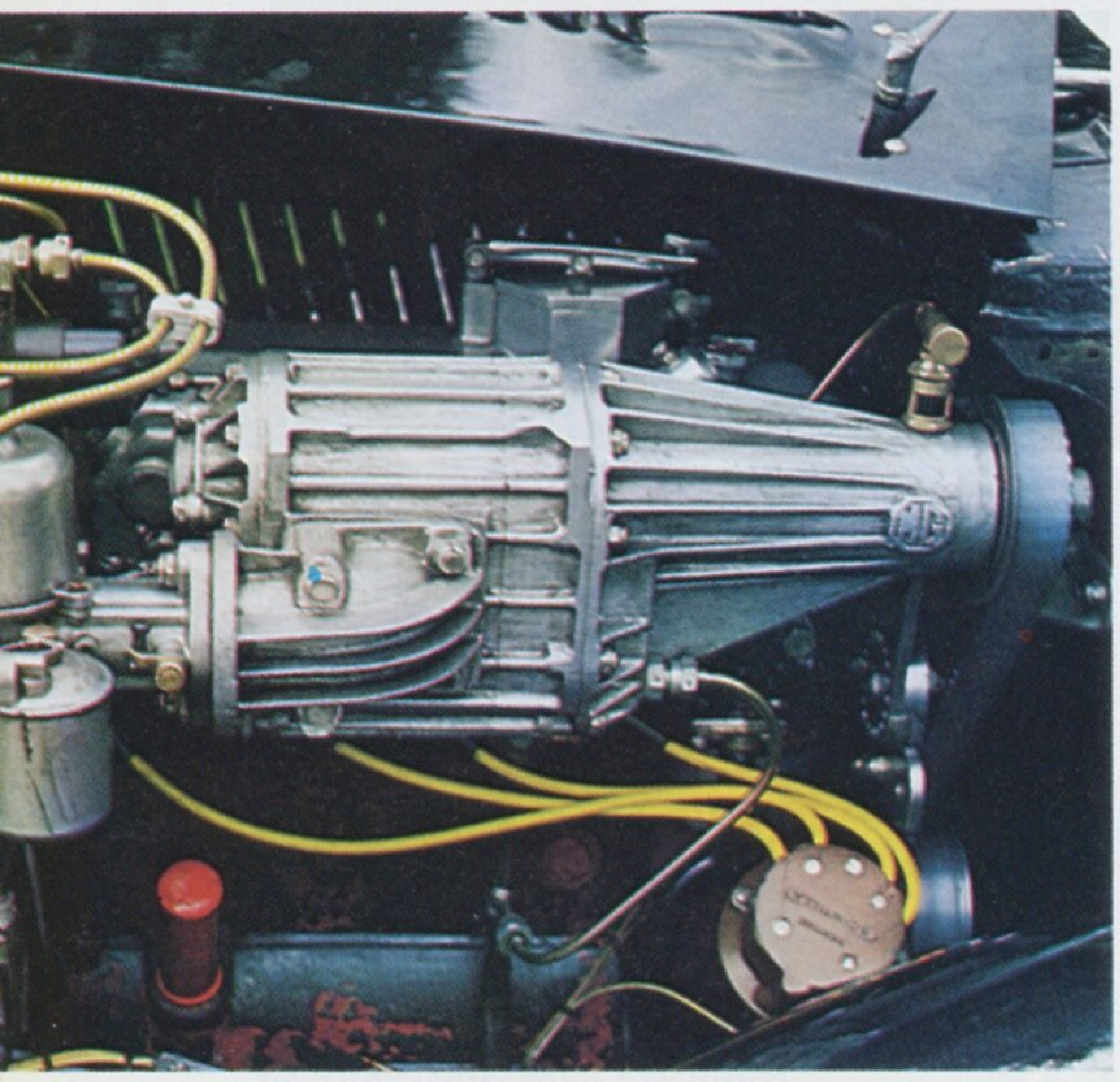


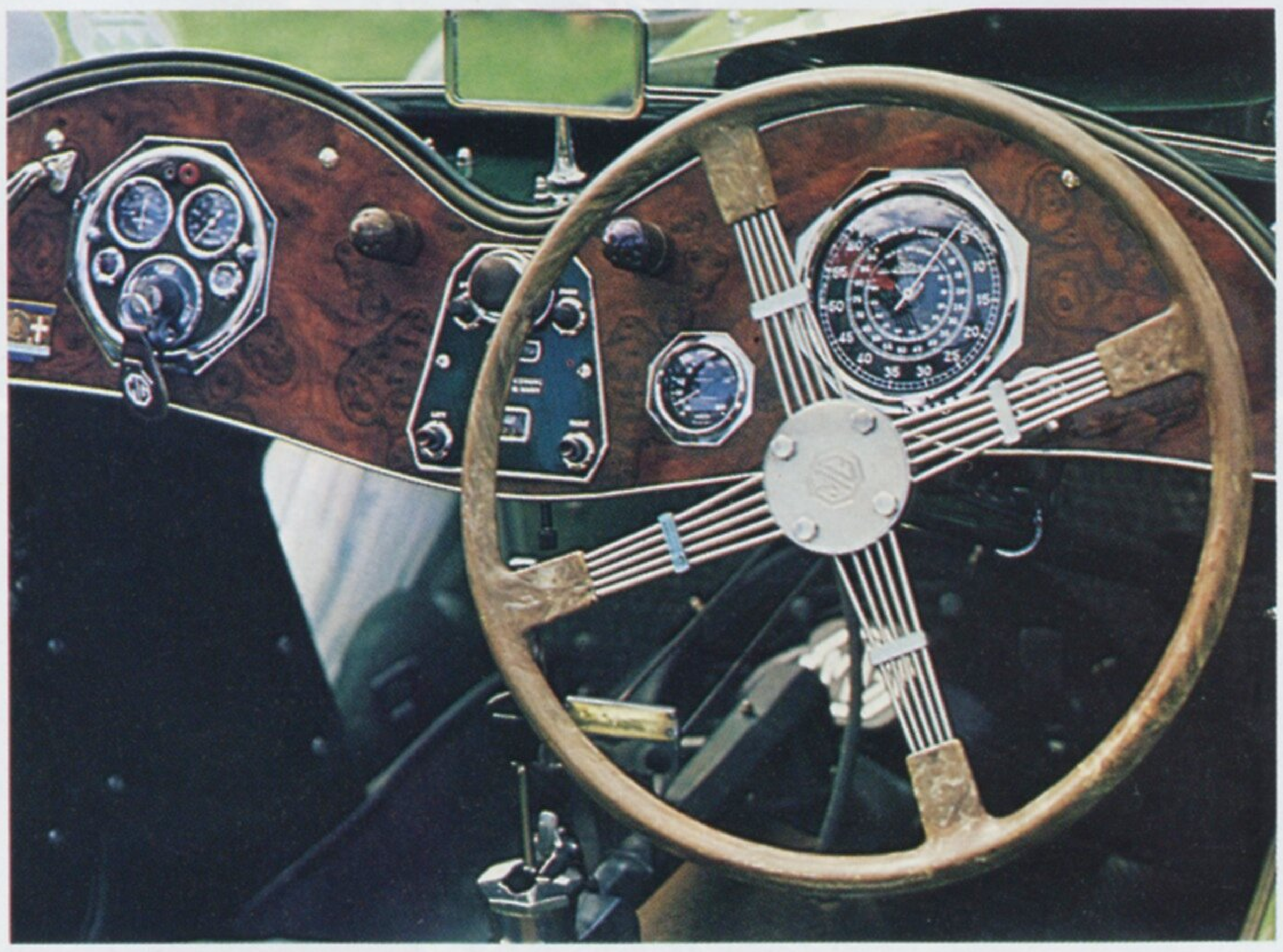


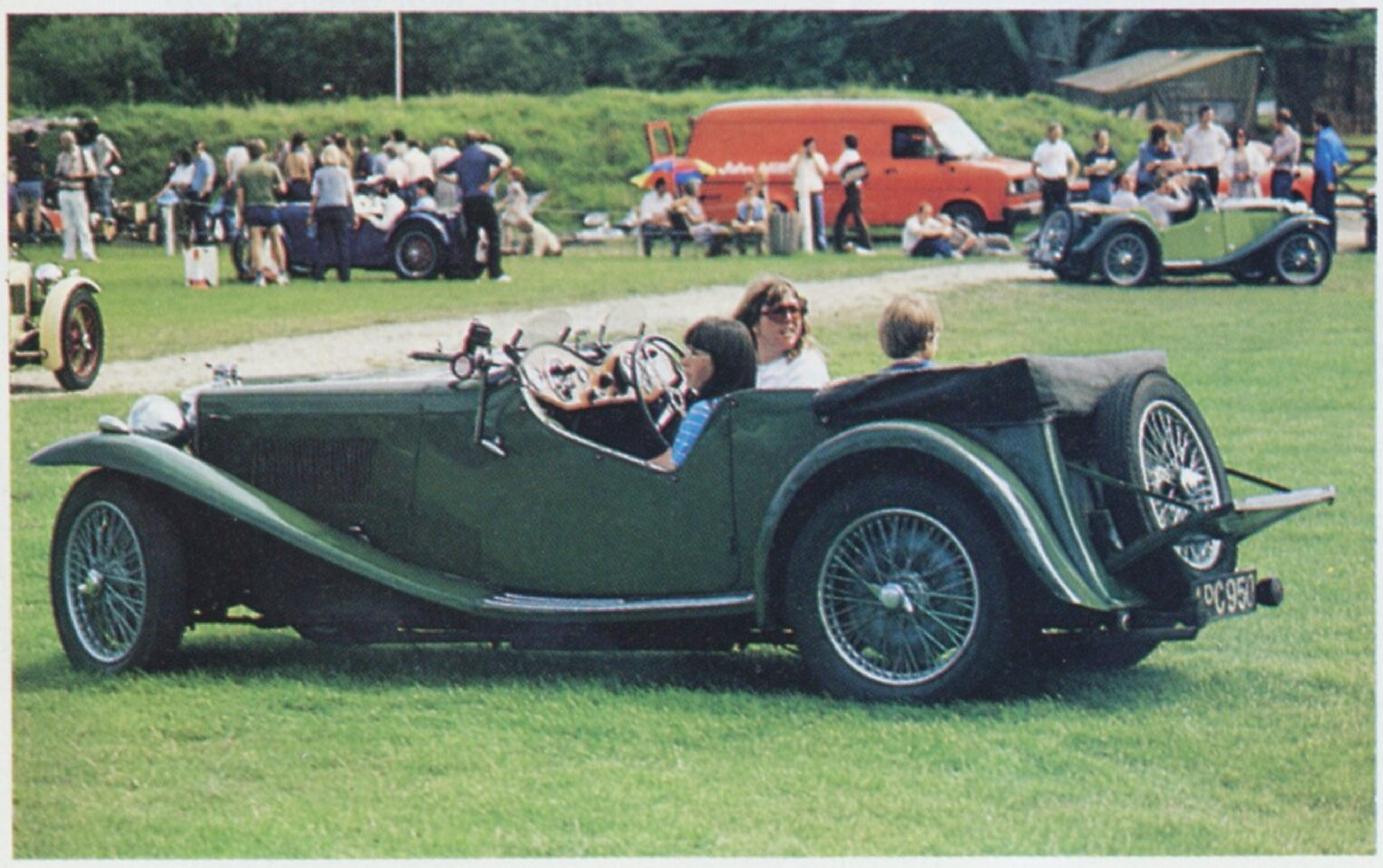
windscreen, the first MG Midget was born. The Minor's engine was hardly tuned at all for this latest Kimber ploy, they say. But light weight and a light price made the little sports job very popular. Never mind that the vertical dynamo was dribbled on by oil from the drive to the upstairs camshaft, to the detriment of electrical output. Never mind if the gearbox held only three forward speeds, changed by a floppy central lever. The point was that, like its bigger Morris-based MG brothers, the Midget looked a fast and exciting proposition. Just the car for the lads of the 1930s to entice the short-skirted flappers into.

Perhaps the fact that Abingdon was close to Oxford, city of eager young undergraduates, helped to popularise the little MG. Fortunately for motoring history, the engineers at MG wanted to progress and create proper sports cars, with Kimber's approval. That is why the Morris Minor-based MG Midget was quickly made into a much better, if still small-engined, sports machine and why, along the years, the MG was to become one of the greatest British names in international motor racing. Not only did a veritable fleet of these little MGs dominate a Brooklands sports car marathon that lasted 24 hours and win countless other races at the banked race circuit, but they were to achieve high-speed honours that made the entire world acknowledge those two initials, standing for Morris Garages.

MG took on the might of Maserati in the







This page (from top): a 1932 model J2 Midget, which had a 12 gallon fuel tank; the graceful lines of a 1935 PB Midget; the supercharger or Marshall 'blower' of a PA Midget, and the distinctively luxurious dashboard of a similar model. These cars cost only £220 when they were introduced in 1934; a K Magnette which, like all the MGs pictured, had an overhead camshaft. Opposite Page (top): a 1935 PA Midget, and below it is another PA. These models had an 847 cc engine, a maximum speed of 74 mph, and could accelerate from nought to 50 mph in 20 seconds.

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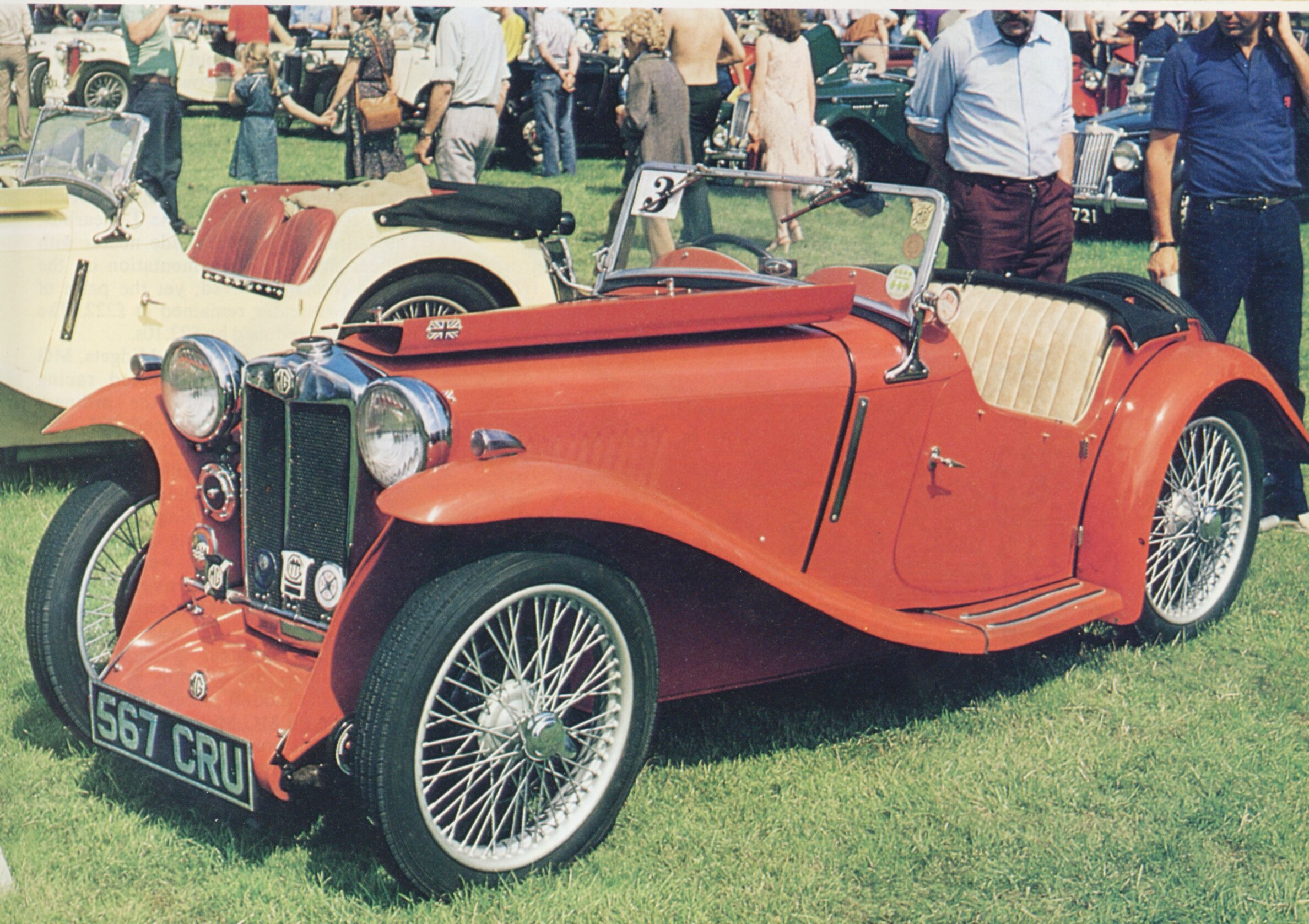
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open-road Mille Miglia and beat them. An MG was the first four-wheeled 750 cc car to exceed 100 mph and to cover over 100 miles in one hour. Later these tiny $\frac{3}{4}$-litre racing MGs did better than 128 mph. And later still came those unforgettable records of over 245 mph by Stirling Moss in a $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre MG and by the American driver Phil Hill at over 254 mph in the 2-litre version, on the Utah Salt Flats at Bonneville in America. Then there were MG victories in the Ulster TTs and in the punishing 500 Mile Race at Brooklands. Scores of other race successes and records followed, including Major Gardner's fabulous Gardner-MG that managed to surpass 121 mph with an engine of a mere 350 cc, bettered 154 mph as a 500 cc job, got to almost 160 mph with a 750 cc motor within its streamlined hull, and was capable of well over 200 mph in 1,100 cc and 1,500 cc guise. It is these and literally hundreds of other top performances that caused MG followers, owners and ex-owners all over the Globe to mourn the dropping of the MG make.

Now let us return to the MG Midgets, from which the later racing cars evolved and which were no mean performers in their own right. We have seen how Kimber, who had formed the MG Car Company, used a Morris Minor chassis to produce his first Midget. He called it the M-type and when it first appeared in 1928 it cost £175 – can you imagine buying *any* sort of useable motor vehicle for that sum in 1981? Crude, bouncy and spartan that original Midget may have been, but Kimber sold 3,235 of them. Then the MG Company had the sense to improve things, and by 1932 was ready to revive any flagging interest in the pedestrian M-type with the new J2 MG Midget.

This was the result of learning about the M-type's shortcomings. Thus mechanical propshaft universal-joints replaced the former fabric ones and, more important to speed-keen customers, a new cylinder-head allowed for the fitting of twin carburettors instead of the M's single SU, with cross-flow ports, the exhausts opposite the inlets. The engine size stayed at the fashionable 850 cc but power was up from 20 bhp at 4,000 rpm to an exciting 36 bhp if the J2 was revved as high as 5,500 rpm – which all too often broke its two-bearing crankshaft. To this proper small sports engine was now mated a four-speed gearbox, controlled by a remote gear lever which came close to the driver's left hand. This box had what was known as a constant-mesh 'silent-third' third gear. Gone, too, was the pointed tail body. The J2 had a 12-gallon slab-shaped fuel tank behind its two seats, to which the spare wheel was strapped. Cut-away doors and fixed cycle-type mudguards set the sporting tone.

The J2 cost just less than £200, or only £14.10s more than had been asked for a metal-panelled M-type. It was a very nice little sports package, just about able to exceed 70 mph. If a motoring journal had not said it could exceed 80 mph, as the car submitted to it for test had done on Brooklands, and if the crankshaft had been more durable, the J2 would have been even more of a winner. Fortunately, the MG Car Company had adopted the policy of steady improvement, so the J2 was quickly followed by the PA MG Midget. The PA, in fact, appeared about eighteen months after the J2 and seemed the answer to every MG Midget enthusiast's prayer. It had a bigger, more protective, body on a slightly longer wheelbase, and although the 57 × 83 mm 847 cc engine was retained, this now had the rather necessary third crankshaft bearing – plain white-metal ones of course. To cope with the increased pace which carefree revving of the little engine now encouraged, the brakes were enlarged, and the steering modified. Many little improvements and creature comforts made the PA worth its £220. At the time we called the latest Midget simply the P-type. Its price soon went up to a long-retained £222. A four-seater P-type cost £240.

All this sounds very nice in retrospect – steady development away from the disguised Morris Minor M-type MG and its more racy sisters such as the 'Double-Twelve' version. In fact, alas, the usual snag arose. With the better body, bigger brakes and that third engine bearing – the engine was still a single-overhead-camshaft confection – the PA's weight went up. To prevent this from robbing performance, by which such cars were, and are, judged, the MG technicians used the time-honoured route to mediocracy – they lowered the two lower gear ratios. This was fine for those indulging in the developing pastime of mud-trials. But even top gear was such that at 3,000 rpm you were doing just less than 45 mph. It was this solution to a three-hundredweight load increase that made owners of Frazer Nash, Fiat Balilla Sports and HRG cars of a slightly later date dub these P-type MGs 'buzz-boxes' and coin the little couplet: 'Changed in panic down to first, and wondered why his motor burst'.

Mind you, I never saw the trilby-hatted, plus-foured MG-P owner mending broken driving-chains, as happened with the Frazer Nash. No, these little MGs served their owners very well, for quick road-motoring, mud-storming with the Clubs, and in the long-distance trials. The P-type had a low-slung chassis frame and proper flowing mudguards but otherwise retained the lines of the J2. Special bodies by outside coachbuilders began to appear.

But better was on the way from the Abingdon factory. Because in the Autumn of 1935, with a Motor Show in the offing, came the PB-MG. This retained the well-tried overhead-camshaft engine with its twin SU carburettors, but it was increased in capacity to 939 cc. Power increased by more than 20 per cent, so that the PB-Midget developed a useful 43 bhp at the same engine speed as the PA. And, all credit to Abingdon, the extra horses were matched by reverting to the higher bottom and second gear-ratios of the J2 gearbox. The radiator grille was made neater with vertical slats, the instrumentation on the cowled fascia improved, yet the price of the PB two-seater remained at £222. The PA was then reduced by £22.10s.

Along with these road-going Midgets, MG made some extremely coveted racing sports cars, available to the ordinary customer. The supercharged K3 MG Magnette was an outstanding example of such a car, based on the Mille Miglia team-cars. This 1,100 cc six-cylinder model was a real competition car, costing £795, and by this time there was a racing-type 746 cc J4 Midget at £495. There were also the ordinary six-cylinder overhead-cam Magnas and Magnettes to keep the famous Midgets company. It was all highly successful and a great credit to British craftsmanship, this offering of effective sports cars at modest prices. Indeed, 1,973 PA and 526 PB MG Midgets were built.

Sadly, all this was to end. An overhead-camshaft engine was the hallmark of these Midgets, Magnas and Magnettes. All this was to go overboard after Lord Nuffield took the MG Company under his Morris banner, as I will explain next time.

'Sorry dear, but the bumper has been playing up again.'

Player's Please
20
JOHN PLAYER
KING SIZE
JOHN PLAYER
KING SIZE EXTRA MILD
BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
JOHN PLAYER AND SONS NOTTINGHAM
TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS
JOHN PLAYER
KING SIZE
EXTRA MILD
PLAYER'S
HERO
PLEASE
It's still the tobacco that counts
JKD1KK

John Player King Size
MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables

John Player King Size Extra Mild
LOW TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables

DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

FIONA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Don't be surprised if you meet a buxom brunette at a party and she gives you a good sniff. It will just be 21-year-old Fiona Thom checking to see how attractive she finds you. Fiona, you see, thinks a great part of a man's attraction lies in his smell. 'I like a man with a certain smell, a masculine smell.' She also looks for long legs and an attractive bum.

Fiona's stunning 38–24–36 figure is enough to attract any man's attention, but she claims to be a one-man woman. 'I am loyal to my man, and I didn't start going out with men until quite late in my life, really. I was about 18 when I first started going out with anyone seriously. I find a lot of men don't know how to please a woman in bed. They don't know where the magic button is. But I'm a homely person, and my favourite pastime is staying in bed with my boyfriend all day.' Fiona also loves reading, particularly the plays of Chekov and Shakespeare. 'I like war stories as well, ones with a good, exciting plot. My boyfriend got me interested in those.' For exercise and to keep in trim she swims regularly.

Fiona was brought up in Birmingham and went to a comprehensive school in the Midlands where she particularly enjoyed the music and drama lessons. After leaving she took a drama school course, graduating two years ago. Since then she has had various jobs in sales promotion, including Cobra motorcycles and Jaguar and Talbot cars. She loves cars and found the photographic session for an XJS poster very exciting. 'I was sitting on the bonnet in a long black dress. That car alone was enough to turn anyone on, I don't know why they needed me.' Her ambition is to make a career in acting, and perhaps one day play her favourite part – Maria in West Side Story. 'I took that part in our school production once and I really loved it.'

SOUND AND LIGHT
PIONEER
CROSS-AXIAL

The dawn sun highlights the sleek, flush-mounted power base and tall, slatted turret of the new Pioneer TS-1600 cross-axial speakers.

Obviously, they have their own practical purity of purpose – but what is it?

In fact, the principle that gave them form was also the inspiration behind those distinctive rear-window slats; for just as they diffuse strong light, giving clear rear-view vision, so the fins on the speaker diffuse the treble tones, directing them forward, unsullied and pure.

So, while the great, flush-mounted woofer utilises the whole car to give a throbbing bass resonance, the tweeter stands proud, its delicately balanced fine frequencies projected in a single plane of pure sound. Function and beauty, melding the physics of sound and light.

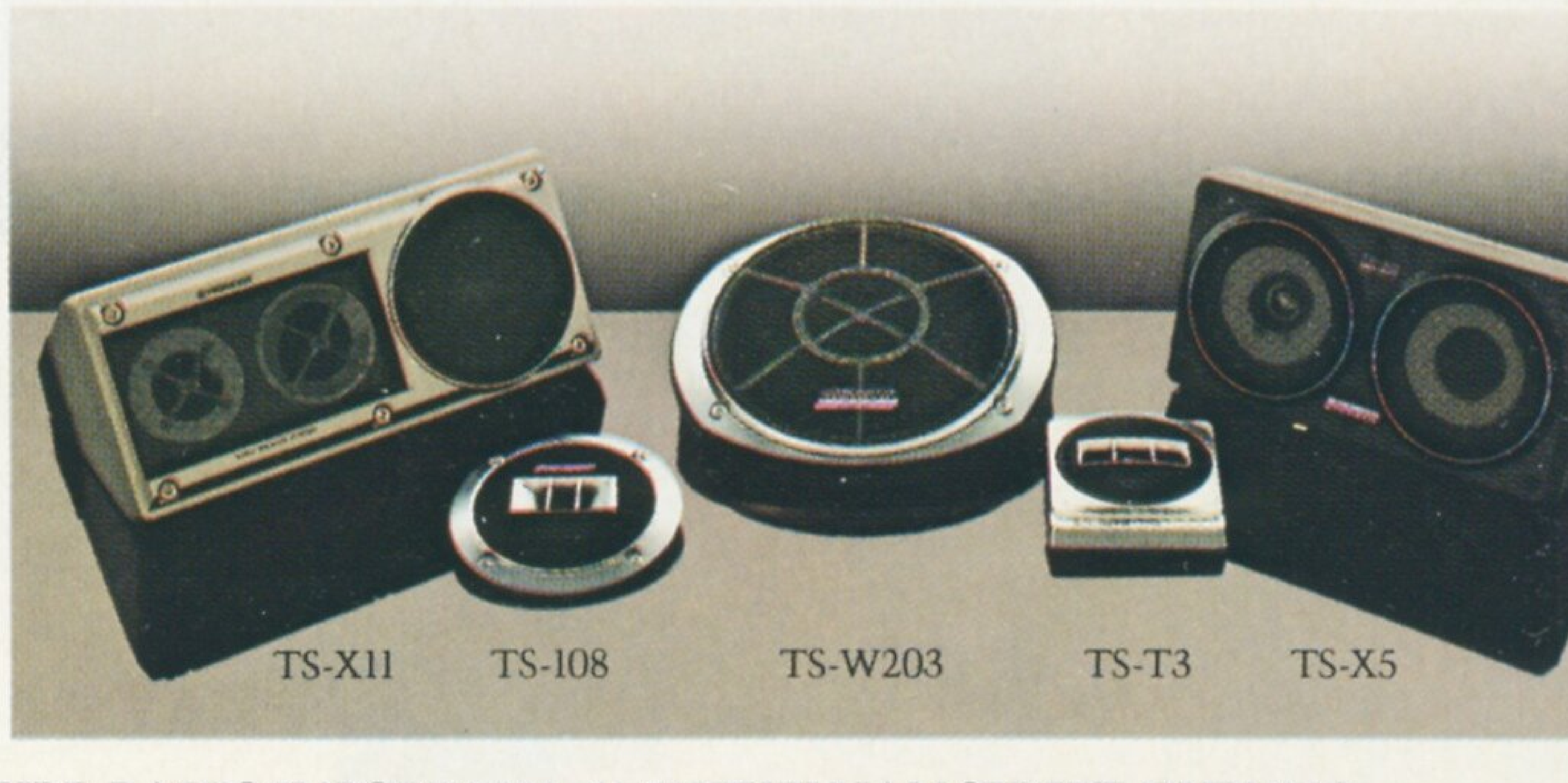
So now, your ears can believe your eyes.

Like cars, Pioneer car speakers come in a wide variety of shapes, sizes and performance levels.

Ask your Pioneer dealer to help you choose the right combination for your car, and your sound system.

PIONEER®

MAKES ANY CAR SOUND BETTER



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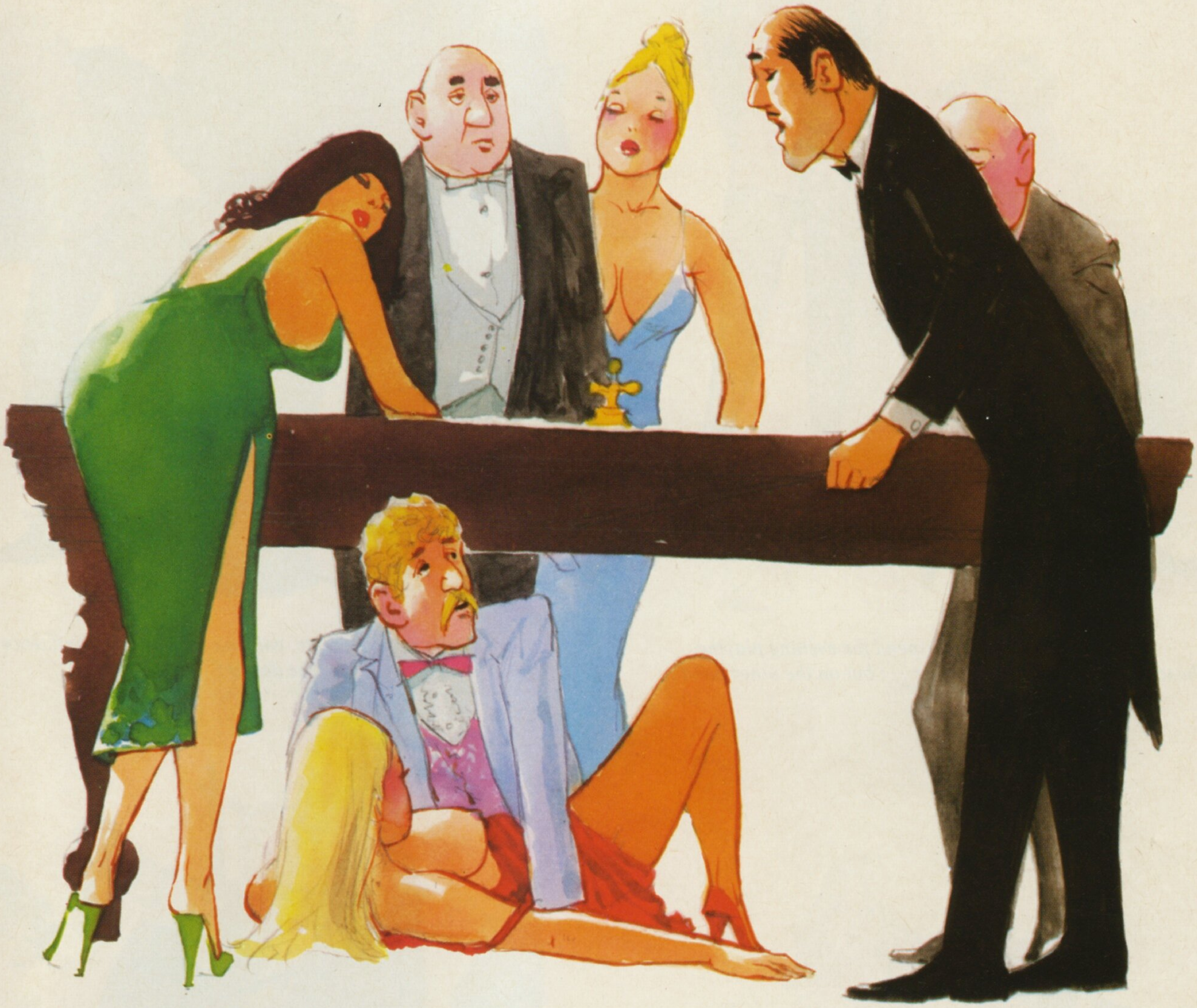
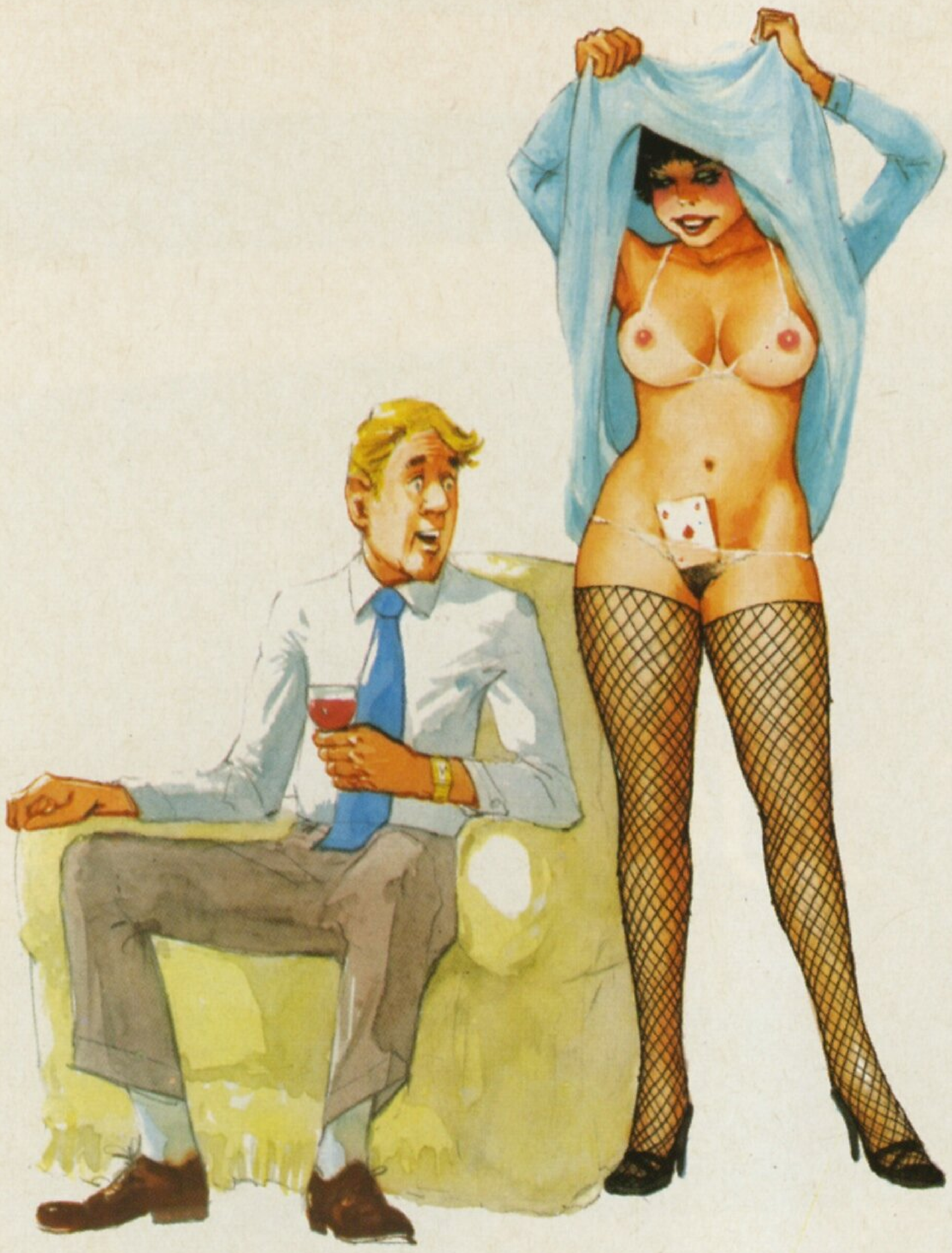


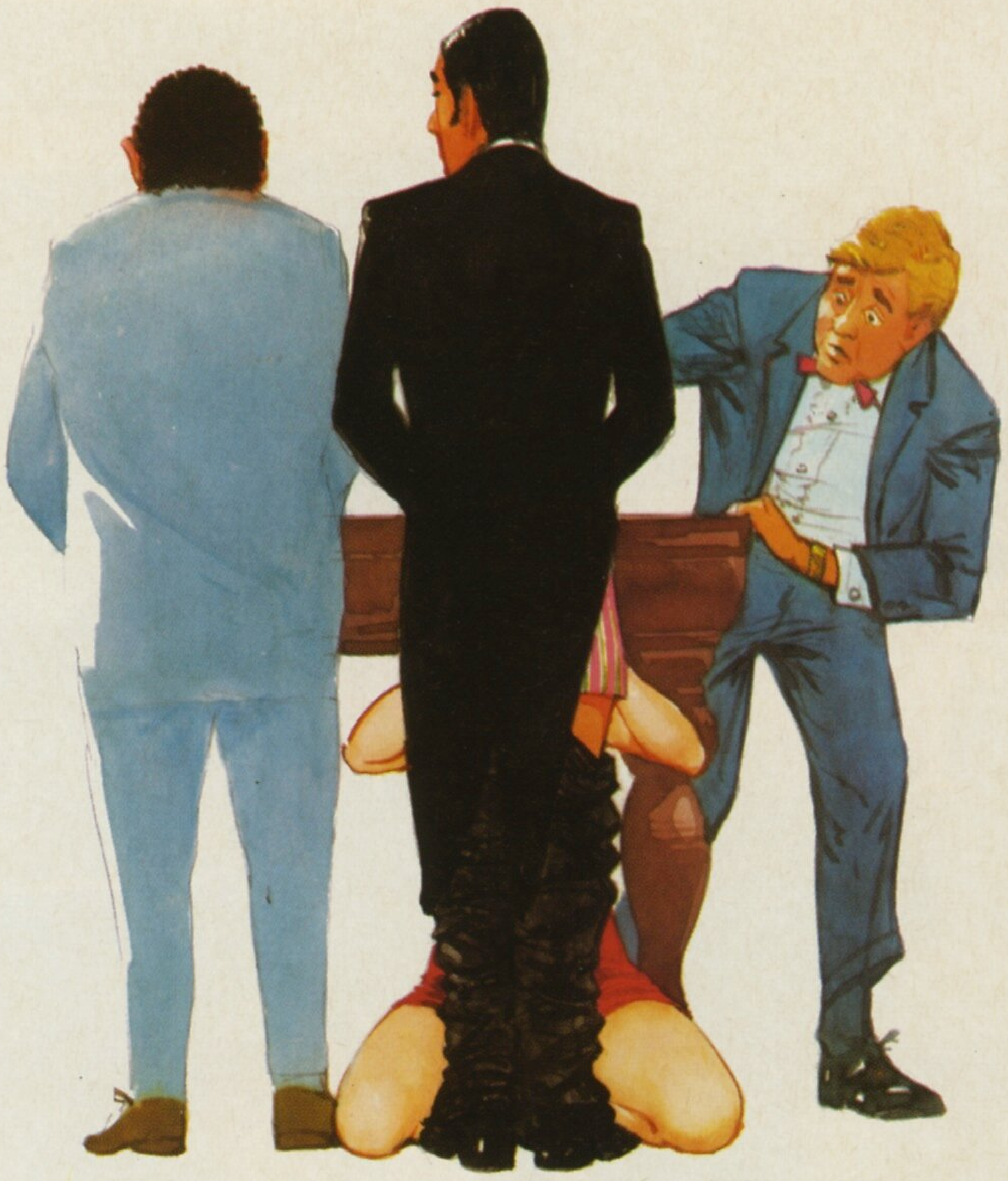
'Monsieur, "Faites vos jeux" does not mean . . .'

A LITTLE BET ON THE SIDE

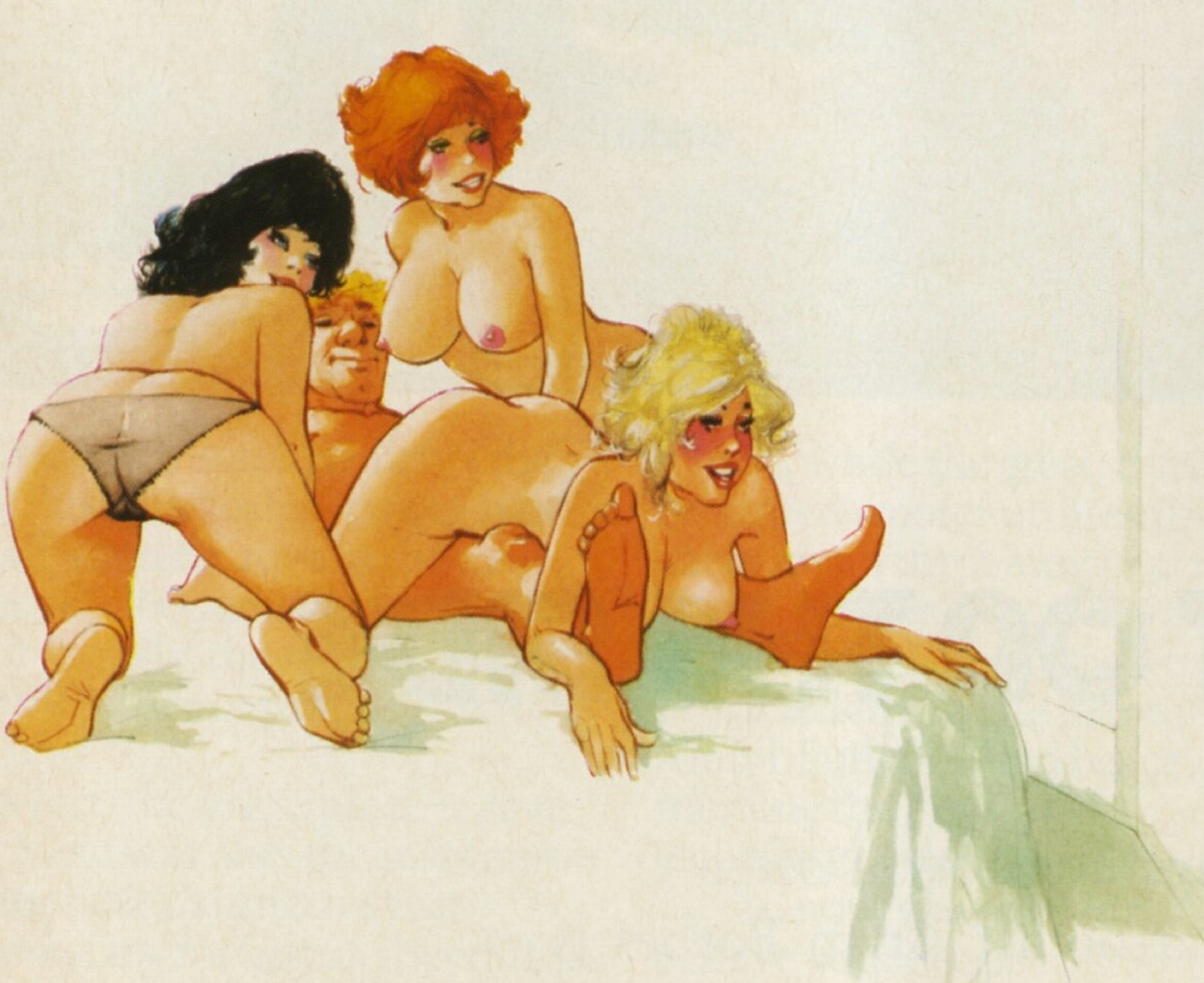
When the chips are down, often knickers are too. Cartoonist Brian Forbes is all for gambolling in casinos



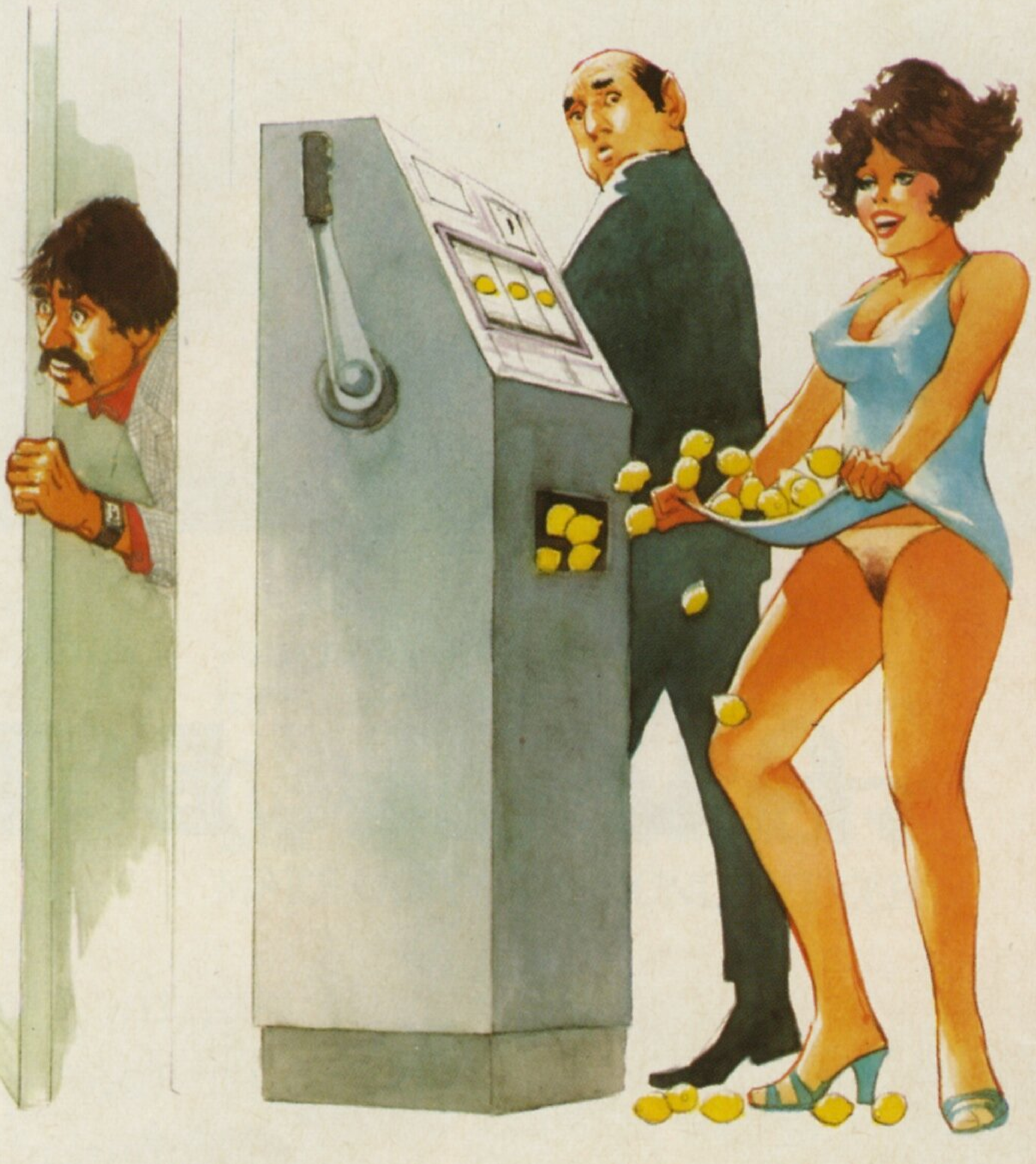
'If you think I'm going to spend the evening playing Chase the Ace you've got another . . . but on the other hand . . .'

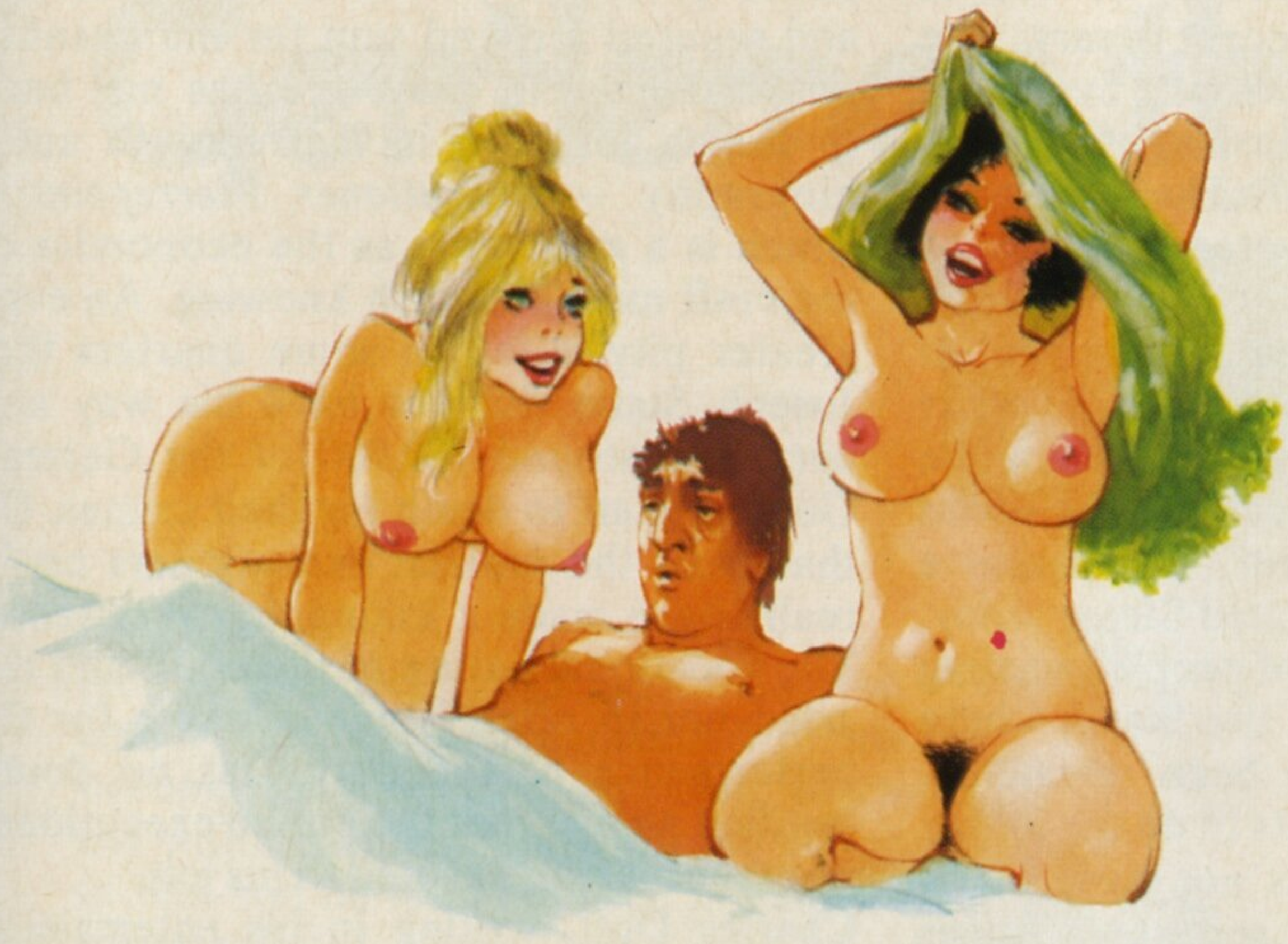


'For God's sake, Daphne, will you stop trying to influence the dealer!'

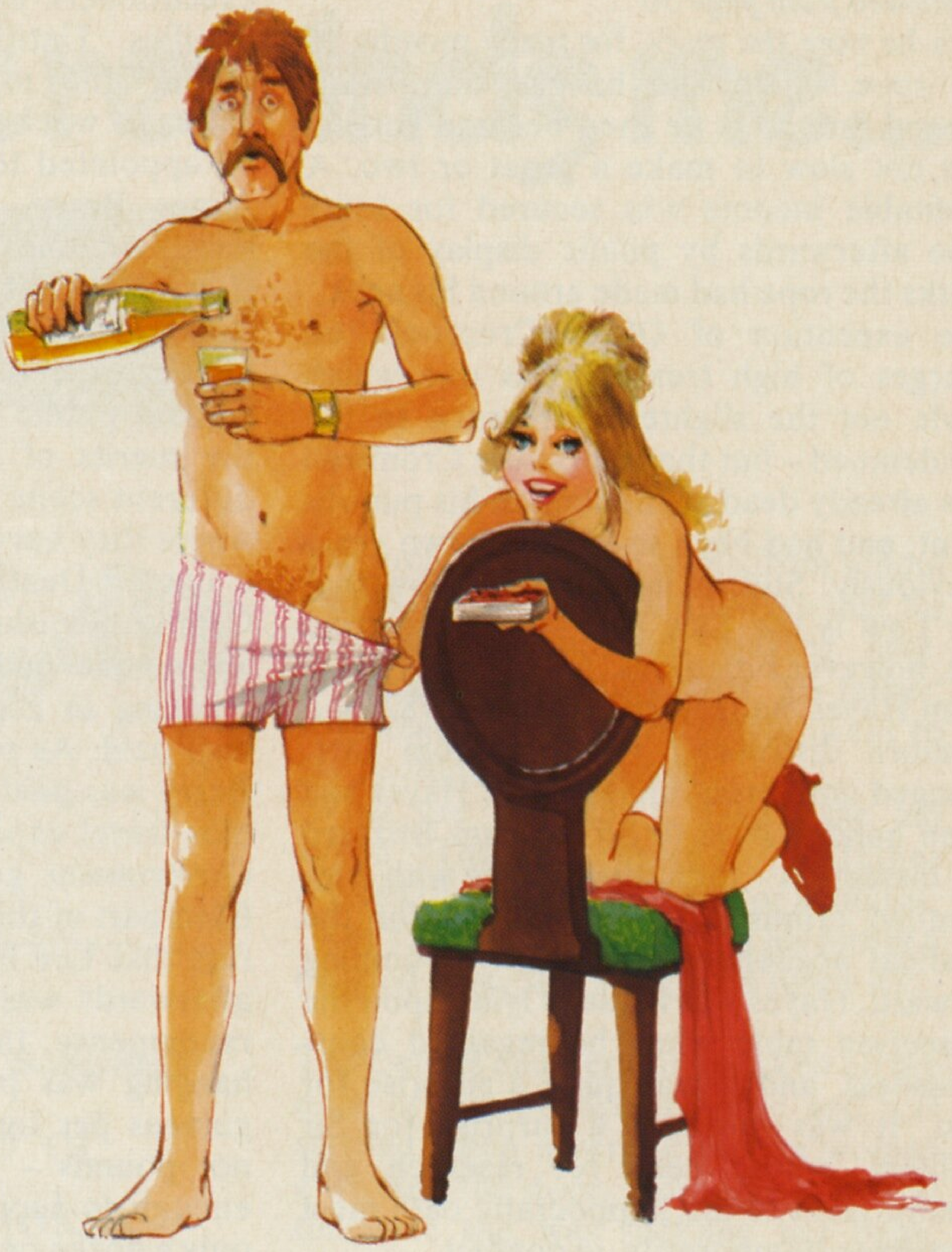


'Just in time to make up a Full House, Charles. Queens on Jacks!'

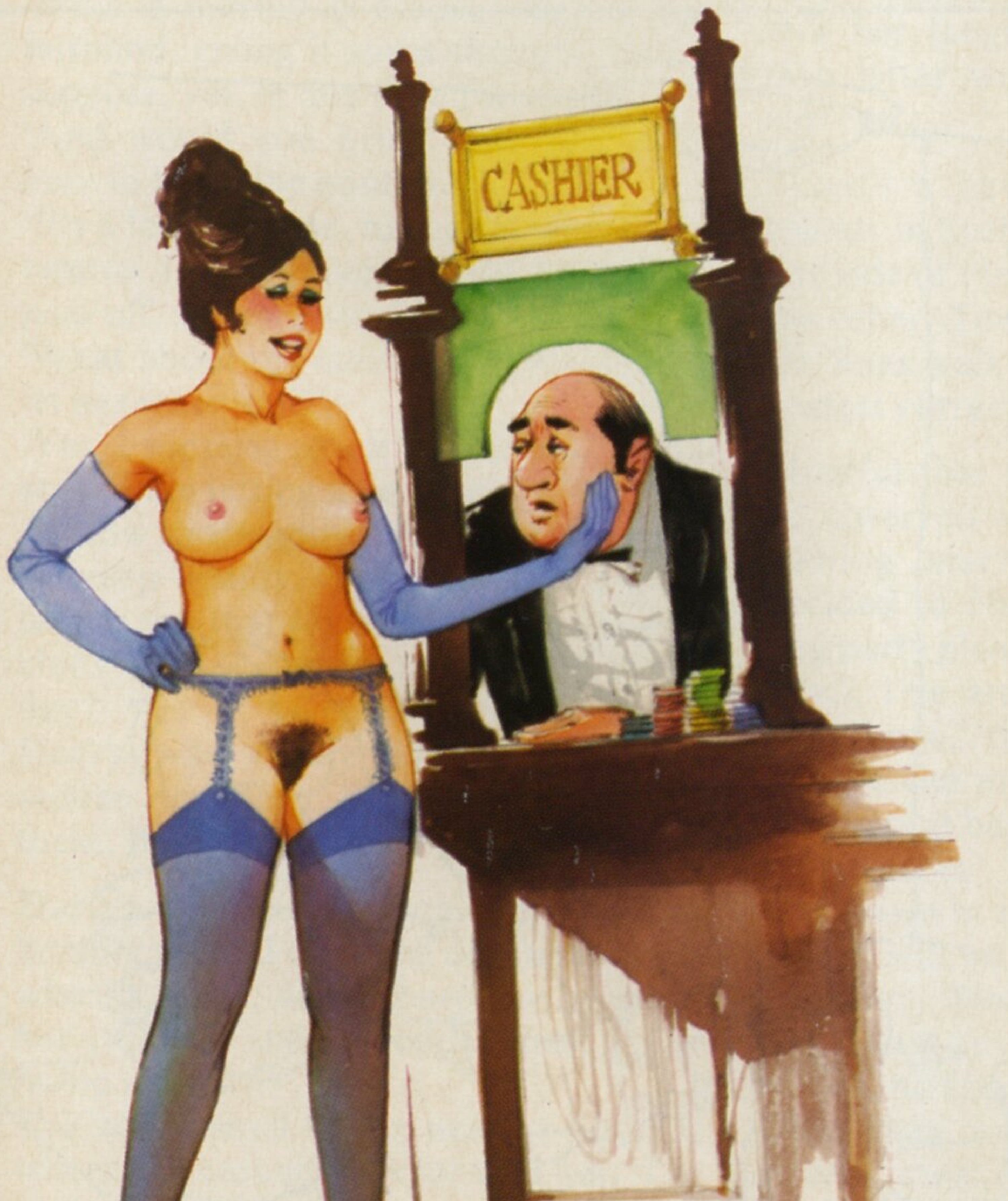




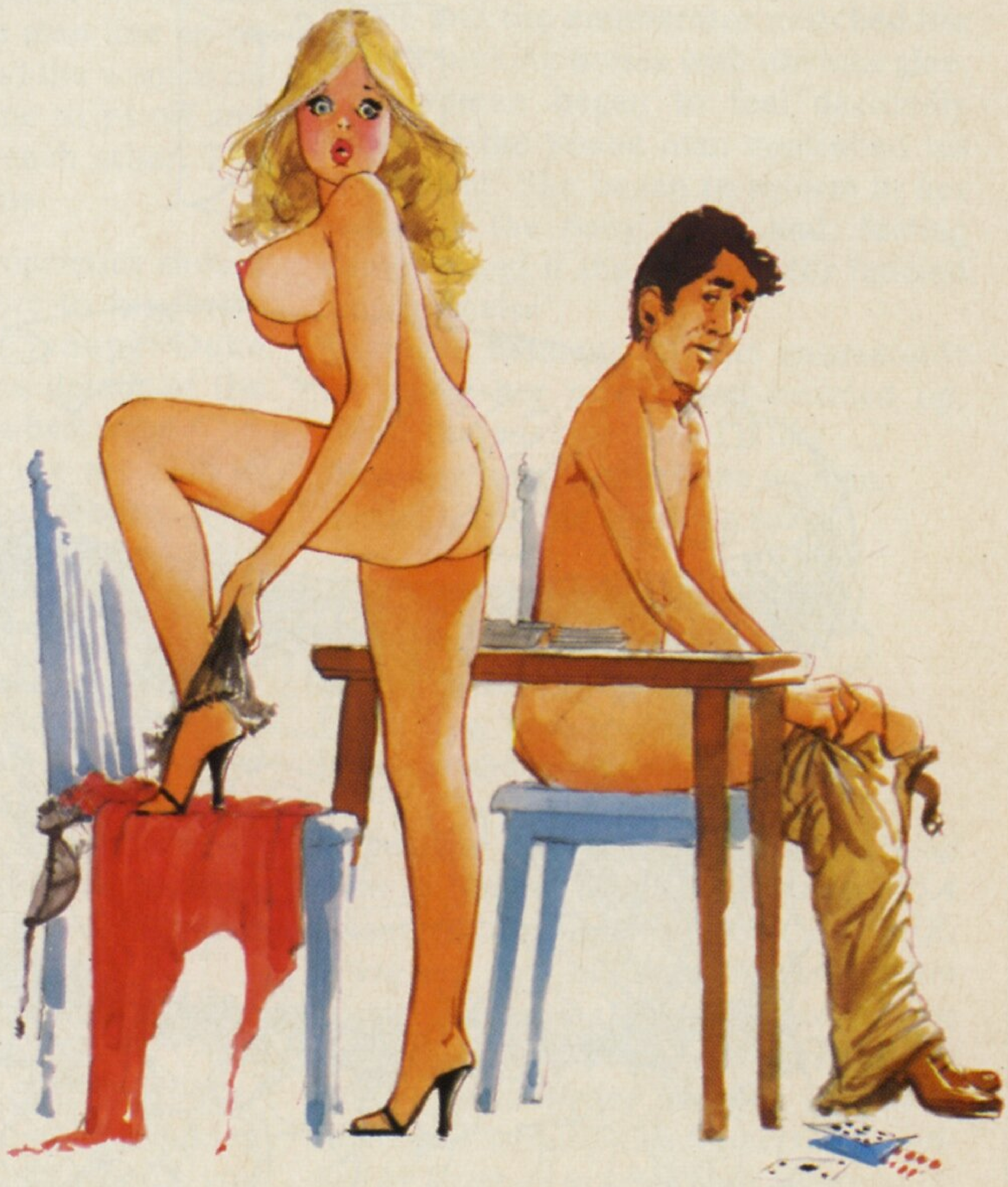
'This is one time when our two pair beat his three!'



'Stud Poker?'



'I'm sorry, Miss, but the House rules do not allow what you have to offer as sufficient surety against a loan for more chips,'



'And that, Miss Fairbottom, is just the "strip" part of Strip Poker.'

Heads You Lose

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neck he bore the mark, for many months, of the rope which had hanged him. Half-hanged Smith, as he then became known, was not slow to make a groat or two. A profitable income was secured for some time afterwards by public display of the marks the rope had made around his neck.

The execution of Oliver Cromwell, on charges of high treason, was one which made not the slightest difference to the condemned – but that is because Cromwell was already dead at the time of his punishment, and had been so for some two years previously. Still, it just goes to show that the Law is the Law and must be carried out, however ridiculous.

John Hayes, hanged at Tyburn in 1782, had a more distressing reprieve from fate. Hanged until pronounced dead, Hayes had been handed over to Sir William Blizzard for dissection – then the practice with condemned criminals, as volunteers for the medical academies were slow in coming forward. Hayes was actually lying upon the dissection table when he regained consciousness, and it was quite a surprise for him. It was more of a surprise for Sir William, whose need for research and commitment to the Hippocratic oath must have been, temporarily, in conflict.

In all the accounts of bungled execution, little thought or consideration goes to the custodian of judicial punishment, the executioner. His lot, surely, is not the happiest. His vocation is more a calling, for executioners have a tendency to run in families. Until fairly recent years, the Home Office used to get around five applications a week from enthusiasts wishing to be appointed to the craft. The late, great James Berry, who devoted his life to depriving other people of theirs, recounted that when he first applied for the post of executioner in 1883, there were 1,399 other applicants. Either times were hard, or the general public felt sincerely strong about the merits of punishment. It is quite a different scene in the United States today, where they have legions of people sweating it out on Death Row in the States where Capital Punishment has been reinstated, and no qualified applicants to do the job.

Hanging in England was not particularly well paid. As previously recounted James Berry was paid £10 for hanging John Lee, plus travel expenses. Whether or not HM Government got a rebate on the unfulfilled part of the deal is not known, but the fact that Lee lived for some 40 odd years afterwards was surely deserving of some recompense. In later years, up until 1952, hanging was paid for at the rate of 15 guineas per topping – guineas mind you, not pounds – but even so that was not enough to support an affluent living with only a dozen or so contracts per year.

World War Two, naturally enough, provided a bountiful time for the executioners of the world, when the War Trials took place. The leading British executioner of the time, Albert Pierrepoint, presumably waived his usual fee, and secured a round sum for the quantity undertaken. The exact fee has not been revealed, not even in Pierrepoint's autobiography – *Executioner Pierrepoint* – which is a great pity, as the economics of the craft must be worth knowing. An even greater pity is felt in some quarters that Joseph Stalin did not have his way and condemn around 100,000 of the German General Staff to death for their crimes. On that basis the judicial executioners could really have made a killing, in every sense. The vocational nature of the craft, and the need not to offer fabulous wages for the performance of the duty, has no doubt instilled an aim that the public executioner should be a man devoted to his job.

Charles Duff, writing in his entertaining work *A Handbook on Hanging*, relates brief details from a personal conversation with the late Mr Ellis, hangman for this nation, who (Ellis, that is) had related that in recent previous years (viz the latter end of the 19th century) a member of high Royalty had taken a keen interest in capital punishment. Not just interest, but verily partook an active part – to the extent of asking to be allowed to pull the lever! It says something for the character of a man, the highest of the land, relieved of all painful and distasteful labours by right of birth, to be willing to undertake the unpleasant disposal of his subjects. Such

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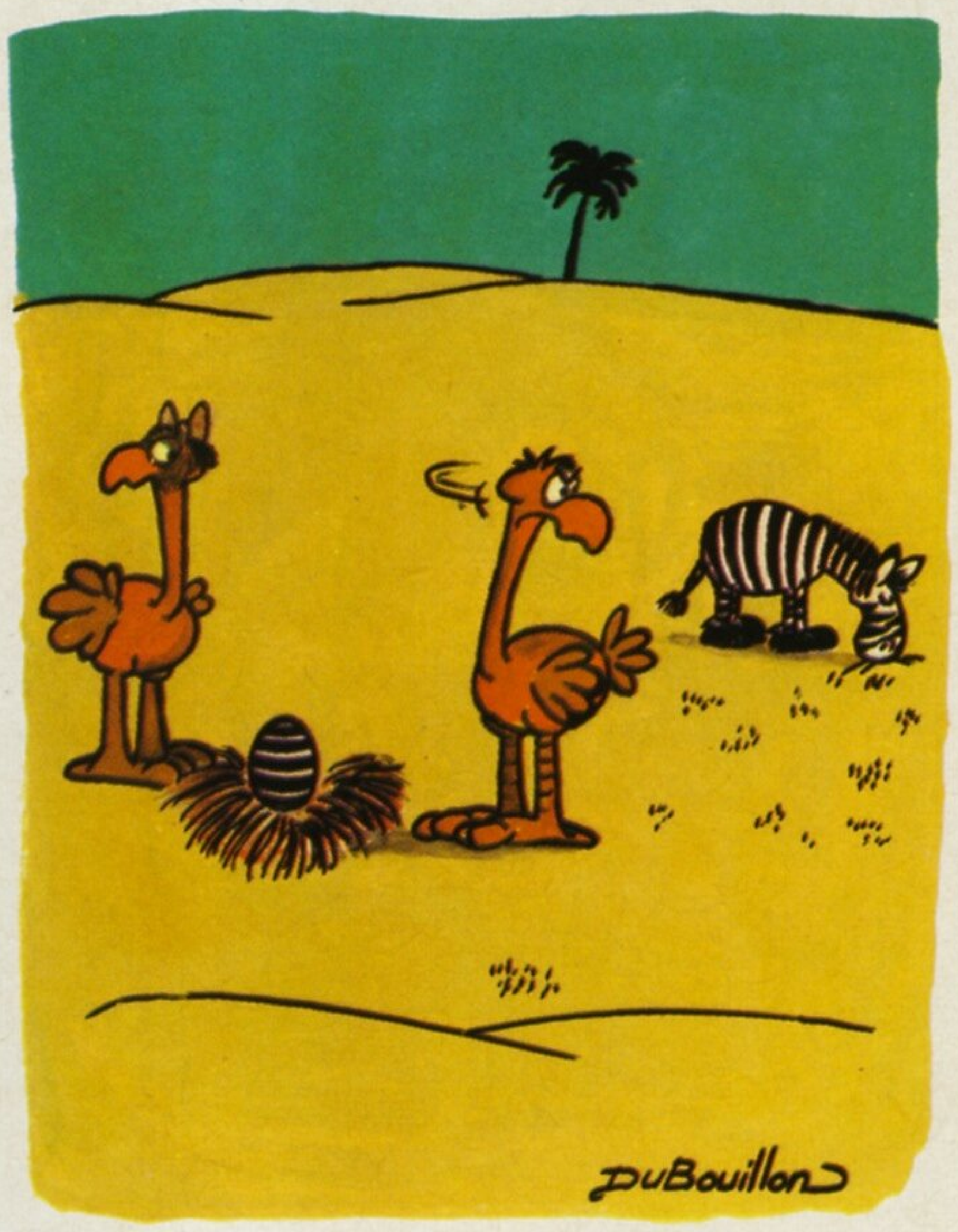
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
ARTHUR REID

'That's my Madge – not only a file but a couple of motorbikes as well!'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An old prospector had been living the solitary celibate life demanded of his occupation. One day, however, when out with his mule, nature got the better of him and he found himself in need of sexual relief.

Stumbling upon a log cabin in a clearing the old timer spotted a convenient knot hole at just the right level. He was well into the rhythm when he was disturbed by the cabin door opening and being confronted by an enormous bearded farmer.

'Excuse me,' said the farmer, 'you'd better come and do that from the inside: my wife and I were just about to sit down for dinner.'

A married couple had been sitting in silence for some time when, out of the blue, she asked, 'Henry, if I died, would you marry again?'

'What a morbid question,' replied her husband, giving it some thought. 'But I suppose, yes, in due time I would.'

'And would you bring your new wife here to live?' she continued.

'It's a lovely house, nice grounds and, of course, the mortgage would have been paid off, so yes, I would.'

'What about my mink coat? Would you let her wear that?'

'Yes, I suppose so – it would make more sense than letting it go to waste.'

By now thoroughly upset his wife began to weep openly. 'I suppose you'd even let her use that set of custom-made golf clubs that you gave me for my birthday?'

Henry was visibly shocked. 'No, of course not, dear. I'd never let her use them. Besides, she's left handed.'

During a lakeside picnic a girl was horsing around on a bed of pine needles when a particularly sharp one pierced her swimsuit and embedded itself in her pubic area.

She was rushed to the nearest hospital where the casualty doctor told her, 'I'm sorry, Miss, but I can't extract that needle until I've checked with the appropriate authorities.'

'But why, doctor,' whimpered the girl, now in a considerable amount of pain.

'It's a matter of ecology,' he explained. 'I have to file an environmental impact statement before I can remove any sort of timber from a recreational area.'

'My girl is a real pain,' complained one undergraduate to another.

'Why is that?' asked his friend, 'she seems a good sort to me.'

'It's her language. She's always using four letter words – stop, don't, won't and can't . . .'

There's a new party game doing the rounds in Surbiton. The men line up on one side of the room, and the women on the other. Then everyone strips off and the lines walk towards each other. The neatest correct entry wins.

Mindful that all the proprieties should be observed with respect to his forthcoming marriage, the young Duke decided to check on the details of the stag party planned by his best man.

'Well, I've arranged to use my club in Park Lane,' the best man began, 'that way we can maintain security and keep the press at bay.'

'Very good,' the Duke murmured. 'I don't want to risk a scandal.'

'There will be drinks first,' his best man went on. 'Not too many, because we don't want anyone getting drunk.'

'Good, no chance of a scandal there.'

'And then we'll sit down to a three course meal, followed by coffee and brandy – but not too much!'

'Good. Good.' replied the young Duke.

'And then I'll show a blue film.'

'Oh, I say!' the Duke protested. 'Remember, we're trying to avoid anything that might lead to scandal. Don't you feel a blue film is inappropriate?'

'Oh no, Sir,' replied the best man, 'not when it features your fiancée.'

The young boy came home from school early one day and was unaware that his parents were upstairs making love. Hearing a noise downstairs, his father, still wearing his contraceptive, went to the baclony to investigate.

'What are you doing, Dad?' the lad asked. Thinking quickly his father replied that he was looking for a mouse.

'Why?' asked the boy, giving his father a puzzled look, 'are you gonna screw it?'

The Census enumerator knocked on the door of one particular house and was startled when a very attractive woman answered the door, more so because at the time she was suckling her baby.

'Ohh, what a lucky baby,' the enumerator said. 'I'd love to have been breast fed, but my mother fed me on the bottle. If only I'd had the chance . . .'

The woman took pity on the young man and suggested that as she had a breast free, and as her husband was out, that perhaps the enumerator would care to sample her breast. They sat on the settee and the enumerator matched the baby's sucking noises with obvious glee. The woman began to feel decidedly randy as the young man continued his enjoyment. She began to squirm in her seat, put the baby down and, feeling damp, asked if the enumerator fancied 'anything else'.

Taking a moment off, the enumerator let go of her nipple and beamed up: 'Well, there is one thing I'd like . . .'

'Yes, anything,' replied the woman.

'Could I, trouble you for a rusk?'

A young airline stewardess, Faye,
Has achieved liberation today.
She screwed without quittin'
From New York to Britain–
It's clear she has come a long way.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Heads You Lose

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noble participation is by no means unique. The late Emperor Franz Joseph was evidently also proud of his own abilities as a hangman, not merely to nod approvingly whilst some minion did the dirty work, but the real grit of rolling up his sleeves and doing the job himself.

Peter the Great of Russia was another. Peter's forte was that of beheading, delivered with skill and dexterity, and usually a single swipe. Stephen Graham in the biography *Peter the Great*, relates that in an era of political reformation (viz, disposing of those whose political persuasion was not in total accord with that of the sovereign), Czar Peter struck off two hundred heads with his own axe on the very first day of retribution!

The present state of the art of executioner, or at least when it was last practised in this fair isle of ours, was simply a matter of hanging a man, or woman, to the order of the law 'by the neck until dead.' Of course, the emphasis rests with the *until*, and a good executioner will have his subject expired within seconds. Nevertheless, there is always that unforgiving minute in which it doesn't go according to plan. The *British Medical Journal* for 1927 contains a report of a colonial execution at which four coloured men were being despatched. A surgeon was present to confirm the passing of life, and the condemned were topped in pairs. The surgeon comments that in a hanging an 'asculation of the heart may be heard beating for about ten minutes after the drop.' In itself it does not totally mean the spark of life exists, but whilst it is present then death is not confirmed. In this case after fifteen minutes, when the sounds of the heart had ceased, the bodies were cut down and taken to an antechamber, whilst the second pair were dealt with. It was whilst this was being done that the surgeon noted that one of the supposed bodies was making spasmodic respiratory efforts, the 'prelude to revival.' There was no chance, however, of a repetition of the reprieve of John Smith for these two cadavers were taken back to the gallows and strung up again.

In times past the role of executioner often embodied a number of interesting alternatives, or pre-requisites, prior to the condemned being finished off. It was all, supposedly, intended to set a good and fearful example to the watching crowds – and there may well be some merit in a return to public execution. Executioners were frequently required to perform a few other enlightening services for the condemned, such as breaking them on the wheel, disembowelling, and the removal of bodily portions by means of red hot pincers and knives; and all this before they were put to death. Despite the grim applications of their craft, some executioners must have felt pity for their charges. In cases of burning at the stake – a mandatory punishment for a witch – the executioner would often try to hasten the process by strangling the condemned at the stake, at least to the point of unconsciousness, before the flames licked their flesh. It didn't always work. Sometimes the flames singed the executioner before he could complete his service, and the public was treated to the distressing spectacle of the felon being burned alive, and fully conscious.

Another added refinement to capital punishment was hanging, drawing, and quartering in which the victim was, literally, hanged, or strangled, and then quartered – torn into four pieces by being strapped to four strong horses. The last case of such a penalty occurred in the United Kingdom in 1818, but the Act allowing provision for such a punishment was not finally repealed from the Statute Books, in Scotland, until 1950.

There are alternatives to hanging, if one objects to the physical sight of some poor soul twitching at the end of a rope. In the United States – a great nation for modern innovations – they have favoured execution by electricity since August 6, 1890, when a criminal by the name of Kemmler was deprived of his life in this way. Being a nation with a tremendous sense of history and tradition, and with the centenary of this historic State Killing coming up in the next decade, it will doubtless be revered with all the fervour and patriotism that the Spirit of '76 invokes. And no doubt enterprising companies will be making small plastic replicas of 'Old Sparky' (the Electric Chair), and fashion will reflect modes of dress that feature electrodes applied to the vital parts of the body.

The new fangled electric chair was not without its mishaps, and it was not always as quick as desired. A criminal called Taylor (quoted in *The History of Capital Punishment*, by George Ryley Scott) was put to death in stages on July 27, 1893. Something apparently went wrong with the chair after Taylor had been given the first initial belts of current, and the source of electrical supply dried up. Taylor, unfortunately, was only half alive, or dead as the case may be, and had to be repeatedly dosed with anaesthetics for the next hour or so whilst the apparatus was repaired.

In execution by electrocution the victim is strapped into the special chair and eight leather straps pinion the condemned. A special skull cap is fitted over the head and it contains an electrode. The head is partially shaved to facilitate good contact. Another electrode is strapped to the flesh of the right leg. At the appointed moment the executioner switches on the current and 2,000 volts blast through the body. There is a strong smell of burning flesh; then another 2,000 volts rip through the

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'My liege, my liege. Have you remembered the box?'

COGNAC
Hennessy

Heads You Lose

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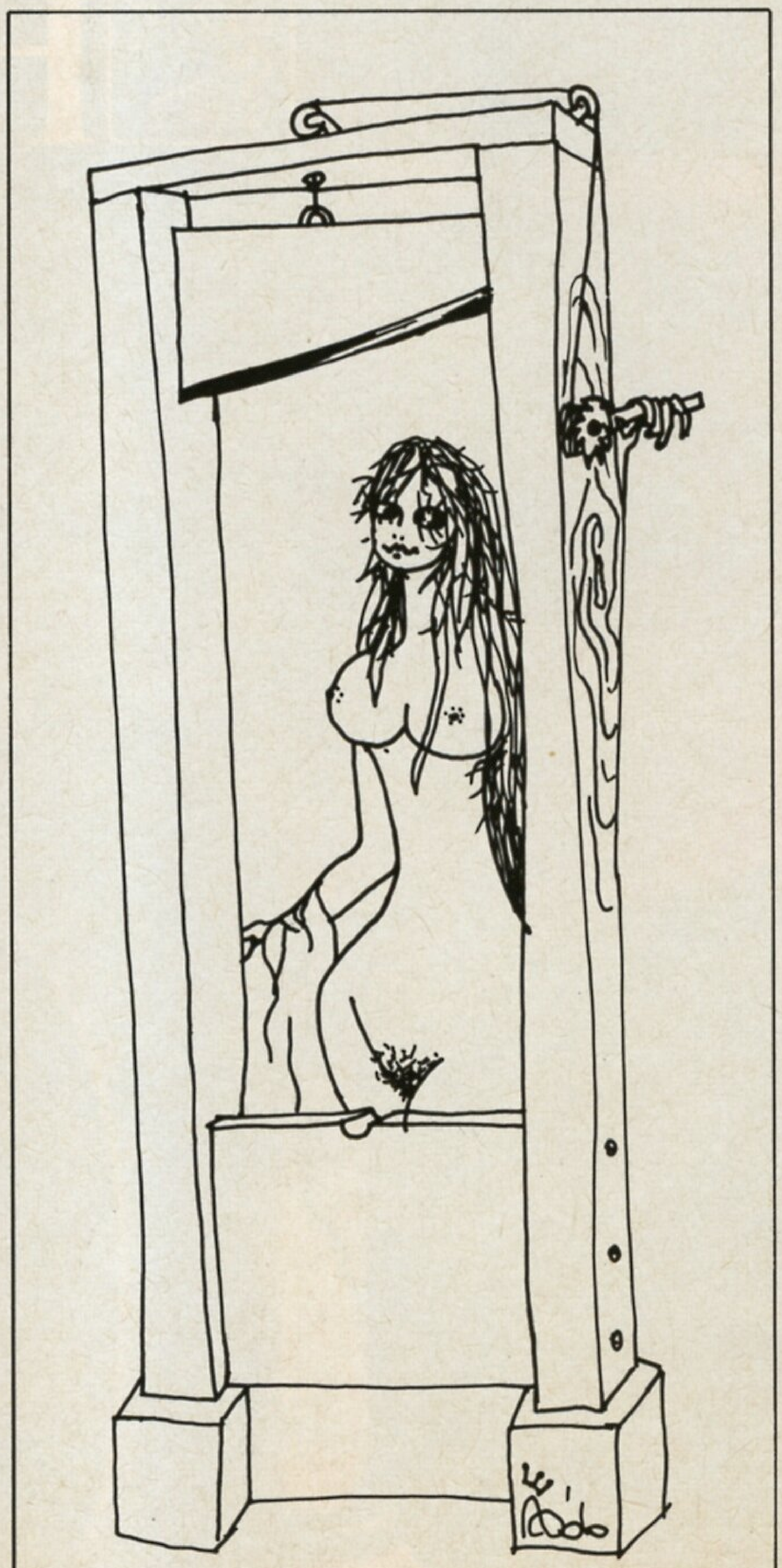
condemned. All the while the body jerks and twitches in the chair, and then it stops; the victim is dead. Usually it is quick. Humane is not the word to apply for it causes ruptures in the heart and muscular convulsions. There is a general feeling, amongst prison doctors and others who don't actually have to undergo this process, that the electric chair is painless, well reasonably so. There may have been some exceptions.

A case which touched the hearts of the world in 1953 was that of the Rosenbergs, Julius and Ethel, who sold atomic secrets to Russia. In more enlightened times they might have got away with being incarcerated for the rest of their lives. As it happens in June of that year they were incarcerated for the rest of their lives, only the arrangements governing tenure had been altered by legal requirement and both were fried upon the electric chair at Sing Sing. Julius Rosenberg was given a first 2,000 volt shock that lasted 3 seconds, then a second lasting 57 seconds, and then a *third* lasting another 57 seconds because life was still not extinct. Almost three minutes of application before the bodily functions were halted. Ethel Rosenberg faired even worse – it took no less than *five* jolts of the current before the attending medical staff could be assured that she was dead.

An alternative method of despatch has been decapitation. Naturally one always thinks of Sanson and the guillotine in this respect, but apparently it was not a French idea at all – they only perfected it at the instigation of Dr Guillotin, physician to the royal family, who felt that if the felons of the world were to be put to death then they may as well be killed quickly and with efficiency. The guillotine, constructed to the good doctor's designs by a German engineer called Schmidt, was in fact only a copy of another apparatus which had been used with great success here in England. In the year 1547 the Earl of Moreton was passing through the region of Halifax, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, when he came upon a fearful contraption, the so-called Halifax Gibbet. It was a structure of two parallel beams, vertically mounted, and from which a blade of steel was despatched to sever in two any object in its path – usually criminals. The Earl of Morton was so impressed with this wonderful device that he had a copy of it constructed back home in Scotland – latterly to become known as the 'Scottish Maiden,' and to this day still on show in the Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh. Prior to the adoption of the Maiden, and the Halifax Gibbet, decapitation was effected by those older, trusty aids to the man at arms – the axe and the sword. Beheading appears to have been a Norman innovation to this land of ours, introduced by Statute under William the Conqueror, but not actually carried out for the first time until 1076 AD. It was proposed as being a noble and fitting punishment for the misdemeanors of the gentry of England, whereas the rest of us who did something wrong were fit only to be hanged by our necks, or our tails. Hanging, as already detailed, has its limitations, beheading also has its own, not so much the process, but in its application. It takes a strong arm and steady eye to wield a blade to do the job without mishap.

The most obvious problem with beheading was the general unwillingness of the condemned to cooperate with the proceedings. Usually they were prone to try and back out of it at the last moment, when the blade was in flight. To compensate for this the aid of an assistant was usually required – to hold the culprit in place at the crucial moment. The struggling of the victim was not the only problem. There were more than a few cases in which the would-be executioner had to have a few snorts of sustaining liquids in order to perform his duty – to the extent that his vision was blurred and his aim impaired. No assistant worth his salt is going to sit there whilst a myopically plastered headsman waves an axe like he was throwing a sling shot, and the victim is doing all in his power to be elsewhere at the crucial moment. A little bit off the top was more the rule, rather than the exeption, and more frequently the headsman would have to make it the best out of three.

Mary Queen of Scots, executed at Fotheringay Castle in 1587, fared particularly badly at the hands of the executioner who was so smashed he had difficulty in mounting the scaffold. The first swipe of the axe took a lump out of the back of her head, and the second was set squarely into her shoulder blades. All told it took some seven blows to be reasonably sure that she was dead.



There still remains consideration of the need to restore capital punishment. It is not so much a prevention of crime, any more than imprisonment deters people from stealing (the prisons are crammed to overflowing with all the people who were just so deterred) but a process of revenge in the name of the people.

In the 1820s there existed some 200 offences for which capital punishment could be applied, ranging from murder to the more serious crimes of associating with gipsies, or cutting down trees where it was not permitted. The rigours of the law were not to be flouted, for in the year 1801 a boy, Andrew Benning, aged 13, was hanged for housebreaking. Since those dark, cruel days the number of offences for which the supreme punishment can be inflicted have been consistently reduced, and today, in this age of abolition, there exist only three crimes for which the abolition can be lifted. They are High Treason in time of War; Piracy with Violence on the High Seas; Setting Fire to Arsenals or Dockyards. Murder, under certain conditions, does still figure technically amongst the crimes, but it has not been incurred since general abolition in the 1960s.

The needling question, however, is that if the punishment is reinstated, by what means should it be deployed? The electric chair has shown some unnerving failings, and no-one really wants the victim to suffer unnecessarily. Beheading, by axe, seems too primitive, and by guillotine too efficient, and even then it has side effects. A decapitation by guillotine referred to by a participant, Dr Frederic Gaertner relates the following distressing details:

> 'Immediately after the head was severed and dropped into the basket, I took charge of it. The facial expression was that of great agony for several minutes after decapitation. He would open his eyes, also his mouth, in the process of gasping as if he wanted to speak to me, and I am positive he could see me for several seconds after the head was severed from the body. There is no doubt that the brain was still active . . .'

Such a tale is not unique. It is alleged that during the French Revolution when crowns were falling by the score a similar thing happened. A royalist had been guillotined, and the executioner's assistant picked the head out of the basket. Holding it by the hair he offered it to the jeering crowd, and then in mocking insult slapped its face – and in turn, to his horror, the head scowled back at him with its remaining moments of life.

All these other techniques are alien to our English way of life, or death. We do not approve of sensationalism, new fangled apparatus, or anything smacking of blood sports. So if the supreme punishment is reintroduced, then we may well recall the public hangman. Can we, however, always be so totally sure of the result of their craft?

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Jane

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
GEOFF HOWES

If you are ever lucky enough to meet 22-year-old Jane Ash, the first thing to strike you about her, apart from her lithe 35-23-35 figure, will be an aura of calm which seems to surround her. She appears to be totally content and tranquil, even on those rare occasions when she is forced to leave her native Cornish village to come up to town, to buy artist's equipment.

Jane's love of the simple life is reflected in her habit of wandering around as nature intended. 'My garden is quite secluded so I can work away there without any clothes on, letting the fresh air get to my whole body. It is so exhilarating and I often get turned on like that.' One summer's day Jane was weeding her lettuce patch *au naturel* when a local fisherman turned up with some freshly-caught lobsters for her. 'He was quite young and much more embarrassed than I was. But when I convinced him how good it felt he too stripped off. And we ended up having those lobsters for breakfast.' Living near the coast, Jane is a strong swimmer and likes to take a daily dip right up to the end of October. 'I'd like to swim right through the winter as well, but I've not got that much willpower.' Asked whether she plans to carry on living the good life, Jane said, 'It suits me fine at the moment. But one day I'll probably marry a fisherman and hopefully have a big brood of kids.'

Jane has turned her back on the hurly-burly of our technological 20th Century age and opted for the simple life. 'I spent a year at art school in London, but couldn't take the pressure of living in a big city, with all that noise, crowds and polluted air,' she explained, 'so I moved to a beautiful little cottage out in the wilds where I can earn a living painting and selling my work to tourists.' She does have some modern conveniences at home like electricity and running water, but likes to grow as much of her food as possible in her half-acre garden and always bakes her own bread. Geoff Howes met her and took these photos in Singapore where Jane was visiting relatives. 'I loved the jungle out there, it's so wild you almost expect tigers to leap out at you. But although I yelled out, "Me Jane, where's Tarzan?" he didn't come swinging out of the trees to meet me. However I did do quite a few paintings of the beautiful forest.'

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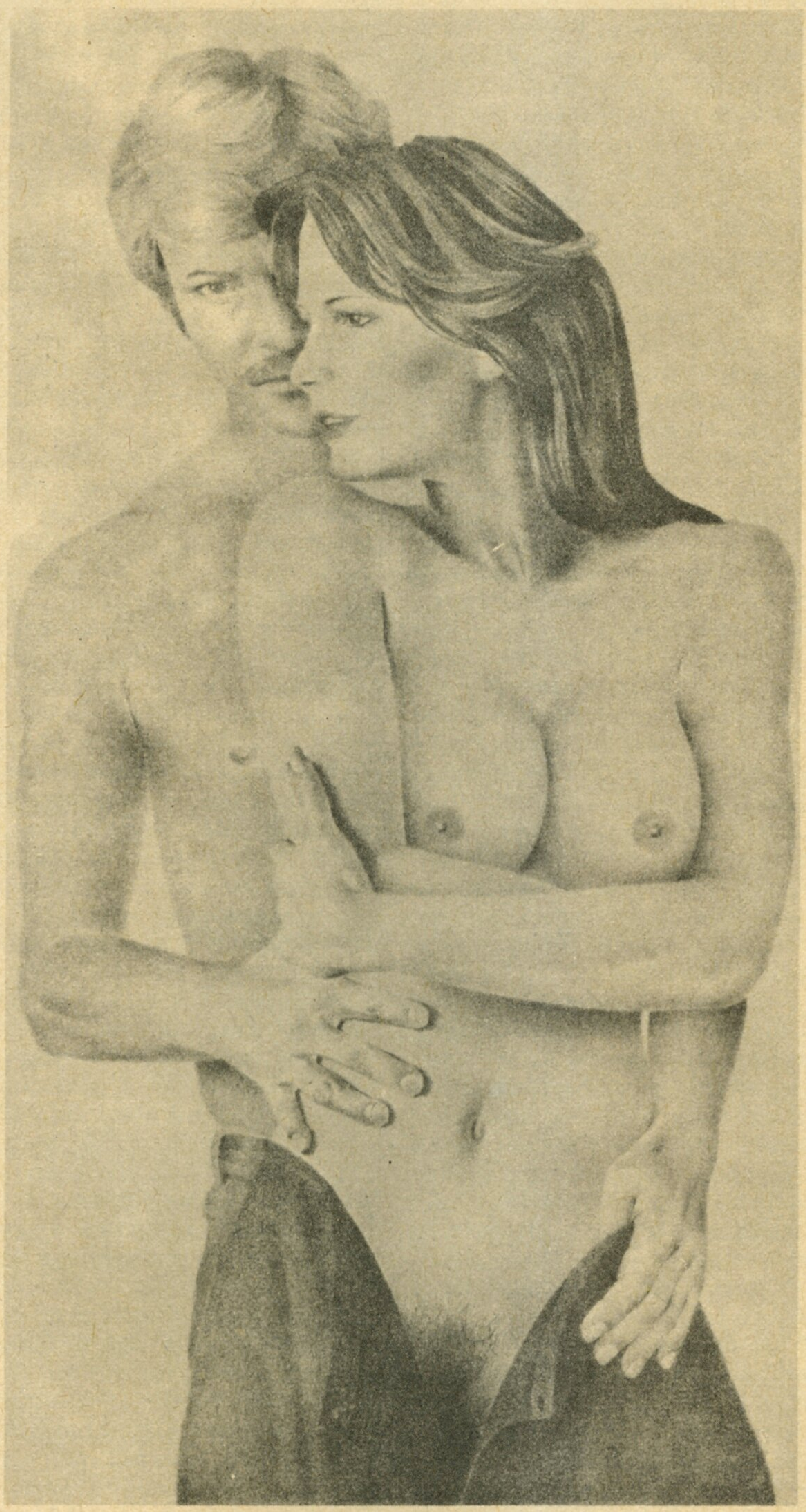

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Thirteen

The old saying that opposites attract is true too of many a sexual liaison. Just as a woman may be attracted to a randy labourer, so also can a man fancy someone outside his circle of acquaintances. This month Quest talks to three men who were attracted by women they would normally think of as 'scrubbers'.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Company director, 33 years old, town of origin Solihull**

This male interviewee is very ambitious, both at work and socially. He is still single, but a relationship with the 'boss's daughter' is becoming quite serious.

Quest: How would you describe your type of woman?

Director: Oh, I suppose the classic tall, willowy, fragile English rose. Bit predictable really.

Quest: Why is that?

Director: Well, for two reasons I suppose. Firstly, I unashamedly admit to being a snob and therefore I like my partners to suit this side of my character. And the second reason is purely sexual.

Quest: Would you mind explaining?

Director: This may sound a little strange, but it's somehow thrilling to see an immaculate woman and then discover that she's just the same underneath.

Quest: But recently you enjoyed a complete contrast from your norm?

Director: That's right – quite a night that was too. Imagine someone totally opposite to a sophisticated, well-groomed woman, Janis is her.

Quest: And who exactly is Janis?

Director: As I said, she's the petrol pump attendant I sometimes see on the way home. It's one of those old-fashioned type of garages with a small workshop and a couple of petrol pumps. They're not self-service – that's why I go there. And I think Janis was somehow related to the owner. You see, in the evening the workshops would be empty and Janis would be on her own there.

Quest: So what attracted you to this girl?

Director: I think to be honest the answer is pure lust. She must have been about 20 and had the most perfect little body you could imagine – very curvy, but not fat, mind you. Her jeans were faded and looked as though they'd been painted on. I awarded her bottom ten out of ten and her jeans would disappear right into the crack of her bottom. And they were so tight I'd swear I could make out the outline of everything round the front. She'd often have her jeans tucked into high boots, while on top she was always wearing a very tight black bomber style leather jacket. And in the summer I don't reckon she had much on underneath it. The zip was pulled down just enough to see a bit of cleavage, and at the bottom I often caught sight of her very deep navel.

Quest: Was she attractive?

Director: I suppose she could have been, but she wasn't really to my usual tastes. She had dark hair, but dyed it so blonde it was almost white. And you could always see patches of black roots. Oh yes, and she would also cake mascara all round her eyes. There's her rings as well – one on every finger and thumb on both hands. The lot must have been worth a pound easily.

Quest: You don't paint a very pretty picture of Janis.

Director: No, I suppose I don't. But she was – how can I put it – so sort of raunchy. This may sound terrible, but I just wanted to tear those tight jeans off her and prod and poke and lick and suck every crevice in her outrageous young body. I didn't want there to be any preamble or preliminary courtship. That would have spoilt it.

Quest: And your opportunity came?

Director: Yes, but I wasn't totally surprised. Although she probably flaunted a bit over every male customer who went into the garage I got the distinct impression she reserved a bit of extra treatment for me.

Quest: How do you mean?

Director: Oh, I know that may have sounded very conceited, but I think it was my car, and not so much me that interested her.

Quest: What is it?

Director: It's a Lotus Eclat, bright red. Loved it she did. Kept asking me questions about how fast it would go and one day she asked to sit in it. I thought to myself here's my big chance and I offered to take her for a spin, but she said she couldn't leave the station. Instead she just sat in the passenger seat twiddling the radio knobs and when she started sliding her fingers up and down the gear lever I couldn't believe it was really happening. I thought that sort of thing only happened in films.

Quest: Did it go any further?

Director: Not then. I suggested to her that I came back when she finished at nine to take her for a spin. But she said she had to meet her boyfriend. I didn't push it any further then because I began to wonder if it was her taking me for a ride. Perhaps she was just a teaser who led all her male customers up the garden path. So I didn't push it any more.

Quest: But what happened later?

Director: Well, I continued to call at the garage a couple of nights a week and every time Janis would stroke the car, pout her bright red lips and wiggle those beautiful curves of hers to full effect. She had another little habit that almost made me jump out of my skin each time she did it.

Quest: What was that?

Director: If she was waiting for me to pay her she would often rest her hand down the front of her jeans – not just the tips of her fingers, but nearly all of her hand. She must have been able to reach her, you know, hairs down there. Anyway, as I was saying, this little raver would continue making a right exhibition of herself, but I refused to be drawn in. I didn't want to be made a fool of. Then one evening I'd just had ten gallons put in and she did something for the very first time. She asked if I wanted my oil and water checked. Well, I obviously said yes – any chance to ogle her was worth waiting for. She had a T-shirt on that evening – no bra, of course – and as she washed the windscreen down a little water splashed over the front of her T-shirt making it cling to her. I could feel myself just starting to go erect and when she bent over to check the oil I went all the way stiff. Her perfect little bottom poked out and her T-shirt rode up her back. I just wanted to ram myself against her and slip my hands under her T-shirt and cup her breasts.

Quest: I take it you didn't.

Director: No. But I did ask if there was any chance of a more thorough service after she closed. Expecting another excuse about some boyfriend or other you can imagine my surprise when she said, 'yes I think I can service some of your other equipment later.' I asked her if I should call back at nine and when she said yes I nearly jumped out of my skin with excitement. I had about ninety minutes to kill so I found a pub a couple of miles down the road. At nine on the dot I roared back onto the forecourt – well, you do that sort of thing to impress birds, don't you – but instead of taking me into the workshops she suggested that I took her out for a test run first. Of course I burnt a fair bit of rubber and made the valves rattle a couple of times just to show off, but I think it had the desired effect. She lay back and closed her eyes and for a while she cupped her hands between her legs. Then she started the old gear lever knob stroking routine again, only this time she moved her hand up and down a little faster. My instincts told me we would go all the way so what I did next sounds a little strange now, but it didn't at the time.

Quest: What was that?

Director: I just unzipped myself and took Janis's hand from the gear lever and placed it on my erection.

Quest: Did she mind at all?

Director: Her face broke into a grin as she started to rub me up and down. She didn't open her eyes at once, but with her left hand she undid the popper at the top of her jeans and eased down the zip. Then she slid her left hand down the front of her pants and started moving it up and down at the same speed as her right hand. I couldn't actually see her crotch or anything, but it was beautiful to watch one of her hands working herself and the other me. After a little while though she moved her head over to my lap and placed her mouth over my tool, but I had to pull her away.

Quest: Why was that?

Director: Well, I was on the brink of coming of course and I wanted to save myself for later. Besides there were two other reasons as well. After all, I was driving albeit slowly, and Janis was forever chewing gum and I didn't want any of that wrapped around my old man. I had to stop the car and Janis looked hurt and asked if I didn't enjoy it. I didn't say I was saving myself for later – instead I said I was a bit worried about her chewing gum. She laughed and said she would get rid of it. And with that she leaned over and started kissing me. She pushed her gum into my mouth and, you know, it really got me going.

Quest: Did you go back to the garage?

Director: Oh yes, and for the first time I felt as though I was master of the situation. She looked a little vulnerable sitting there, but I still wanted her as badly as ever even though there was no real mental contact between us. We arrived back at the garage and she let us in the back door. It had that distinctive smell of worn metal and old oil. There were thumb-marked tyre calendars on the walls and in a way they seemed the perfect surroundings for taking this girl. She put on the lights and came over to me and we started kissing again. I leaned back against a car because it seemed to be the only clean thing in there and without any preamble I eased her T-shirt up over her head to reveal two full but very firm and round young breasts. Her large pink nipples went erect almost instantly to the touch, but I was soon sucking and nibbling each one in turn. She didn't remain passive either because very quickly Janis was pulling my trousers down. In fact she was getting ahead of me so I pulled down her jeans and pants in one swift movement. In contrast to her bleached white hair her pubes were jet black, but I could make out her fleshy crack beneath them. It looked very pink and dry and I wanted to make it wet with my tongue. I tried crouching in front of her but it was a bit difficult so I asked her to kneel on the bonnet of the car. It also gave me an excuse to look at her bottom for the first time. It was absolutely perfect. I flicked my tongue around her opening, but not right into it yet. I also ran it up and down the crack of her bottom and I asked her if she'd mind doing what she did in the car. She understood right away and started to rub herself with her fingers. My tongue competed with her finger and soon she came to a full orgasm.

Quest: Did you have full intercourse?

Director: I should say so. By now she was very damp down there and glistening, so I asked her if it was alright to go all the way. She said she was on the pill, so with her still kneeling on the bonnet of the car I eased my erection into her. As I moved in and out I alternated between reaching under and fondling her breasts and rubbing her bottom. The sight of this perfect young body contrasted against the oily workshop and gave me a sudden thrill, and I couldn't hold back any longer. I really pumped it into her. It was her amazing body that got me going.

Quest: Did you ever have another service at the garage?

Director: No. I didn't want to either. In fact a few weeks later she moved on somewhere. I started buying petrol at another garage. But I am occasionally tempted to

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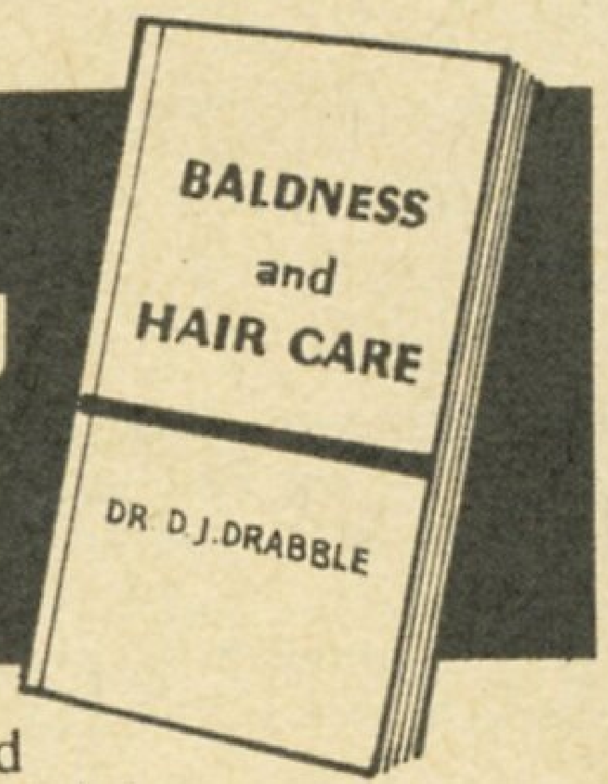

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Quest: Thank you very much.

Two Executive, 39 years old, town of origin, Leicester

This – male – interviewee has worked for a nationalised industry since he left school. He is now an executive in one of the regional boards. He is married with three children.

Quest: Are you happy in your sex life?

Executive: Yes, of course I am. I love my wife and children. We still lead a quite active sex life although perhaps we no longer have relations so often as we did when we were first married. I mean one doesn't, does one?

Quest: So extra-marital affairs are not for you?

Executive: No way. I've yet to meet any woman who is a half-the-house job.

Quest: You mean divorce settlement?

Executive: Yes, my wife is not the sort of person to take my having an affair lying down, if you see what I mean: she would have her bags packed and be on her way to her mother's if she had the hint of an affair. And I've worked too hard and long to throw it all away now.

Quest: But that doesn't stop you from looking at other women, does it?

Executive: No, sure, one always feels one could do some damage to an atttractive woman.

Quest: Does that only include women from within your own social group?

Executive: Yes, mostly.

Quest: Why mostly?

Executive: Because you know of my, what shall I call it, indiscretion, with that scrubber.

Quest: You mentioned it earlier yes, but was that an isolated case, or do you know many other women from such backgrounds?

Executive: No I don't; it's not deliberate or anything but I just don't come across them either socially or at home.

Quest: Can you tell me how it came about that you *did* have sexual intercourse with this woman you mentioned earlier.

Executive: It makes me shudder now everytime I recall it, how I could have risked it. And she was so tarty at it. Looking back now, if it was a sexual release I was after, then perhaps it would have been better to have gone to a high class prostitute or something. It turned out so squalid: I'm not very proud of myself now.

Quest: And at the time?

Executive: At the time it was different, it was a momentary weakness and an overwhelming lust, and the realisation that if I played my cards right I might get somewhere.

Quest: Let's go to the beginning, how did you meet her?

Executive: You'll see what I mean when I said 'squalid'. I'd had to go up north for a technical briefing and it meant that I'd have to stay overnight. I had a meal in the hotel and as it was still early I decided to have a walk round town, maybe go to the pictures. But when I found the cinema there was nothing on I wanted to see. So I went into a pub which was close by for a drink before heading back to my hotel. It was dark and impossible to tell what the place was like from the outside but it seemed popular with lots of people going inside. I went into the public bar and was astounded – it was so grubby, the carpet was tacky from spilled beer, it was smokey, reasonably full and full of men. There wasn't a woman to be seen, save for one behind the bar. I thought for a moment it might be one of those homosexual meeting places, but they all looked too masculine to be perverts. And then I saw a poster on the wall advertising strip tease on three days a week both at lunchtime and evening. It's not the sort of pub I usually go to and I was just about to turn round and walk out when I caught sight of the model or stripper, or whatever you call them.

Quest: You changed your mind?

Executive: It was sort of changed for me.

Quest: What do you mean?

Executive: She was threading her way right towards me, well, really towards the bar, and I was goggle-eyed. She had on a robe but underneath I could see that she was wearing black stockings, high-heels, suspenders, panties and a black tight basque. She looked like the typical male fantasy figure, more or less she could have stepped from one of your readers' letters. I must have looked conspicuous as I was in a suit and most others there were in Parkas, anoraks or jeans. 'You look lost,' she said as she approached me. 'Sorry, I wasn't expecting this, I'm only staying in town overnight. I didn't know . . .' 'That's all right,' she said, mockingly, 'we won't tell anyone. I'm sure a genlteman like you has seen a woman before.' And with that she asked me if I'd buy her a drink. Her robe was open at the front and her breasts looked so huge and inviting being pushed up by the tight-fitting basque. I couldn't take my eyes from her. She was small, obviously had a good figure and she was young and pretty. I bought her a drink and she stretched up and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I felt every pair of eyes on me all of a sudden, I could have crawled into the woodwork. I felt so small.

Quest: All of you?

Executive: That was it, I started to feel myself stir, so I turned to face the bar so no one would see. I started chatting to her, every now and again looking at her boobs, and explained that I hadn't been to a striptease for a good fifteen or so years. She told me a lot had changed. She said she was on in a minute, thanked me for the drink and that as it was the last strip she'd be back in about ten minutes if I'd care to buy her another. She then went off and came round with the mug.

Quest: For tips?

Executive: Yes. Somehow I really started to fancy my chances with her and when she came to me with the mug I put a fiver in it, all folded up, so no one else would see what a fool I was making of myself. But she noticed. 'Keep hold of this for me,' she said giving me the kitty as she made her way through the audience to the stage. And she wasn't kidding when she said a lot had changed.

Quest: What do you mean?

Executive: In my day a girl would strip bare boobed, even nude but would never show anything below.

Quest: And she did?

Executive: She was dancing to some awful pop music, but there wasn't any subtlety to her act, not how I remembered it, anyhow.

Quest: What did she do?

Executive: She sort of jiggled about a lot, did some kicks and then turned her back to the audience, bent over and ran her hands right along her crack, from her bottom right round. But that wasn't it, she started taking off her things and soon she was completely nude, sitting back on a chair with her legs wide apart running her finger all over her clitty and inside her pussy lips. Then she did the same trick as before, only this time nude – you could see absolutely everything. I was absolutely staggered. And then to a great cheer she dipped her finger – the one that had done the walking – into someone's beer. When she came off stage she just gathered her discarded clothes and walked nude to the ladies. I think her walking nude through the throng of men, was more erotic than her act. I began to feel very randy, especially with a couple of pints inside me. As it was the last strip the bar emptied very quickly – they put on 10p a pint so little wonder – and I was staring into my beer when I heard this voice come up behind me. 'I told you things had changed, didn't I,' she said. 'Last time I saw a strip show the girl didn't show anything down below,' I said. I could have called it quits there and then, but her body was so desirable – she had only put on a blouse and cardigan and a pair of jeans but they were so tight, they moulded themselves to her every nook and cranny, and her boobs jiggled so enticingly under her blouse that it was a hard job stopping from just grabbing them.

Quest: What happened later?

Executive: I bought her another drink and we went and sat at one of the tables. I asked her if she wasn't worried about going home by herself. She said she usually had her boyfriend with her in the evenings, just in case, but that everyone knew her at the pub anyway. Gradually I shifted the conversation around to her work and I asked her if she did other ruder things for private parties. 'Is that an offer?' she asked. I could hardly believe it still: there I was getting involved in a dirty conversation with this tart, and more and more I was becoming convinced that I could have her if I wanted.

Quest: And you decided you wanted her?

Executive: Only sexually. As we were talking I was thinking in my mind the things I could do to her – which way I'd have her, and in the end and with the adrenalin surging through me I decided to see if she was as willing as she seemed or whether it was a con.

Quest: What did you do?

Executive: I put my hand on her thigh and she made no protest, so I moved it higher until I was rubbing her along her slit outside her jeans.

Quest: What was her reaction?

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Executive: Quite casually she reached down and put her hand on my crutch and squeezed me through my trousers. I felt myself start to stir and then she got up and went to the ladies. I thought it was over, wondered whether or not to go, and decided to slip away before she came back. I hurried down the last few mouthfuls and left. When I got outside I walked on a bit and then I began to regret having left. It wasn't a case of being unfaithful to my wife, it was simply a case of lust after this tart. It would be a once in a lifetime thing to screw someone so obviously tartish, so I headed back to the pub. I met her as she was coming out alone. 'I thought you'd gone' she said. I apologised then asked her if she'd come back to my hotel room. 'What do you think I am,' she said, 'just because I strip for a living, I'm not a whore.' I could have died, honestly. I was dumbfounded. 'But you are quite good-looking, and I'm not going into any hotel room – they'd find out and create a scene, I've got a good job in the day.'

Quest: So where did you go?

Executive: She asked if I had a car, and I told her I did and that it was in the nearby underground car park. She said we could go there as there was never anyone there at night. We walked to the car and we got into the front seat – it's a bench seat – and we started to kiss. I wriggled my tongue into her mouth and began sucking and nipping at her lips and managed to get a hand round and undo her blouse. Her breasts were so warm to touch and her nipples were standing out like coat hooks as I rubbed them. 'Lick me,' she said, 'lick my nipples, suck them hard.' As I moved my head down to take her nipples in my mouth her hands moved down and undid my zip, and brought me out. I was semi-erect as it was and she began squeezing my balls and I thought that I'd come before I'd even felt her snatch. 'So fat,' she said, 'I can hardly get my hands round it.' She eased away slightly then lowered her head till her lips were around it. It was marvellous, my wife won't do that for me. I could feel my orgasm building up, but no matter I didn't want to come that way so I said so. She was panting and so was I, as the car was so cramped she zipped me up and led me out in the darkened car park to the stairwell where there was a dark alcove. She undid her jeans and slid them over her bum and leaned against the wall with her bottom bare and inviting. I unbuttoned my trousers and let them fall, I still had an erection and I brought it up between her legs and found her slit. She said it felt so hot nuzzling between her lips. 'Push it in,' she said, 'right in. Fuck me, fuck me hard.' It seemed to spur me on, I wanted to fill her to screw her so hard and teach her a lesson for being so available. She was moaning as I pushed into her, deeper and deeper with each stroke, and I had to 'ssh' her, in case anyone might hear. It was a magnificent screw, humping into her from behind and squeezing her tits so tight I thought they'd pop. My orgasm came very quick, I didn't last very long at all, and I seemed to spurt in her for ages. She said that I needed it.

Quest: Did she orgasm?

Executive: She said she had, but who knows she could have been faking, but right afterwards I started to feel ashamed and I really didn't care anymore. All I wanted to do was escape from her. I felt so cheap, but also very happy with it. And satisfied.

Quest: Was that the only time you made love to her?

Executive: Yes.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Market researcher, male, 35 years old, town of origin, Colchester**

This interviewee is married and is employed by a market research company to visit various households and carry out surveys.

Quest: Is your sex life satisfactory?

Researcher: You mean with my wife?

Quest: Yes.

Researcher: Yes. I think it is. We have it quite regularly and though there isn't the same excitement there was when we met as students, I'm sure we still enjoy each other sexually.

Quest: Did you have affairs with anyone else before this girl Anne you told me about.

Researcher: It wasn't an affair. That implies it went on for some time. What happened between Anne and me that day was a one-off thing. There is a difference.

Quest: Yes, sorry. But was there anyone else before her?

Researcher: No, nobody. I'd been faithful to my wife for ten years, ever since we married. And I have been faithful ever since. Apart from that one encounter I have not had sex with anyone else.

Quest: What caused you to have that encounter with Anne?

Researcher: I've been trying to puzzle that out ever since it happened. I've given it a lot of thought and have decided it can only have been because she was such a tart. She fascinated me, and turned me on in a crude, earthy sort of way, so different from my wife. I had nothing in common with Anne. We were from different backgrounds and we really had nothing to say to each other.

Quest: So she attracted you because she was a tart, really?

Researcher: That's right. There's an old saying about girls you marry and girls you go to bed with. Well, she was the type that even the happiest of married men fantasise about.

Quest: How did you meet her?

Researcher: Through my job. I had to interview people living in one particular block of council flats in Dagenham and she was one of them.

Quest: Were you attracted to her from the start?

Researcher: Sort of, but it was only when I got talking to her and found out she was available that I took much notice of her.

Quest: What do you mean by 'available'?

Researcher: Well, it turned out she was a divorcee, living alone with a couple of kids. They were at school.

Quest: What was she like?

Researcher: A working-class type. You

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know, married at sixteen, divorced at 20. Physically she was quite attractive, or would have been if she had bothered to make something of herself, dress nicely and use some make-up. She was about 23 or 24 with dyed blonde hair and quite a trim, slim figure for someone who has had two kids.

Quest: Did she look scruffy then?

Researcher: Yes. Well, not scruffy. But it was obvious she hadn't bothered. It was nearly noon when I arrived and she was still in her dressing-gown. It was that that made me notice her.

Quest: How was that?

Researcher: It was only tied very loosely at the waist and I could see she had nothing on under it. It kept gaping open at the top so I could nearly see her boobs, but not quite. They looked very firm from what I could see of them.

Quest: Did you chat her up?

Researcher: Yes. I suppose you'd call it that. I gave her the old flannel about why was a pretty young woman like her living alone. That sort of thing.

Quest: Did you hope to have sex with her, then?

Researcher: It wasn't even a hope. I had noted her figure and I was just chatting her up casually like any chap does to a good-looking bird, whether he plans on trying to have it off with her or not.

Quest: How did she respond?

Researcher: Very well. It turned out that with the kids she didn't get out much to meet any men. And she seemed very impressed by my job. It seemed so easy – I was chatting her up seriously before I realised it.

Quest: How did you take your relationship one stage further to the sexual level?

Researcher: It was her dressing-gown that triggered it off.

Quest: Her dressing-gown?

Researcher: Yes. She stood up to go and make me a cup of tea and it fell open. She managed to grab it before it fell completely open, but I got a good view of her boobs. Beautiful they were – small and pert and very firm, with large dark nipples. I couldn't help staring at them and she saw me staring. She was a bit indignant because I was so blatant about it. I suppose I was, really, but I couldn't help it.

Quest: What did she say?

Researcher: She said, 'Have you had your tuppence worth, or would you like another flash?' I said something about them being so beautiful I could go on looking at them for hours, or some old flannel like that. And it mollified her. She seemed to appreciate the compliment and laughed.

Researcher: What did you do?

Quest: I thought I was in with a slight chance, very slight, and I might as well find out. So I stood up, pulled her to me and kissed her hard on the mouth before she had a chance to say no. Well, she could hardly have said anything with my tongue halfway down her throat. Then I gently but firmly opened the front of her dressing gown and began to gently tease her nipples with the tips of my thumbs. I was half-expecting a slap round the face, but she seemed to be enjoying it because she began to breathe more deeply.

Quest: Did you have actual sexual intercourse that day?

Researcher: No. There wasn't time because her kids were due home for lunch from school. But we were both worked up and I'm sure I could have had her then and there if it hadn't been for that. She seemed a randy little tart, specially as she didn't get to meet many men. She seemed to be almost dying for it.

Quest: How did you know?

Researcher: Well, after I had teased her nipples until they were hard I began to rub them harder until I was rolling them between my fingers and thumbs. She responded very well, pushing her tongue into my mouth and breathing really heavily. When I bent my head down to flick my tongue round her left nipple she went mad, moaning and pulling my head to her until I had taken it in my mouth and was sucking and nibbling on it. I was hard as a rock and I guided her hand to the bulge in my trousers, which she began to rub and squeeze. But when I tried to open up her dressing gown completely so I could stroke her little pussy she stopped me and told me about the kids.

Quest: What did you do?

Researcher: What could I do? I didn't want the kids to come home and find me rogering their mother on the sofa. I kissed her again and left. But not before I made sure I accidentally forgot one of my files.

Quest: You left it there so you would have an excuse to go back?

Researcher: You catch on quick, don't you.

Quest: When did you go back?

Researcher: The next day, first thing. I made it my first call so we wouldn't be interrupted. I kept thinking about her that night while my wife and I were playing bridge with some friends. Her tartiness seemed so exciting compared to the type of woman I know. I'd never leave my wife for someone like that because I love her. But the idea of a quickie with her really turned me on. It put me right off my game and we lost for the first time in two months.

Quest: What happened when you went back?

Researcher: She was in her dressing gown again, and seemed quite pleased to see me, though she did ask in a sort of sarcastic way whether I had really forgotten the file. I don't think she was very worried, though, because she seemed quite eager when I just took her in my arms and kissed her. I soon had her dressing gown off and brought her nipples to attention like I had the day before. Then I explored new territory. She was wearing panties, pink ones, and as I kissed her I ran my hand over her flat stomach and onto her bulge, tickling her little naval on the way. She pressed close against me as I rubbed her through her panties and I soon felt her getting damp down there.

Quest: Did you have sex in the living room?

Researcher: Yes. We were both too worked up to go to the bedroom. I wanted her then and there, on the sofa. I pushed her back onto it and knelt between her legs. I flicked my tongue down her stomach, into her navel, which made her giggle, and then onto her panties. She was so damp. She started moaning loudly as I rubbed my face into the wispy material. Then I pulled them off and saw her little pussy for the first time. It was small and neat with a sparse covering of hair. It looked so inviting I kissed it and flicked it with my tongue before burying my face in her.

Quest: Did she enjoy that?

Researcher: I should say so. She was virtually writhing around, and when I focused my attention on her clitty she grabbed me by the hair and pushed my face even deeper into her. As she began to climax she moved her legs together and held me in a vice-like grip, moaning and saying all sorts of dirty things. Afterwards she just lay back on the sofa limply, gasping.

Quest: Did she perform oral sex on you?

Researcher: Oh yes. While she was recovering, I stood up and undressed. When I took off my underpants she pulled me towards her so I was virtually straddling her face. She started flicking her tongue around the tip, teasing me until I could hardly stand it. Then she took me into her mouth a hell of a long way, moving her head up and down the shaft and tickling my balls with her long fingernails.

Quest: Did you climax?

Researcher: No. I could feel myself building up to it, and I knew my control was slipping away, so I made her stop and turn round so her pert little bum was stuck up in the air. I wanted to take her doggy-style. It seemed fitting to use a position like that. My wife hates it because she says it is sort of degrading for the woman. I pushed myself in about an inch and left it there, teasing her while I explored the rest of her with my fingers. Then I began to move in and out, just a little way and very slowly. She was starting to breathe heavily again, and when I rammed it in as far and as hard as I could she gasped. I thrust in and out, moving faster and faster and with harder and harder strokes.

Quest: Did you climax?

Researcher: Yes, we both did. My balls were slapping against her thighs as we both approached a climax together. Then she started talking dirty again, begging me to fill her and to give her everything I had. She was yelling, 'Fuck me, fuck me,' and that sent me over the top. I'd never had a woman act so abandoned like that before. And when she spoke like that I couldn't hold out any longer. I was worried that someone like that wouldn't have taken any precautions, so I pulled out at the last moment. She climaxed at the same time with yells and shouts.

Quest: Did you stay long with her after you'd had sex?

Researcher: No. I had work to do, and she had to go shopping. We cleaned up and I thanked her and left. I felt guilty about it for a while, but what's wrong with a bit on the side with a tart now and again, I decided. I've been faithful to my wife ever since, though.

Quest: Thank you.

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THERESE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

If you work in the central London area and have a penchant for tutti frutti, pistachio and raspberry ripple, you will probably recognise Therese Scott. For Therese works in an ice-cream parlour where you will find her 34-23-35 figure wrapped in a frilly apron as she creates exotic desserts in any combination.

'I love my job because I have a passion for ice-cream and must get through gallons of it every week. If I didn't play squash three times a week I'd put on lots of weight, I'm sure.' A friendly, easy-going girl, Therese, 21, gets on well with people and enjoys a joke with the customers. 'A great majority of the regulars are businessmen, which I found surprising at first. But I think most men are little boys at heart. They don't grow up, they just grow bigger.' One pinstripe-suited chap recently told Therese he'd like to take her home and smother her in peach melba. 'I just told him, ''Never on a sundae,'' and asked if he wanted crushed nuts – on his ice-cream of course,' she laughed. One day Therese hopes to own an ice-cream parlour herself.

Apart from playing squash, Therese keeps herself in trim with daily runs out on Wandsworth Common where she lives. 'I'm a bit of a keep fit fanatic and like to get half an hour of running in before I set off for work every day.' Therese likes her boyfriends to be fit as well. 'If one is staying with me at the weekend I get him out running with me. One chap set off with me all eager then after a quarter of a mile flopped down onto a bench and said he had a stitch. He promised to catch me up, but I had to go back to find him when he didn't turn up. He was laying flat out on the bench fast asleep. That relationship didn't last very long. I think I frightened him off.'

Lucky Lancs

continued from page 41

intercom, completely cut off from the rest of the crew by fire-proof doors, but he had his own means of exodus from the aircraft when necessary – he could rotate his turret, slide open the doors and drop out backwards into space with a reasonable chance of survival as long as the power system was still working and he was wearing his parachute. All the other members of the crew, in an emergency, had to find their way out by jettisoning hatches provided at intervals along the top of the fuselage, squeezing their way through the apertures and jumping off into the wide black yonder.

The aircraft could carry a massive bomb load of up to 18,000 lbs and defensive armament comprised eight Browning .303 inch machine-guns mounted in various marks of FN turrets – two in the nose, two in the mid upper and four for the rear gunner. The FN, incidentally, was for Frazer Nash, a company better known for its sports cars than for its contribution to the war effort. Occasionally a ventral turret was fitted with one additional machine-gun, especially useful on low level daylight missions.

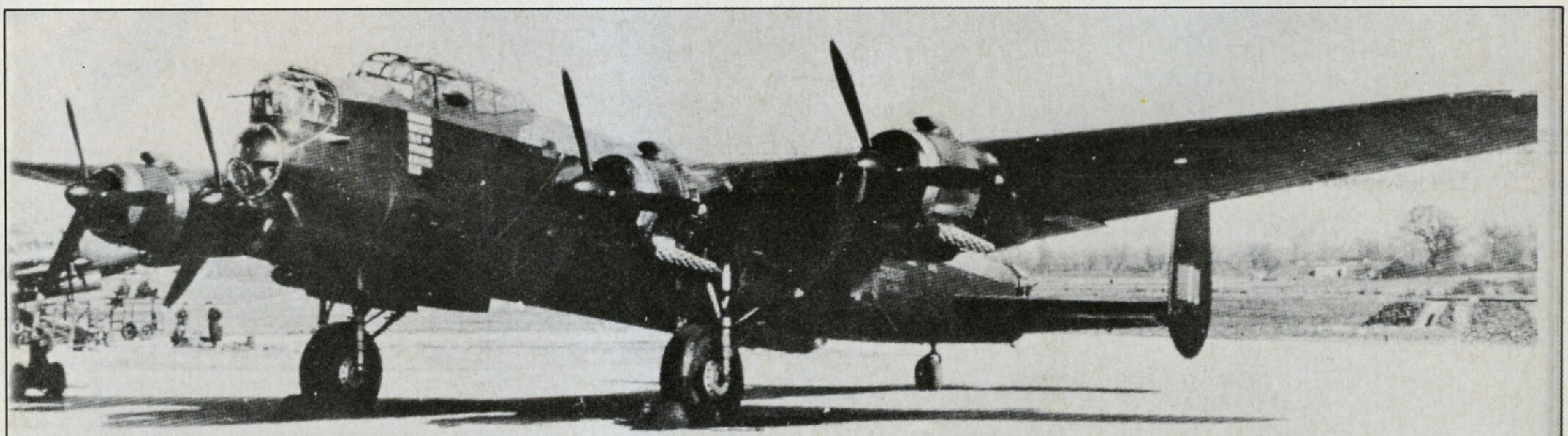
It was on daylight missions, in fact, that the Lancaster was first used operationally, the initial attack being made on April 17, 1941 by twelve aircraft against factories in Augsburg which manufactured diesel engines for U-boats. There were six aircraft each from Nos 44 and 97 Squadrons and they set out on the 500 mile round trip, nearly all of it over enemy held territory. A diversionary raid was mounted over the Pas de Calais area with thirty Boston medium bombers heavily escorted by fighters, but the device failed to work and prowling Me 109s and Fw 190s soon pounced on the six Lancasters of 44 Squadron led by Squadron Leader John Nettleton. Four of them were quickly shot down, their Browning machine-guns quite incapable of matching the cannon fire from the German fighters. But the remaining two, including Nettleton's, pressed on towards the target despite the fact that in Nettleton's case there was no longer a machine-gun on board capable of firing. The two aircraft made it to Augsburg, successfully identified the target, and dropped their bombs with precision. Nettleton turned for home but his companion was hit by flak, set on fire and crash-landed. Then 97 Squadron arrived to meet a vigorous reception from an aroused enemy. The flak was heavy but the pilots pressed home the attack with impressive determination. The bombing was accurate but costly in the terms of aircraft lost. Only Nettleton's aircraft from 44 Squadron and two others from 97 Squadron returned to base. Squadron Leader Nettleton, a South African from Natal, was awarded a Victoria Cross for his splendid performance.

There were other daylight excursions by Lancasters, but with the emergence of the Mosquito, an extremely fast twin-engined bomber ideally equipped for daylight operations, the Lancaster reverted to the role for which it was entirely suited – night operations over the heartland of Germany. From then on the Lancaster proved its real worth. There can be few German cities or industrial complexes which were not recipients of its attention. Starting off with traditional 250 and 500 lb bombs, they graduated to carrying the much more successful 1,000 pounder and then on to the really sophisticated 4,000, 8,000 and even 12,000 pounders. These were the bombs known to the general public as 'block busters' although the aircrews called them 'cookies'. Most fascinating of the big bombs were those designed by Dr N Barnes Wallis who headed the Armament Research Department at Vickers-Armstrong. A designer and inventor of unusual resource and unfailing novelty he produced 'Tallboy', a slim-line projectile of 12,000 pounds and the truly gigantic 'Grand Slam', a 22,000 lb bomb which has since been described as 'the ultimate in non-nuclear weapons'. These two bombs were designed for the specific purpose of penetrating the earth near a strategic target (Barnes Wallis calculated that Tallboy released from 40,000 feet would nose its way through 135 feet of sand) then to detonate with an earthquake effect to destroy a factory or some similar industrial complex. Tallboy was particularly successful in an attack against the Saumur railway tunnel and later in a strike against the *Tirpitz*. Grand Slam had its big moment in February, 1945 when it knocked over the Bielefeld viaduct. But the Barnes Wallis masterpiece was the device originally christened the 'Scampton Steamroller' but now encapsulated in military history as the 'Bouncing Bomb'. This, of course, was the weapon used against the Ruhr dams, and the aircraft which carried them were Lancasters.

A special squadron, No 617, was formed at Scampton in Lincolnshire under the leadership of Wing Commander Guy Gibson, a tough and resourceful young man of 25 who had already notched up a DSO and two DFCs in his three tours of operations. He was allowed to hand pick his crews for a 'special operation', the nature of which even he did not know initially. The bomb which Barnes Wallis had designed for this project was a most spectacular and revolutionary piece of mechanism. The dams, although only lightly defended, were very difficult to attack because they were protected by nets – which ruled out torpedoes – and high level bombing would be insufficiently accurate while conventional low level bombing was far too much of a hit and miss affair to be really dependable. Faced with this problem, Barnes Wallis came up with his spinning bomb concept, one of the more fanciful – and successful – innovations of World War Two. Strung up in the bomb bay of the Lancaster the drum shaped container was set revolving backwards at high revolutions powered by the aircraft's own internal systems. When dropped at predetermined height and distance from the dam wall, the bomb skipped across the surface of the water much like a flat pebble skimmed across a pond by a small boy and then, hitting the dam wall and still under the influence of the back spin, dropped like a stone to the foundations where it exploded on a time device.

It all needed a fair amount of practice and a great-deal of low level flying went on by Gibson's well-decorated recruits. This included the successful destruction of a disused dam in Radnorshire with the somewhat reluctant approval of Birmingham Corporation, its owners, and countless complaints from the civilian population about dangerously low flying, most of which were ignored although one outraged motorist was assured by the local Group HQ that 'in future pilots will be instructed

turn to page 108



Bomb motifs indicate the number of completed operational trips. In three years Lancs dropped 608,000 tons of bombs in 156,000 sorties.

Lucky Lancs

continued from page 106

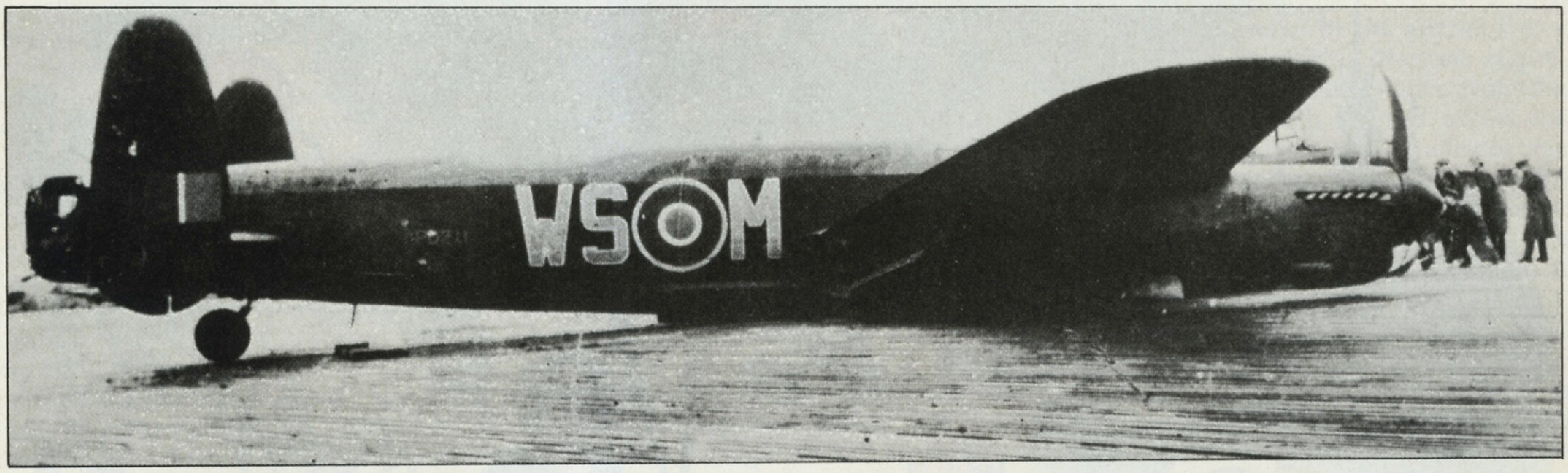
to behave with due regard to other road users'.

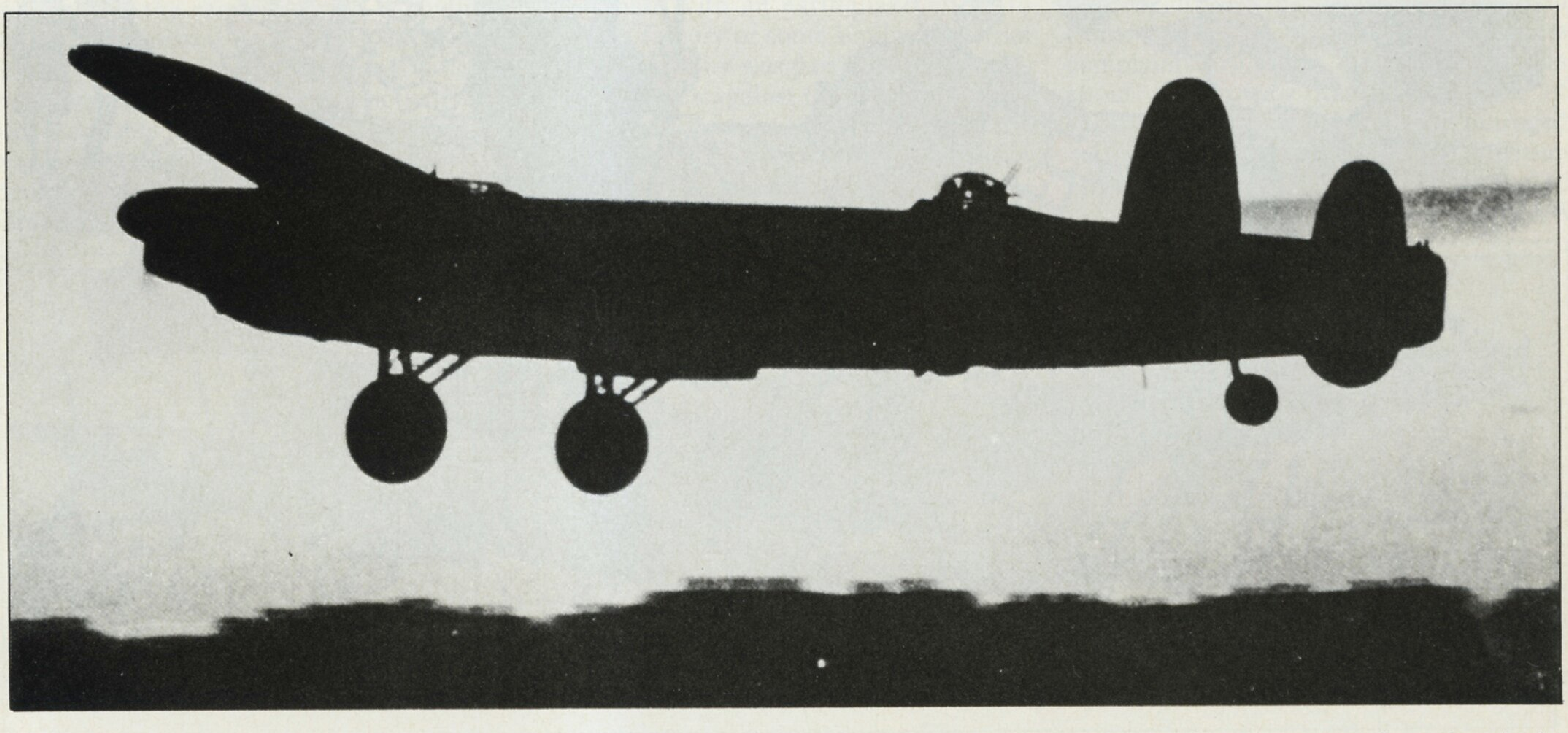
Modifications to the standard Lancaster frame were necessary. The dorsal turret and much of the armour were removed along with the bomb bay doors, either for weight saving or for space. And gadgets had to be invented. Barnes Wallis had calculated that the bombs must be dropped at a precise speed of 240 mph, at an exact height of 60 feet, and at a particular distance from the dam wall. Maintaining a constant speed was relatively easy, but the other matters posed some problems which were overcome with devastatingly simple and ingenious devices. The height factor was resolved by mounting two Aldis lamps with converging beams directed onto the placid waters of the lake – when the two discs of light met you were at the right altitude. An answer to the distance problem was contrived in a similar way. The bomb aimer was given a simple triangle of wood with two pins upstanding at the bottom corners of the isoceles. Peering from the apex he only had to line up his pin markers with the towers at each end of the dam to know when to release his bomb. One further innovation was the provision of a foot support – something like a pair of stirrups – for the front gunner to keep his feet and lower legs up in midair where they would not distract the bomb aimer from his vital task.

The great day arrived on May 16, 1943 when nineteen Lancasters left Scampton, bound for the Ruhr valley. The main force under Gibson was headed for the Moehne Dam on the understanding that any bombs left over would be used against their secondary target, the Eder Dam. A third target, the Sorpe Dam was to receive attention from a second flight under Flight Lieutenant Joe McCarthy, an American from Brooklyn, New York. Although costly in terms of aircraft lost – two were damaged and had to return to base and eight more were shot down with the loss of practically all their crack crews – the raid was triumphantly successful. Both the Moehne and the Eder were breached and the Sorpe badly damaged. Tidal waves flooded down the Ruhr valley and a thousand people lost their lives to say nothing of the disruption caused to key factories in this vital area.

Night raids continued with Lancasters predominating among the Allied heavies until 1944 when, with air supremacy on their side and the invasion force building up, they reverted to daylight operations on short haul trips to tactical targets in France and the Low Countries, often with fighter escorts – Spitfires, Hurricanes, Thunderbolts and the long range Mustangs which could accompany them to Berlin if necessary. Gibson's 167 Squadron, now commanded by Wing Commander G L Cheshire who already held three DSOs and a DFC, was prominent in these pre D-Day raids. In fact, both Gibson and Cheshire were eventually awarded the Victoria Cross and altogether there were ten VCs awarded to Lancaster aircrew.

This implies a fair degree of heroism. Just to cite one single case, there was a strike against a ball bearing factory at Schweinfurt some 50 miles North West of Nuremburg. One of the Lancasters completed its bombing run successfully and climbed away from the target area to head for home. On the way it was pounced on at 20,000 feet by an enemy night fighter, a Focke Wulf 190, which raked the bomber with cannon fire and set the starboard inner engine ablaze. The flight engineer was Sergeant (later Warrant Officer) N C Jackson and he immediately pressed the button which activated the fire extinguisher mechanism, a safety device built in to each of the bomber's four engines; but





Top: Lancaster of No 9 Squadron crash-landed in Russia following a raid on the German battleship Tirpitz. *Runway is of wooden planks. Above: Lancaster of No 467 Squadron RAAF taking off on its 100th operation. It survived the war and is today at the RAF Museum, Hendon.*

that failed to put out the flames and Jackson, despite being wounded in the right leg and shoulder from splinters, requested and received permission from his captain to deal with the emergency in his own way. Pushing a hand fire extinguisher into his life jacket and clipping on his parachute pack, he opened and jettisoned the escape hatch over the cockpit and climbed out on to the top of the fuselage into a 200 mph slipstream. Crawling back along the top surface to the area of the wing root his parachute opened either through snagging the rip cord ring on some obstruction or through the sheer velocity of the slipstream. Whichever happened the canopy and shroud lines spilled out into the cockpit where bomb aimer, navigator and even pilot gathered them together and paid out the rigging lines as Sergeant Jackson, completely undeterred, carried on with his perilous voyage. Eventually he jumped for the starboard wing, landing heavily, but he just managed to get a handhold on an air intake on the leading edge. From that precarious position he was just able to insert the nozzle of his extinguisher through a slot in the engine cowling and managed to subdue the flames. But before he had finally quenched the fire the FW 190 came back for a further attack and the pilot had to take quick avoiding action. He corkscrewed but to no avail and, seeing a hopeless situation, the pilot gave the order to abandon aircraft. By this time fire had broken out afresh in the inner starboard engine and was spreading on to the wing. Sergeant Jackson, his portable fire extinguisher torn from his hand and losing hold of his tenuous grasp on the leading edge, slid back across the flames of the now burning wing and dropped off into space over the trailing edge, now connected to the aircraft only by the fragile umbilical cord of his parachute rigging lines. With frantic haste the bomb aimer and the navigator bundled together the silk of the canopy and hurled it out of the cockpit. As it opened they could see that it was only partially inflated and that both canopy and shroud lines were burning in a number of places. Badly burned in face and hands, wounded in leg and shoulder, Jackson was barely conscious in his descent except for the stinging cold of the night air which partly revived him and providentially blew out the fire in his parachute. The canopy was badly holed, however, and he made an overfast landing which broke one of his ankles and severely sprained the other. He spent ten months in a prisoner of war hospital, eventually making a good recovery although his burned hands were never the same again. For his courage and gallantry he was awarded the VC. Sometimes it was not heroism but sheer luck – good or bad as the lady dealt the cards. Two well-cited cases serve to illustrate the point. First the good luck: a Lancaster crew on a conversion training flight took off from Winthorpe in Nottinghamshire for a two hour cross-country trip and were scarcely airborne before all navigational aids and the radio failed. Finding themselves over the sea, they turned and headed for home. They identified Boston and kept on course as far as they were able, but it was getting dark and low cloud obscured visibility. They thought that they were at 2,000 feet until, ploughing on, they suddenly saw a weathercock in front of them. This obstacle was successfully by-passed by a haul back on the stick and application of maximum throttle. They had just managed to avoid the total destruction of themselves, their aircraft and Grantham Church.

And the bad luck. Accidents on take off happened from time to time and aircraft fully-loaded with fuel and bombs were highly vulnerable. One such incident with a Lancaster of 460 Squadron is best described in the unemotional heart-rending words of the official report:

'(The aircraft) crashed immediately after takeoff, apparently as a result of some technical defect, because he was never in control of the aircraft during the short time it was airborne. He (the pilot) pleaded over the radio telephone with Group Captain Edwards, watching from the control tower, to advise him what to do, but before he had a chance to reply the lurching bomber, fully laden with bombs and petrol, crashed after doing half a circuit and killed the entire crew. A WAAF, also standing in the control tower, was carried away hysterical after hearing the screams of the doomed crew over the R/T just as they crashed.'

The last Lancaster raid of the war was a night affair when 119 machines raided fuel storage tanks for U-boats at Vallo in Norway. Pathfinder or master bomber on that occasion was Wing Commander M A Smith DFC and Bar who later became Editor of *Flight International,* and it is perhaps fitting that he should have the last word on this magnificent aircraft which now, along with the Spitfire and the Hurricane occupies a unique place in British aircraft history, an unusual accolade bestowed upon few other aeroplanes of World War Two and certainly to no other four engined bomber of the period. Wing Commander Smith put it like this, writing in *Flight International* some years after the war.

'I do not remember ever having met a pilot who did not like the Lanc. Most men in Bomber Command had a profound confidence in the ability of the aircraft and its four Merlins to get them home, come what might ... Here was a machine with response and spirit, which reacted to its controls like a big Tiger Moth ... You could see out of it well; it would fly on any two engines, there was power to spare ... Lancs were kind to their crews ... They could call upon remarkable reserves of power and strength. There was the 44 Squadron machine that was blown on to its back by a near miss and eventually pulled out of the dive almost at ground level. Dozens of under-wing rivets had torn out; and the dihedral, visible in the early light next morning, would have suited an elastic-driven model.'

'For Heck's sake take an aspirin and come back in the morning.'

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

his bedroom where he quickly removed the nightdress and knickers.

He quickly undressed and was soon inside me. I loved guiding his strength inside myself. With about a dozen strokes he made me climax and continued that climax or gave me more – I'm not sure where one ends and another begins – before climaxing himself. I was really turned on and after a little rest I got him hard again and we did it with me on top.

The next time we met it was as though nothing had happened, but a few weeks later he phoned me to say he had some photos of the dinner and would I like to see them? I chose a Saturday afternoon when my husband was playing football to visit John's flat.

I deliberately wore a blouse, but no bra, and a tight skirt with the fashionable slit up the side. It didn't take long to see the photographs and John's delightful prick was soon between my legs again.

If John is typical of older men then we young girls should do a bit of exploring away from our less-expert husbands.

Mrs L S, Surrey

I write in praise of the cartoon on page 11 of Vol 16 No 1, 'But breaking one teeny, weeny resolution can't be bad . . .' This may be because it touches off a memory of something similar which happened to my wife and myself.

We had moved into a new house after living in a flat for some years. For some time my wife, with my approval and encouragement, had been having boyfriends regularly and making love.

It had started innocently enough with a bit of fun with a male friend of ours, a sort of dare all round between the three of us when I suggested he stay the night. When he asked where he would sleep we said, jokingly, in our bed. It was a situation where, having said something, nobody likes to back down.

So our friend climbed into our bed, my wife in the middle. Once the initial nervousness evaporated quite quickly, screwing commenced. The trouble was that my wife and I found we liked it, so from then onwards she used to have boyfriends and lots of fun.

When we moved into the new house, it was like making a new start, and I suggested we put a stop to my wife's boyfriends. I think it was conscience getting to me. She agreed and so she became a perfectly ordinary housewife again. The months went by and we settled in.

One Sunday afternoon we started making love in the lounge, and very soon my wife was naked in the easy chair and I was applying myself to her. I asked her if she thought about doing it with another man and she said she did. I then asked if she would like to, and she said she was dying to.

We agreed that she would, and suddenly we were like a couple of kids with a new toy. She told me she had been wanting to have sex with someone else for months and had missed it so much. I told her I felt the same.

So it wasn't really a New Year's resolution that we broke, but it was a resolution anyway. Your cartoon sums it up admirably and though I cannot pretend my wife is as well endowed as the lady depicted, she never lacks admirers.

Our New Year's Resolution next year will be not to make stupid resolutions like that again.

G R, London SE9

My husband and I are regular readers of *Mayfair* and the letter from G B of Newton Abbott in Vol 16 No 4, in which he describes how his wife seduces the German student, has prompted me to write of our own experiences.

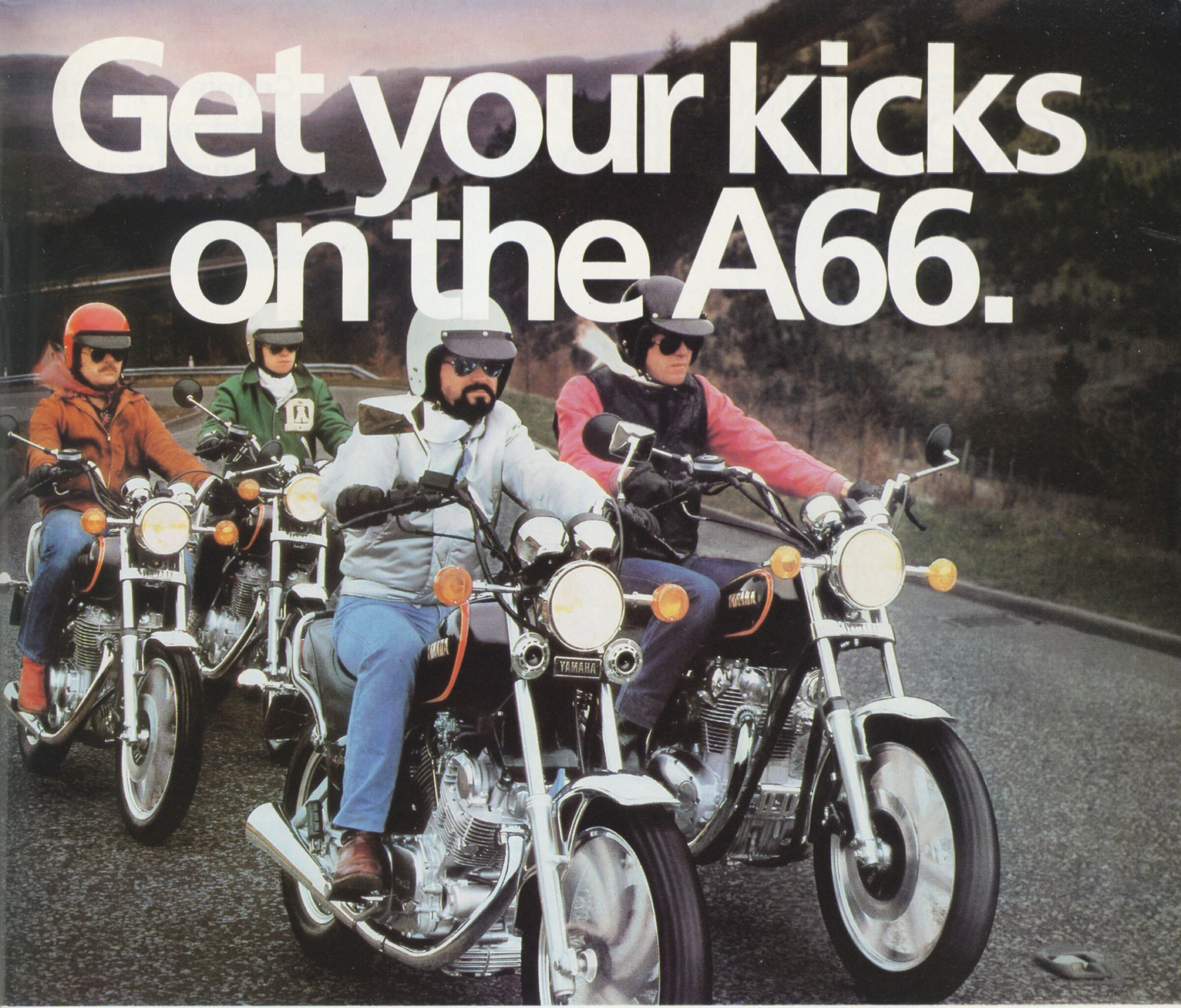
We are a normal married couple with a healthy appetite for sex, but only on rare occasions was my husband able to satisfy me. About 18 months ago my husband confided to me that his fantasy was for me to be sexually arousing to other men in his presence.

We discussed this further and it turned out that he wished me to accompany him wearing a very short skirt, stockings and no knickers. I was not keen at all, but I eventually agreed and off we went, him happy that his fantasy was becoming a reality, and me decidedly nervous.

We arrived at the chosen bar, a place that is popular with men

turn to page 114

Get your kicks on the A66.



Of course, we could always have taken the classic 'Custom' shot of the new Yamaha Specials. (The XS 250 SE, XS 400 SE, XS 650 SE and the XV 750 SE.)

You know, the endless straight highway, Arizona desert, the odd rocky butte, etc. etc.

But what would have been the point?

It certainly wouldn't have made the bikes themselves look any better.

So, we opted for somewhere closer to home. (Somewhere between Keswick and Penrith, in fact.)

The Specials are the sort of machines you dream about.

They each feature upswept U.S. bars, stepped seats, slimline teardrop tanks, electric start, shortcone megaphone silencers, chunky rear tyres and sporty cast-alloy wheels.

But then again, looks are one thing. Performance is another.

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So we've taken the liberty of rewriting the lyrics of the song: "If you'll take this friendly tip, go take that Special trip..."

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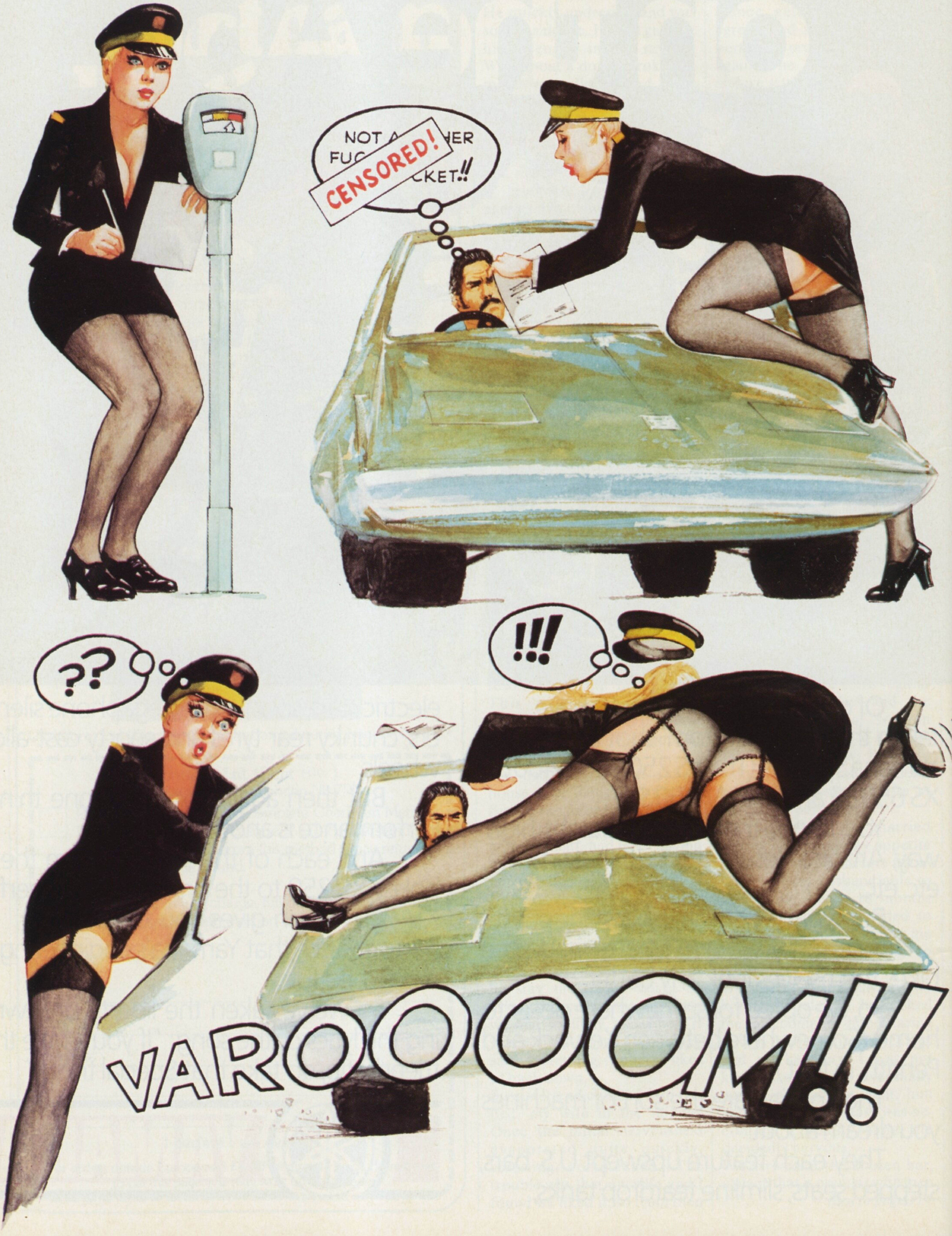
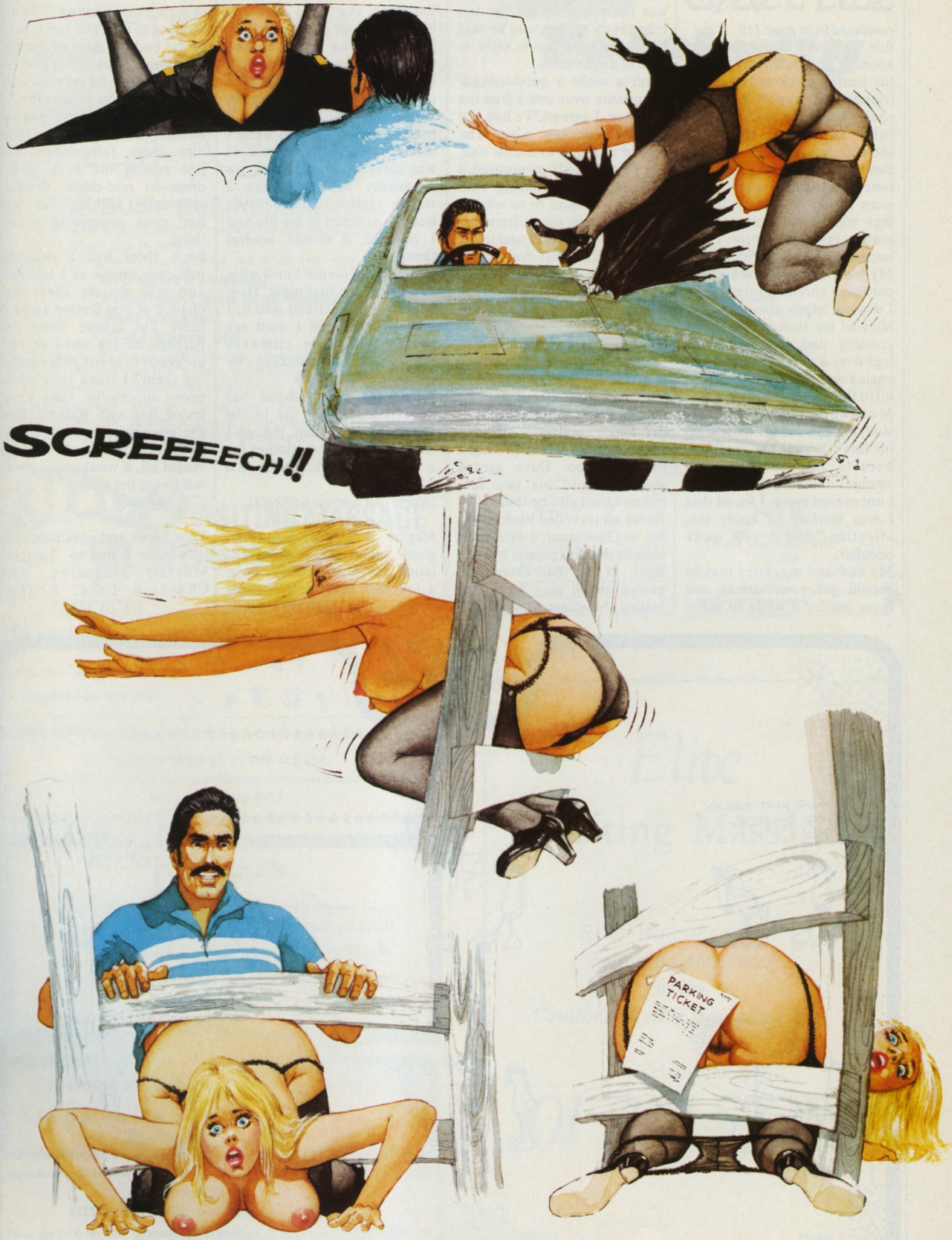
CONNIE

Connie is just the ticket as she books an angry motorist



NOT A HER FUC CKET!!
CENSORED!
??
!!!
VAROOOOM!!


SCREEEECH!!
PARKING TICKET

LETTERS

continued from page 110

due to the regular appearances of go-go dancers but off the beaten track as far as our friends are concerned. The chairs were very low so I carefully sat down to avoid showing myself while my husband got the drinks. By the time he returned several men were taking an interest in my legs which my husband tells me are my best feature. I was becoming more worried.

My husband whispered in my ear that I should display more. I was not happy about this, but allowed my skirt to ride up by crossing and uncrossing my legs over a period of time. My vagina was now on full view to all in the line of fire.

Meanwhile I was quietly studying the faces of the men in the bar and I gradually became fascinated by the changes in their expressions as I uncovered more. I found that I was starting to enjoy this attention, and I felt quite peculiar.

My husband suggested that he should get more drinks and leave me for a while to see if anyone would pluck up the courage to ask me to dance. I was not happy about this but reluctantly agreed, and he said he would keep me in sight in case of any trouble.

After a while a good-looking man came over and asked me to dance. I agreed. We had just started dancing when the record changed to a slow one, but I was already committed. I had only been dancing with him for a minute or so when I felt his hands move from my waist to my bottom under my skirt. The fact that every other man in the room could now see me did not occur to me, as I felt I had been plugged into an electric current.

After the dance I returned to my husband to tell him of my experiences and the fact that I had been invited back to his flat by Dave, my dance partner. Surprisingly my husband asked me to agree, provided he came too. Dave agreed also, but said his two flatmates would also be there.

As we all travelled back to the flat in Dave's car, I could not believe that this person was me. Back at the flat Dave suggested we all play Strip Jack Naked. Needless to say I was the first one to lose my clothes. Dave then suggested that I kneel on the floor with my hands in front of me and my bottom in the air. He then entered me from behind while his flatmates knelt either side of me. My husband placed himself in front of me and I took him in my mouth while I masturbated the other two. It was difficult at first but we eventually built up quite a steady rhythm. I have never been so aroused in my life and I reached a climax several times.

To this day I do not know what came over me that night. How I let myself be talked into it, I do not know, but I must say that I still have climaxes during our lovemaking by thinking of that night.

Thankfully my husband has never tried to get me in the same situation again, though I still put on my sexy clothes for a night out with him once in a while.

(Name and address withheld)

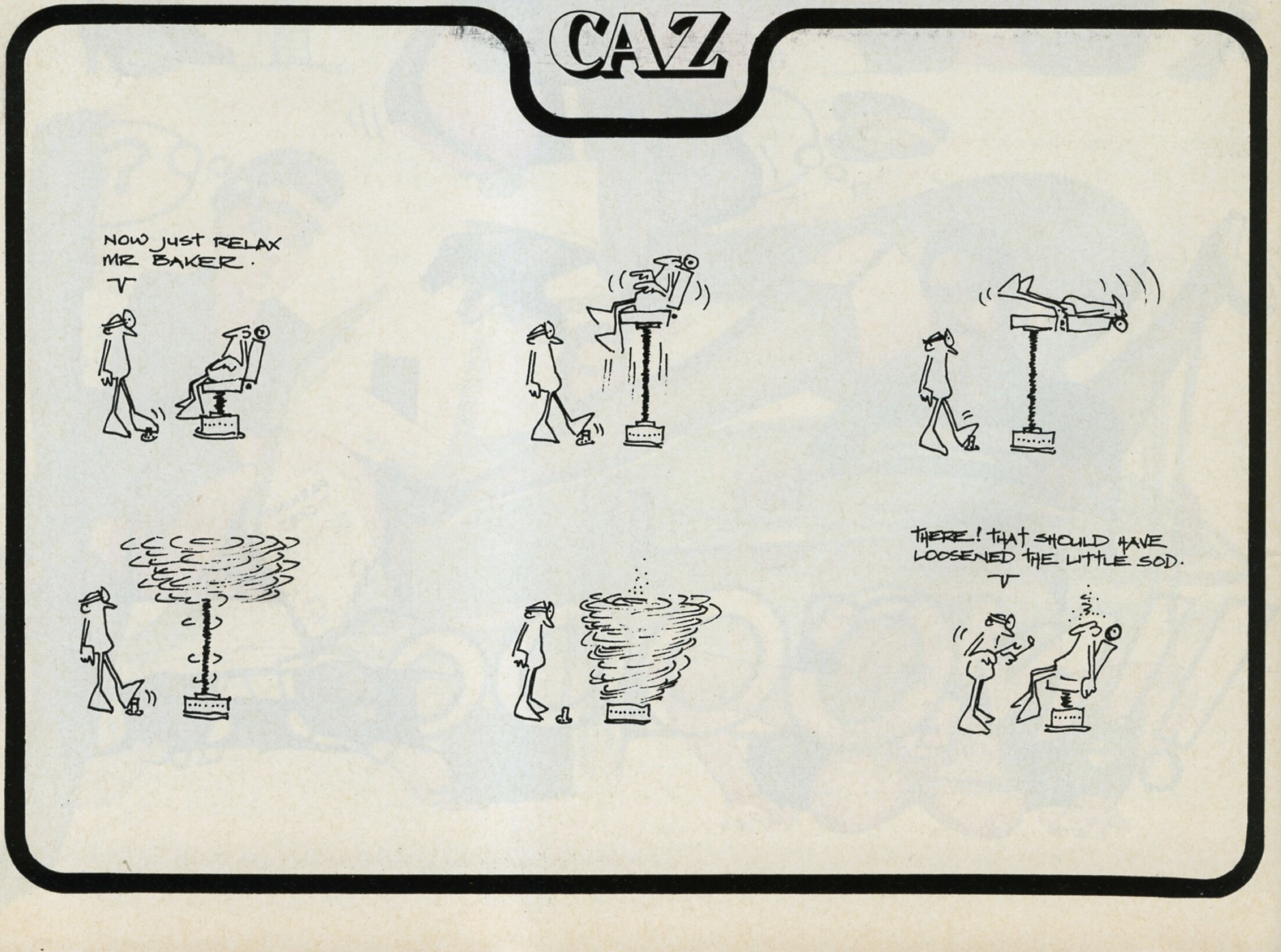
Mayfair is a great magazine, good value and very stimulating, but please can we have a few less open crotch shots which are so blatant? I would like to see more use of provocative poses with clothes to heighten anticipation. I'm not wanting to turn the clock back to the bad old days of censorship, but I think the skilful use of clothes can be very sexy.

I shall always remember a most fantastic picture of Bridget Bardot from a 1950s film album, fully-clothed and just raising the hem of her dress to mid-thigh, showing absolutely nothing but with her eyes promising everything.

Such shots had a delighful influence on me as a teenager and still do. Is there any chance of you finding some of these old classic shots and perhaps having some of your gorgeous modern girls emulating them? I think they would prove successful. How about trying this with Helena Hunt, the covergirl from Vol 16 No 3? If, as you say, she will not reveal all, it would be a shame not to see her again.

C T, Leicester

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ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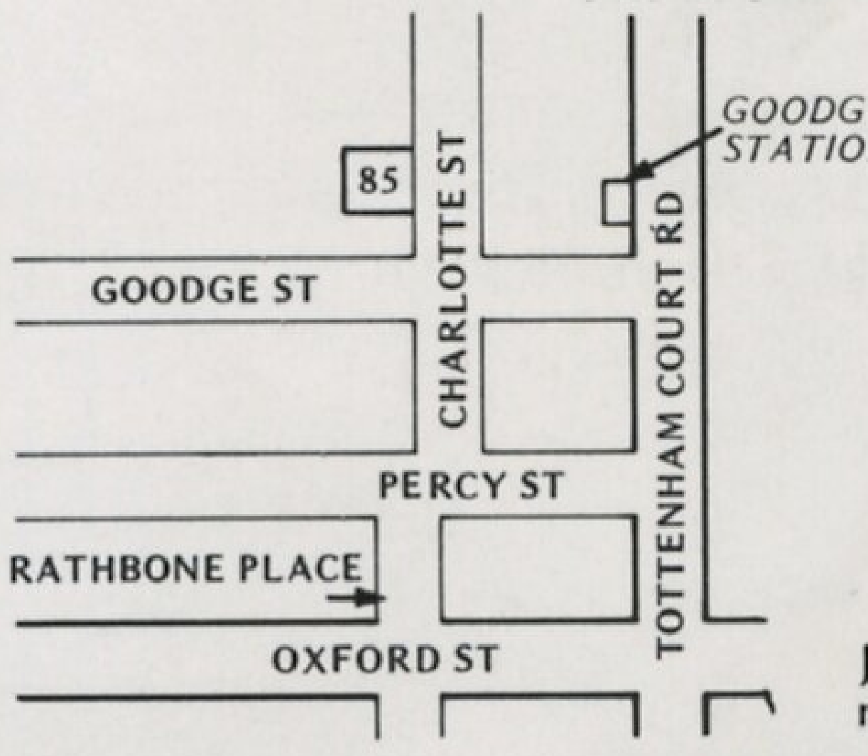

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